

REAL
OP LAND

HELP! THE BEST E.R.'S FOR KIDS

AUGUST 18, 1997

LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES



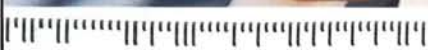
3 3045 01356 1952

Trophy Boys

They adorn the pools and the private lives of A-list gay men, parlaying muscle tone and conversation into Rolexes, Range Rovers, and (even) real estate.

By Eric Konigsberg
and Maer Roshan

PRC

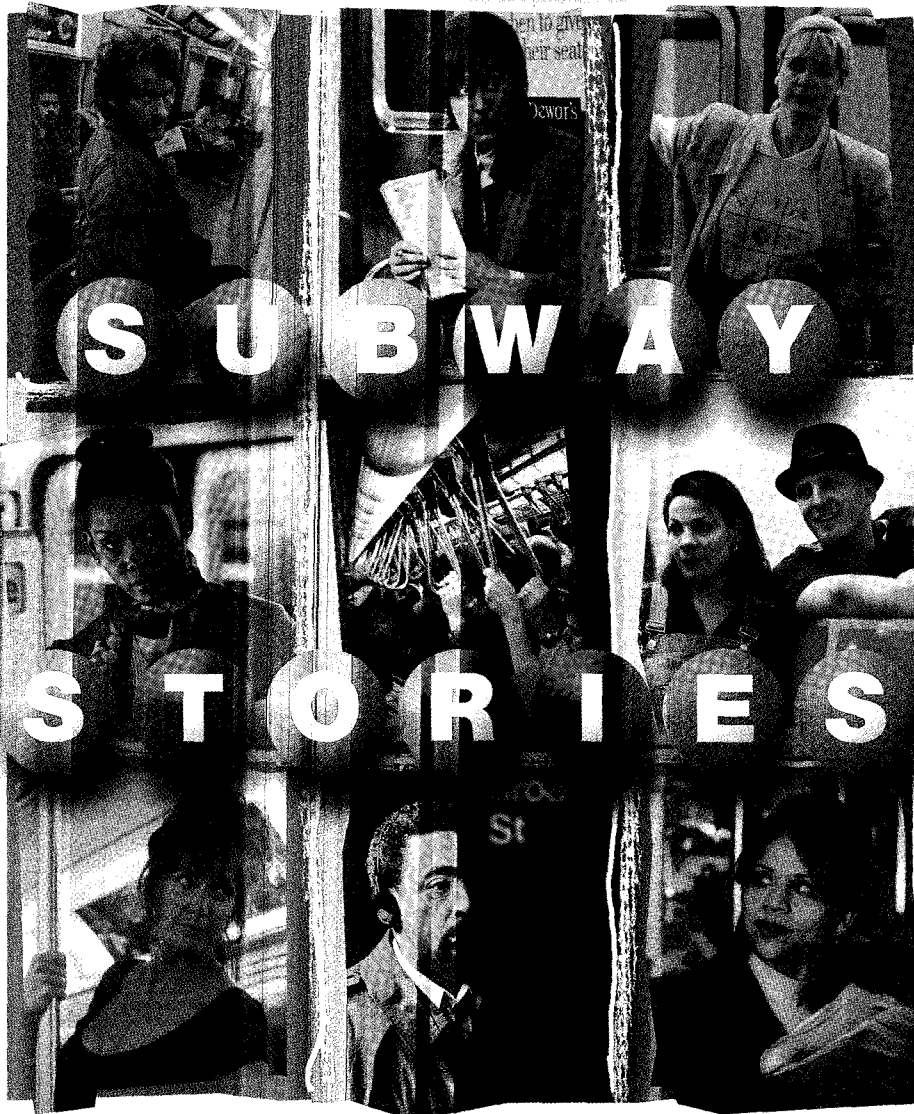


LINCOLN
NE 68508-1801
#0081
136 S 14TH ST
REFERENCE DEPT
FFFF
LINCOLN CITY LIBS JUN 15 98
#LLNCY0R095 9#590832
46
#BXDNFCL***** 5-DIGIT 68508

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN HBO ORIGINAL MOVIE

SARITA CHOUDHURY • ANNE HECHT • TARAL NICKS • GREGORY HINES • DANNY HOCH • ISRAEL HOROVITZ • BONNIE HUNT



ROSIE PEREZ • MICHAEL RAPAPORT • MERCEDES RUEHL • JERRY STILLER • LILI TAYLOR • ZACHARY TAYLOR • STEVE ZAHN

• BILL IRWIN • CHRISTINE LAHTI • DENIS LEARY • MICHAEL MCGLONE • AJAY NAIDU • KRIS PARKER •

Sunday August 17
10 pm et/pt

HBO
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.



HBO NYC PRESENTS A CLINICA ESTETICO PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH TEN IN A CAR PRODUCTIONS "SUBWAY STORIES"
MUSIC BY MECCA BODEGA MUSIC SUPERVISOR ALEX STEYERMARK DIRECTORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY TOM HURWITZ ANTHONY JANNELLI KEN KELSCH ADAM KIMMEL PRODUCTION DESIGNER EDWARD CHEEK
SUPERVISING EDITOR ANDY KEIR EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JONATHAN DEMME ROSIE PEREZ EDUARD SAXON PRODUCED BY RICH GUAY AND VALERIE THOMAS
WRITTEN BY ADAM BROOKS JULIE DASH LYNN GROSSMAN JOHN GUARE MARLA HANSON DANNY HOCH ALBERT INNAURATO SETH ZVI ROSENFELD ANGELA TOLD JOE VIOLA
DIRECTED BY BOB BALABAN PATRICIA BENOT JULIE DASH JONATHAN DEMME TED DEMME ABEL FERRARA ALISON MACLEAN CRAIG MCKAY LUCAS PLATT SETH ZVI ROSENFELD
SOUNDTRACK: ADAM PEREIRA, BOB BALABAN, BOB FORD, BOB HENRI, BOB KATZ, BOB LEE, BOB MCKAY, BOB NICHOLS, BOB ROSEN, BOB TAYLOR, BOB WILSON, BOB ZAHN

<http://www.hbo.com> ©1997 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



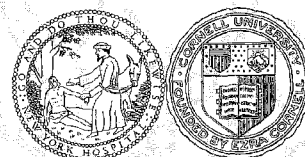
**THE NEW YORK CORNELL SPECIAL SURGERY SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER
AT CHELSEA PIERS, PIER 60.**

We can probably fix whatever it is that's keeping you from performing at your peak.

The Sports Medicine Center at Chelsea Piers is a new facility of two leaders in comprehensive health care delivery: The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and Hospital for Special Surgery.

Our sole purpose is to help you achieve your maximum potential through individualized and well-monitored fitness and treatment programs.

Call **212-366-5100** for an appointment.



**NEW YORK
CORNELL**

BRILLIANT CARESM



fall
right now
short
feels so right

BCBG Max Azria

The short skirt makes a comeback, especially when it's nipped with a revealing front slit. Here in camel wool ponté, \$84. Sizes 2-12. On top, the wrap in black matte jersey, \$104. Sizes S,M,L.

macy's[★]

Macy's By Appointment Call for details:
212-494-4181. Outside New York: 1-800-343-012

Contents Aug. 18, 1997

"Women have been getting away with doing nothing for centuries. I say if you make it an art, the way Nan Kempner and Marla Maples have, then why the hell not?"

JAMIE SAINTE JUSTE, PAGE 22

22 Men About Town

By Maer Roshan and Eric Konigsberg

Like wealthy men with trophy wives, some members of the gay A-list have a taste for beautiful, younger companions. Whether they're kept in pricey apartments, paraded at the Pines, or taken to the Oscars, qualifications include charm, wit, and hours at the gym. Chelsea boys tell some tales.



28 Uniform Population

By Glenn Thrush

Cop Land, opening this week, takes place in a fictional suburb where New York's men in blue live isolated lives far from their beats. The real *Cop Land*, inspiration for the movie, is Orange County, New York, home to 5,000 NYPD officers, sometimes five or six cops on one block. It's peaceful, inexpensive—and as far away as you can live and still be a city cop.

34 Ponying Up

By Lang Phipps

At the Bridgehampton Polo Club, the sport of idle aristocrats has gone nouveau, with millionaire patrons importing Argentine pros to boost their teams. In the tents, partying and jockeying for photo ops are as much a sport as the matches.



40 Go to Your (Emergency) Room

By Susan Brenna



Your kid spikes a fever, drinks something he shouldn't, falls and looks like he's broken a limb. *Where do you go?* You're in the right place: New York has better pediatric emergency rooms, with more specialists, than any other city. But not all city hospitals have them. Now's the time to find one near you.

Gotham

11 William S. Burroughs remembered; big snakes on the Boardwalk; a fast-breakdown; the Morning Party's morning after

Departments

18 The City Politic
Michael Tomasky

Mayoral affairs: Politics as celebrity pap is the one thing that sinks lower than politics on its own

20 The Image
Barbara Lippert

ABC tries alterna-humor as its latest marketing gambit—but is this a case of bait and switch?

56 Restaurants
Hal Rubenstein

A pair for couples: Match Uptown and the Mistral Terrace are made for the mating game.

Marketplace

46 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Gorgeous mosaics; a folding motorbike; corrugated candles

48 Sales & Bargains
Dany Levy

Tennis togs at Mason's Tennis Mart; icy treats at Pravinie; over-the-top furniture at SEE

The Arts

50 Movies
David Denby

Bad guys: *In the Company of Men* wants to be a Mametish movie of ideas, but it's mostly a polemic

52 Theater
John Simon

Shaw redemption: *Misalliance*, so odd for Broadway, shows off the author's ear for language



54 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Mostly Mozart savors the crowd-pleasers; the Glimmerglass Opera does anything but

Cue

57 The fringe comes together; water color photography; funny food in Times Square; behold a new chain of bakeries

Misc.

Letters	6
Intelligencer by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell	9
New York Competition by Mary Ann Madden	95
Guardian Crossword	96
'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobsoni	96
Classified	84
Strictly Personals	91



Photographs: top left, Dana Lixenberg; center, Nina Bernas/Sipa

AUGUST 18, 1997—VOL. 30, NO. 31. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, \$42. For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749. Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover: Photograph by Chris Buck. Styling by Leah Levin; grooming by Scott Summers for Warren-Tricomi at Bradley Curry. Model: Adam Turner. Sunglasses from Gruen Optika.

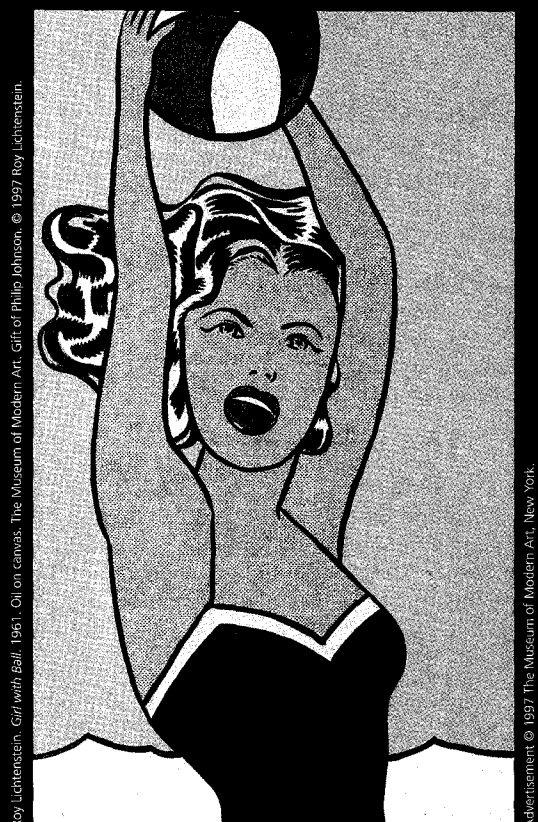
AUGUST 18, 1997 NEW YORK 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See it this summer at



**Come for the exhibitions.
Stay for the world's finest collection of modern art.**



The Museum

11 West 53 Street 212.708.9400 www.moma.org Open daily except Wednesdays

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Caroline Miller

MANAGING EDITOR

Sarah Jewler

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

John Homans

PICTURE EDITOR

Margery Goldberg

FASHION DIRECTOR

Jade Hobson Charnin

NEWS EDITOR

Jeremy Gerard

FEATURES EDITOR

George Kalogerakis

DEPUTY EDITORS

Phoebe Eaton, Maer Roshan

SENIOR EDITORS

Susan Dominus, Hugo Lindgren, Matthew Weingarden

STAFF EDITOR

Ruth G. Davis

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Susan Brenna, Rene Chun, Peter G. Davis, David Denby

Simon Dumenno, Katherine Eban Finkelstein

David France, Samuel G. Freedman, Ralph Gardner Jr.

Jeffrey Goldberg, Gael Greene, Michael Gross

Peter Hellman, Tony Hendra, Craig Horowitz, Bob Ickes

Karrie Jacobs, Mark Jacobson, Maura B. Jacobson

Ariel Kaminer, Peter Kaminsky, James Kaplan

Beth Landman Keil, Andrew Kirtzman, Eric Konigsberg

John Leonard, Barbara Lippert, Mary Ann Madden

Michael Maren, Rebecca Mead, Deborah Mitchell

Chris Norris, Hanna Rosin, Hal Rubenstein, Nancy Jo Sales

Luc Sante, John Simon, Christopher Smith, Mark Stevens

Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky, Mim Udovitch, Alex Williams

CULINARY EDITOR

Gillian Duffy

BEST BETS EDITOR

Corky Pollan

PHOTO DIRECTOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS

Jordan Schaps

SALES & BARGAINS EDITOR: Dany Levy

FASHION EDITOR: Elizabeth Shepherd

STAFF WRITERS

Barbara Ensor, Linda Hall, Alexandra Lange, Edith Newhall

Jennifer Senior, Ethan Smith, Norman Vanamee

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

Robert Patronite

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Christopher Bonanos

Matthew McCann Fenton, Robin Raisfeld

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Vanessa Grigoriadis, Claire Perrault

Michael Steele, Clay Thurmond

REPORTERS

Ondine Cohane, Patricia Falvo, Sam Grobart

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Deborah R. Slater

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Sarah Bernard, Laura Georgio, Ariel Levy

ART DIRECTOR

Florian Bachleda

ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman

DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR: Sabine Meyer

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Jennifer Gilman

ASSOCIATE PICTURE EDITOR: Maisie Todd

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: Vita Parrino

DESIGNERS: Andrea Dunham, Pino Impastato

PHOTO RESEARCHER: Jamie Bass

ART ASSISTANT: Phoebe Robinson

ART STAFF: Steven Davis, Anthony Funaro

Anton Ioukhovets, Petros Petrou

Jennifer Procopio, Ellene Wundrok

COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez

PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR

Maury Rogoff

SYSTEMS MANAGER: Marty Reinert

ASSOCIATE SYSTEMS MANAGER: David Miller

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler

ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Robert P. Wilkey

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Joel H. Bernardo

ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER: Bobbi Fischer

PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Amanda P. Fellows

EDIT/PRODUCTION CLOSE COORDINATOR: Mia H. Tran

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Telephone: 212-508-0700. Copyright © 1997 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved. All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. New York Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles G. McCurdy, Vice Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK

PUBLISHER
Amy R. Churgin
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Alan Katz

BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Betsy Cronen
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Ginger Sutton
RETAIL MANAGER: Stefanie Feidelson
SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Amy Hochfelder Ball, Alexis Demetroulakos
Jennifer Fishman, Hollis Fuller
Trish Considine Kirsch, Kira Krieger

S. Nina Leone, Claudia Ryan, Ron Stern, Leslie Weiss
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Michele L. Romano
SALES ASSISTANTS: Anne Marie D'Agostino
Victoria Davies, Paula Griffiths, Jennifer Hunn
Vanessa Payne, Ahu Z. Resimcioglu, Cara Rubin
MIDWEST MANAGER: Sasha Mayoras, 312-616-1895
DETROIT: Traci Van Gorder, 248-333-2537
CALIFORNIA: SD Media, 310-264-7575

ATLANTA AND FLORIDA: Stites & Fontaine, 770-491-1419
TEXAS: Tierney & Company, 972-625-6688

FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-2-31-16-62

HONG KONG: Pacific Asia Media, 011-852-834-6128
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Sharon Y. Quinn
ADVERTISING COORDINATOR: Jacqueline Lopez

CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen

PROMOTION MANAGER: Gerry Napoli
CREATIVE SERVICES: Wendy Bronstein

SENIOR WRITER/MERCHANDISING: Lauren Paige Kennedy
SPECIAL SECTIONS: Christy Casamassima

ART DIRECTOR: Ilene Segal

DESIGNERS: Robyn Lash, Halle Spector

MARKETING COORDINATOR: Kathryn R. Hoffman

PROMOTION COORDINATOR: Danielle Unterman

RESEARCH AND MARKET DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR

Eileen P. Ronan

SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba

RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Peter R. Chiacchiario

INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor

VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR

Nancy J. Fedder

CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor

SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli

SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Michelle Krell Kydd

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Dana Cohen

SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow

Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan

Debbie Horowitz, Chris Lutkin

Wendy Pusey, Alexandra Singerman

STAFF: Denise Fowler, Greta Turken, Heather Schultz

CONSUMER MARKETING DIRECTOR: Joyce A. Hansen

CONSUMER MARKETING MANAGER: W. Sean O'Connell

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, PLANNING: Thomas Masterson

ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, DISTRIBUTION

David Schaefer

ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, PLANNING

Anne Loganbuhl

CONTROLLER

David Rockefeller

ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Deborah L. Sheffey, CPA

MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero

ACCOUNTANTS: Michael Boyle, Michael Torres

A.P. SUPERVISOR: Kathleen Marney

COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Susan Haridas

STAFF: Aubrey Guio, Maribel Lopez

OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER

Mary Ann McCarthy

STAFF: Esther Gillyard, Priscilla Hood

Joseph Markfelder, Angelo Molina, Omar Rowe

Virginia Spraggins, Sarah Wigfall

K-III MAGAZINES

CHAIRMAN: William F. Reilly

VICE-CHAIRMAN: Charles G. McCurdy

VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell

VICE-PRESIDENT: Curtis A. Thompson

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, AND

PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: Janice Grossman

VICE-PRESIDENT: Brian T. Beckwith

VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: Linda C. Jenkins

VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCIAL PLANNING & ANALYSIS: Jennifer P. Chu

VICE-PRESIDENT, CONTROLLER: David W. Whitwell

VICE-PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS: Steven R. Elzy

VICE-PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKETING: William I. Barber

VICE-PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings

VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan

VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: Mark A. Peterson

VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore

FENDI © FENDI STORES, INC. 1-800-FENDI NY PHOTO: ALESSANDRO VALERI



FENDI

720 Fifth Avenue

"Hello laser, goodbye razor."

Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
Marie Claire Magazine

The hair removal process that has
everybody talking:

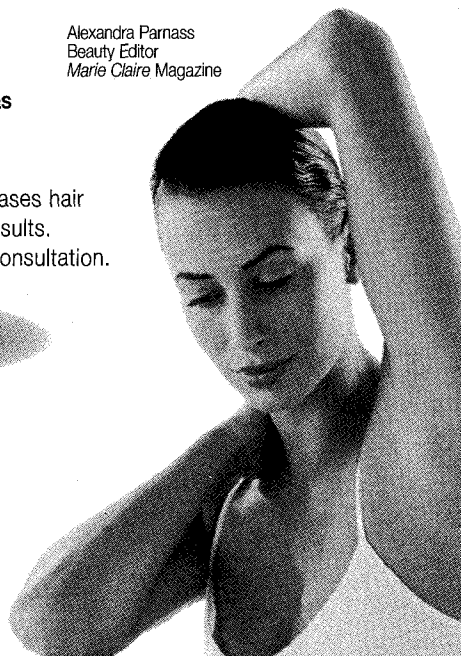
- SoftLightSM Hair Removal system.
- Patented laser-based process erases hair quickly and gently with lasting results.
- Call today for a complimentary consultation.

SOFTLIGHT

brought to you by

Laser Center for Hair Removal
317 East 34th Street
New York, NY 10016
1-800-819-2041

Certified SoftLightSM Physician



Classic Chicago.

flexible, luxurious way to enjoy the finest the city has to offer.

Packages from \$259.

Call your travel professional or
312 944 6300
105 East Delaware Place
Chicago, IL 60611



THE WHITEHALL HOTEL



"Hello laser,
goodbye
razor."

Alexandria Parnass
Beauty Editor
Maire Claire Magazine

The hair removal process that has everybody talking:

- SoftLightSM Hair Removal system.
- Patented laser-based process erases hair quickly and gently with lasting results.
- Call today for a complimentary consultation.

Laser Aesthetics Center

14 East 82nd Street
New York, New York 10028

CALL: 212-MD-LASER

Certified SoftLightSM Physician

LETTERS AUGUST 18, 1997

The Fur Flies

Anti-fur activists say their movement is, ahem, alive and kicking; no curtsies for New York's crowned heads.

FOR THOSE OF US IN THE HINTERLAND, where fur was never much of an issue, it was a pleasure to read that fashion's movers and shakers are rediscovering this most luxurious and natural product ["On Seventh Avenue: Back From Siberia," by Nancy Hass, July 14]. I was equally pleased to know that beautiful models like Naomi Campbell and Christy Turlington have more to offer than their looks, having the intelligence to recognize—contrary to PETA founder Ingrid Newkirk's dictum "A dog is a rat is a boy"—that in fact, a steak is a leather is a fur. Unlike some grave moral issues of our day, this is really pretty simple stuff: Either you believe in using animals responsibly or you don't. If you do, you can buy a fur and eat grilled salmon; if you don't, you can choose to graze on your front lawn. And as for Dan Mathews's assertion that Kim Basinger won't "flake out," sorry, guy, for most of us folk, Kim flaked out a long time ago.

Kathy Goldman
CLEVELAND, OHIO

FUR IS COMING BACK, ALL RIGHT, BUT ONLY in the dreams and lies of the fur industry. Like any industry in crisis, the furriers are playing the numbers game to improve their sales image. To boost figures, they now include in their tallies sales of non-fur coats and coats with fur collars or cuffs. They also include revenue from fur storage. The truth is in the furriers' own publications. *Fur World* reported on April 7, "Macy's West, one of the few remaining West Coast department store chains still selling furs, is discontinuing its six remaining fur salons."

As for the claims of "industry analysts" that "fur hasn't been significantly affected by activism," here's what *Trapper & Predator Caller* from March 1997 stated: "No one questions the fact that anti-fur activity . . . has changed the direction of the fur trade. Most furs sold today are either the understated look of

dark mink, sheared beaver and muskrat, or lined garments with little or no visible fur."

Supermodels Claudia Schiffer and Christy Turlington have not started wearing fur again. *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour and other fur promoters like to call wearing fur "political incorrectness" rather than what it is: cruelty to animals. The public knows the truth: Fur used to turn heads; now it turns stomachs.

Carla Bennett
Senior Writer, PETA
NORFOLK, VA.

AS A FORMER FASHION DESIGNER AND AN environmentalist, I marvel at young designers like Marc Jacobs who frame the debate about the wanton killing of wildlife in terms of whether it is "trendy"—a sad commentary about how out of touch with nature our society really is. *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour is no better, and is not up on her environmental facts. Raising animals for "hamburger" is wreaking havoc on the planet in terms of groundwater and soil pollution, soil erosion, deforestation, and biodiversity loss. It is costing billions in annual health-care charges to treat heart disease and other degenerative illnesses; and, like mink farming, it is inhumane and largely unregulated.

In a new era of awareness about our treatment of animals and the environment, fashion designers who use fur may soon be an endangered species.

Alix Fano
MANHATTAN

Nancy Hass responds: The numbers show that fur sales crashed in 1988, years before PETA reached its strident stride. Not only has the number of designers using fur tripled in the past several years, but many designers are now using exotic skins.

The fur industry has always included storage in its revenue figures, as I'm certain Carla Bennett knows. However, the industry figures don't include fur coats sold in the regular coat departments of most large chains.

As for the citation from *Trapper & Predator Caller*, allow me to counter with a well-circulated study by public-

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.

policy pollster Responsive Management: 88 percent of all Americans say that the animal-rights movement has no influence on their decision to buy, or not to buy, fur. As for Claudia Schiffer's defection, photos of her modeling furs for Fendi last year were widely published.

Kings County

AMERICA IS FASCINATED WITH ROYALTY, but why must everything be reduced to whom someone sleeps with or how much money they have in the bank ["Royal Flush," by Christopher Mason, July 21]? I was particularly appalled by Christina Oxenberg, spoiled little rich brat, who is obviously insanely jealous of her own mother, Princess Elizabeth. I found it funny that while the princess of Yugoslavia is working hard to help the kids in her country, her daughter writes a book (calling it fiction) trashing her own mother.

Maybe her childhood wasn't perfect, but whose was? Get over it and get a job like the rest of the world instead of trying to cash in on your family.

Lena Lamontage
MANHATTAN

IT AMAZES ME HOW MUCH ATTENTION IS paid to marginally talented and obnoxious distant relatives of deposed tyrants, dictators, and madmen. A royal title and a buck fifty will get you on the subway the princess pretends to board. Why not take our royal guests and immortalize them in art? Heck, I'd even shell out a few dollars to see someone urinate on Prince Dmitri. They could call it *The Royal Flush*.

Shane Stone
MANHATTAN

AS FOR ORDINARIES BECOMING ROYALS, every Christian is made a child of God at baptism, the son or daughter of the Most High—King of Heaven and Earth. One cannot be more royal than that! And all Christians know that to them much has been given and that from them much may be required. They were born free and chose the King they follow. We can each choose to recognize and to treat each other as royal: Recognizing one as so and treating one as so makes one so.

Nancy H. Washburne
BASKING RIDGE, N.J.

Correction Peter Kaminsky's August 11 "Underground Gourmet" column failed to mention two of Waterloo Brasserie and Le Zoo's co-owners, Alex Bueno and Khalil Hourli. ■

INTERNATIONAL AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS. LEARN THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY



From The Politics of International Economic Relations to Tough Choices for the 21st Century, New York University's School of Continuing Education offers courses designed to be both personally enriching and to help you in your career. That's why year after year so many well-informed New Yorkers choose from more than 2000 courses and programs to provide them with challenging new insights.

Taught by our outstanding faculty, classes are offered at convenient hours at our Washington Square, midtown and uptown locations.

FOR A FREE BULLETIN:

Phone: 1-800-FIND NYU, ext. 36

Fax: 212-995-3656

Web site: <http://www.sce.nyu.edu>

E-mail: sce-ads@nyu.edu



SCHOOL OF CONTINUING EDUCATION

New York University is an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution.
©1997 New York University School of Continuing Education

Stutter?

Know Someone who Does?

Then you owe it to yourself to contact the National Center For Stuttering and learn about the physical cause of stuttering that led to a treatment with a 93.4% success rate. If you stutter, or know someone who does, call 1-800-221-2483 for a free brochure - and ask about the video - tape showing the dramatic results of treatment.

The National Center For Stuttering
200 East 33rd Street
New York, NY 10016

PRODUCED BY GRUPPO GFT AND DISTRIBUTED BY GIORGIO ARMANI FASHION CORPORATION

GIORGIO ARMANI

LE COLLEZIONI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTELLIGENCER

A DEBATE TURNS RUTH-LESS

So much for **Ruth Messinger** the bleeding-heart liberal. Now she's refusing to participate in a debate that the New York Urban League, the civil-rights advocacy group, has been trying to put together. Early on, Messinger's camp told the league she'd be there if her schedule allowed, according to two inside sources. But ultimately, Messinger refused to share the stage with her challengers, **Al Sharpton** and **Sal Albanese**. "The nature [of a debate] is confrontation instead of conversation," explains her spokesman, **Lee Jones**. Jones was willing to make Messinger available for a format of one-on-one interviews with ABC's *Like It Is* host **Gil Noble**, who was to moderate, but Noble insisted that all three candidates participate in a debate. So Messinger told the league her schedule wouldn't permit her to join the event, which WABC-TV had agreed to air for 90 minutes on August 31. "It scotches the whole deal," says Noble, who canceled the event. Will Ruth's stubbornness cost her? "Sometimes

BARKIN' BUT NOT BITING

Extrovert **Ellen Barkin** has been choosing some surprising dance partners since her split with **Gabriel Byrne** became final. At the recent wedding of *Allure*'s West Coast editor **Crystal Moffett-Lourd**, Barkin tripped the light fantastic with a visibly pregnant **Elisabeth Shue**. But the two actresses weren't exactly doing the fox-trot. They jumped onstage with the band, and, according to one guest, "the two of them were dirty dancing and definitely getting into it. **Don Johnson** was loving it—he was in awe." Says another guest, "They were putting their hands on their thighs and lifting their dresses in this pseudo-lesbian way. I guess they thought it was cool." Were the bride's parents shocked? "The bride's father was dressed as Elvis and he was up onstage with the band. I don't think he was too bothered."

THE SPIN ON GORGEOUS GEORGE

Kate Moss may not be the only one revealing herself in the September issue of *George*. Word is that the prototype waif will be featured as Eve on the magazine's cover in one of her de rigueur nearly nude shots, and that **John Kennedy Jr.** will be mirroring the cover in a de rigueur bare-chested shot, in this case to accompany the editor's note. Apparently, the process of obtaining the ideal disrobed-hunk pic was not a smooth one, because when the film returned from the lab it was mysteriously blank, leaving staff members to wonder whether the images might surface elsewhere. "Maybe it was overexposed," ventures one key staffer. Photographer **Mario Sorrenti**—Moss's ex—had to reshoot the session. In an attempt to secure a positive spin on the political magazine's creative method of selling its wares, insiders say the search is on for a big-time communications director, and that Hachette has been trying to entice **Hillary Rodham Clinton**'s mouthpiece, **Neel Lattimore**, to come on board. "I have been talking with Hachette, but I haven't been offered anything and I haven't made any decisions," says Lattimore. But Hachette president and CEO **David Pecker** claims, "Neel Lattimore is not being hired. The rumor is false." Maybe he should tell Lattimore.

front-runner strategies can backfire," says New York Urban League president **Dennis M. Walcott**. "If you don't focus on the core constituency, they may stay home."

BI-COASTAL KINSLEY: Fifteen months after *Slate* editor **Michael Kinsley** was pictured on *Newsweek*'s cover—SWIMMING TO SEATTLE: EVERYBODY ELSE IS MOVING THERE. SHOULD YOU?—rumors are hitting the

Beltway that the Seattle poster boy is apartment-hunting in the other Washington. "I'm thinking of getting a part-time place in D.C. this winter, but I keep putting it off," acknowledges Kinsley: "There are certain disadvantages to trying to edit a quasi-news magazine from a suburban campus in residential Washington [State], and it's important to get back and soak up the buzz a bit."

DISH: Jim McMullen, a major model-filled Upper East Side haunt in the seventies and eighties, closed this past week, and the space has been snapped up by restaurateur **Stephen Hanson**, whose five-restaurant empire already includes the hopping spots *Isabella's*, *Park Avalon*, and *Ocean Grill*. Hanson plans to serve Asian-influenced seafood at the Third Avenue restaurant, projected to open in October. . . . Indochine owners **Jean-Marc Houmard**, **Hui Le**, and **Michael Callahan**, along with **Jonathan Nahmias**, their partner in



John Kennedy Jr.:
Overexposed



Elisabeth Shue:
Alluring display?

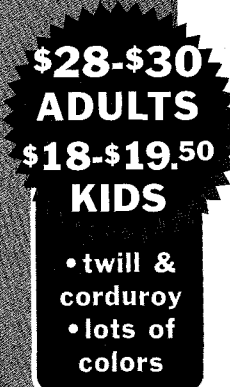
Republic (and owner of *Sandbox* and *Jonathan Morr Espresso Bar*), will open a new three-floor Japanese restaurant and lounge on Bond Street between Lafayette and Broadway by the end of the year. . . . Clementine is still a baby, but owner **Lesly Bernard** is already working on his next project—a jazz lounge called *Honey*, modeled on Harlem clubs of the forties. Located in the meatpacking district, the restaurant is scheduled to open in April. Says Bernard: "We will serve cuisine with a soul accent, but no chitlins."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

OLD NAVY

CARGO PANTS



OLD NAVY

18th & 6th, Manhattan

SHOPS AT BRUCKNER BOULEVARD, BRONX • ATLANTIC CENTER, BROOKLYN • REGO PARK SHOPPING CENTER, REGO PARK
 STATEN ISLAND MALL, STATEN ISLAND • CALDOR PLAZA, LEVITTOWN • ISLANDIA CENTER, VETERANS MEMORIAL HWY.
 BIG H SHOPPING CENTER, HUNTINGTON • FIVE TOWNS SHOPPING CENTER, WOODMERE • GREAT SOUTH BAY SHOPPING CENTER, BABYLON
 SUNRISE HWY. (RTE. 27) AT JOHNSON AVE., NEXT TO SAYVILLE PLAZA • INDEPENDENCE SHOPPING CENTER, SELDEN
 WAYNE TOWNE CENTER, WAYNE, N.J. • GATEWAY SHOPPING CENTER, OLD BRIDGE, N.J. • EDGEWATER COMMONS ON RIVER ROAD, EDGEWATER, N.J.
 MENLO PARK MALL, EDISON, N.J. • MONMOUTH MALL, EATONTOWN, N.J. • DARINOR PLAZA, NORWALK, CONN. • TRUMBULL SHOPPING PARK, TRUMBULL, CONN.
 LIMITED QUANTITIES ON ALL ITEMS. SOME ITEMS NOT AVAILABLE IN ALL STORES.

1-800-OLD-NAVY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOTHAM



teeming in energy and everything else—*Louise Nevelson*

Boardwalk

A CONEY ISLAND PHOTO OP THAT PUTS THE SQUEEZE ON TOURISTS

A HUSBAND, WIFE, AND SON POSE for a family portrait. The men smile eagerly, but the wife looks tense, eyes squeezed shut. The photographer approaches, gently carrying the cause of her distress—Tiny, a twelve-foot-long, 60-pound Burmese python, to drape over the trio. This is not a photo studio but Coney Island's boardwalk, where freak shows are being upstaged by a gimmick that makes you the freak: For \$5, you get a reptilian wrap and a Polaroid commemorating the experience.

Willie Echeverria; his wife, Tasia; and their no-legged friends were trailblazers, but in recent years, a dozen or so hustlers have slithered into the game. The increase in snakes at the beach has caught the NYPD's eye, and before Echeverria can introduce the sombrero-wearing Tiny to this family, the cops intervene.

The idea of seducing sun seekers with a snake was hatched accidentally fifteen years ago, when the Echeverrias brought their pet snake Shorty to Coney Island and a crowd of the curious circled with cameras. (Shorty, now seventeen feet long and weighing 250 pounds, has since retired.) Shorty and Tiny became serpentine celebrities, entwined around Naomi Campbell and Gerardo Rivera, Cyndi Lauper and David Dinkins. Tasia's especially proud of the *Vogue* picture featuring Tiny with choreographer Mark Morris, and of the newspaper photos of Tiny and Shorty dolled up for their 1992 wedding at St. John the

Divine during the Blessing of the Animals. (They have 60 offspring.)

Until copycats began saturating the market during the past four years, the Echeverrias, who live in East New York (Willie, 42, works as a mechanic), routinely reaped \$1,000 on a summer Saturday or Sunday. These days, each photographer averages only \$150 to \$250. Not surprisingly, Tasia, 35, turns venomous when discussing the competition—"They just want to make a fast buck; they don't know what they're doing."

Many newcomers, however, seem knowledgeable, treating their snakes with proper care and respect. "If she grabs you and manages to wrap around you, you're in deep trouble," says Baudilio Arambarry of Peaches, his eleven-foot, 39-pound albino Burmese python. "She's so fast, you won't have a

chance." Arambarry, 41, a construction worker from Sunset Park, also breeds snakes, selling them on the boardwalk for \$35 each. Small and soft-spoken, Arambarry feeds Peaches one five-pound rabbit a month. Donning Peaches for a photo, you notice the weight first, as she sinks like a lead rope on your shoulders. Once Arambarry has balanced her tail and head in your arms, you become keenly aware of the snake's awesome power each time it flexes its muscles.

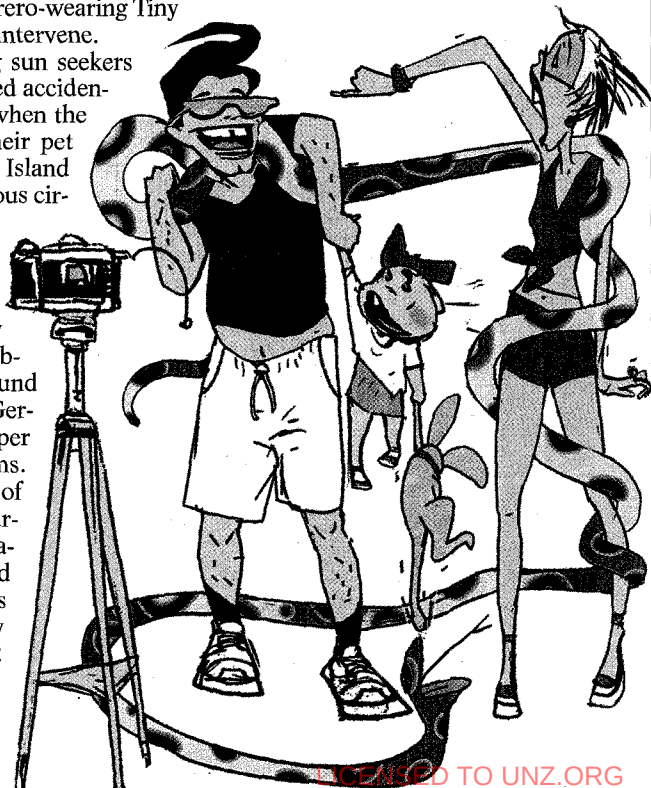
Curtis Washington, 31, a large, ebullient man, uses two younger creatures—Friend No More, a twenty-pound Burmese python, and Balboa, a fifteen-pound red-tailed boa constrictor—and also wears Geronimo, a baby ball python, as a sort of living bracelet. "Women tell me it's a sexy thing," boasts this snake-wielding charmer from Jamaica Estates. "I get so many phone numbers—and they're right numbers, too."

But now the city has a number—5,000, as in dollars for a booth permit. Tasia says booths won't work; the business comes from moving through the crowds. The Echeverrias now travel to Flushing Meadow and other city parks where there are no imitators and, thus, no cops. If they're banished from what was always an Eden for the odd, perhaps they should head for Hollywood. Snakes have always been accepted in show business out there.

STUART MILLER

Street HOOP DREAMS TURN TO HOOP NIGHTMARES

ON A SCHOOLYARD PLAYGROUND IN FORT Greene, Kenny's Kings have taken their position for the tip-off and are staring down their opponents. Young black males aged 17 to 23, the Kings are the subject of *Soul in the Hole*, a documentary about playground basketball tournaments like this one. Except tonight's game, against the All-Stars, is as much a promotion for the film as it is a chance for the Kings to practice their jump shots. The ball is tossed into the air and goes to the All-Stars, who quickly score. Suddenly, there's a clap of thunder fol-



lowed by a torrent of rain. Ruth Messinger huddles under an umbrella, unable to address the rapidly diminishing crowd because the D.J.'s microphone has been cut off.

"Of course this would happen," laments Bruce Lynn, the film's beleaguered publicist. "Of course."

The deluge is only one of many setbacks for Asphalt Films, the production company behind *Soul in the Hole*. Lynn and the film's producer, Lilibet Foster, had originally planned to hold the event at the Sixth Avenue and Houston Street court. They met with Mike Klein, chief of recreation for the Parks & Recreation Department, who initially expressed enthusiasm for the idea. They later received a verbal okay from Eric Thompson, of the department's permit office. But a few days before the event, Foster received a letter informing her that the permit had been denied. The reasons the letter cites for the rejection are vague, among them that the event was not ap-

propriate for the site, leading Foster to wonder what, exactly, a basketball court is appropriate for, if not a basketball game.

Lynn says they are victims of a crack-down on corporate-sponsored basketball tournaments. Companies like Nike underwrite the teams in exchange for the right to fly banners at their games. The city, Lynn says, is "fed up with these corporate sponsors' leaving them with nothing. But we do not have corporate sponsorship—we're an independent film." Lynn is especially insulted given the film's subject matter.

"This movie is a love letter to the Parks Department and their involvement in playground basketball," he says.

When Foster confronted Parks Commissioner Henry Stern's office, she says, the excuses grew more outrageous. "A spokeswoman there said she believed we were going to have a rap artist perform at the event who was going to draw a crowd of 3,000 people. I said, 'Where would

these rap fans be coming from? SoHo?' It's ridiculous."

"This is not a money issue," responds Stern. "If this had just been a basketball game, fine—but there was a film company involved and a publicity company involved. The invitations said it was a 'gala outdoor party.' The park is not a party scene."

When pressed for the name of the rap performer who would have drawn thousands, Stern checks with his staff. "The Wu-Tang Clan," he says, naming one of the hottest acts in the rap industry. When told of Stern's belief, Foster bursts out laughing: "I wish."

Meanwhile, mayoral hopeful Messinger had been alerted to *Soul in the Hole*'s plight and agreed to come to the relocated event and talk to the crowd about the importance of playground basketball. But soon after Messinger's arrival at the playground, the skies turned black, and the crowd began to flee. With a sigh, Lynn turns and heads home. "It's just been one thing after another," he says sadly. Emerging from the playground, he walks back to his parking spot. His car had been towed.

KATE COYNE

S H O T



114th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, 3:30 P.M., August 2, photographed by Greg Miller.

Beach

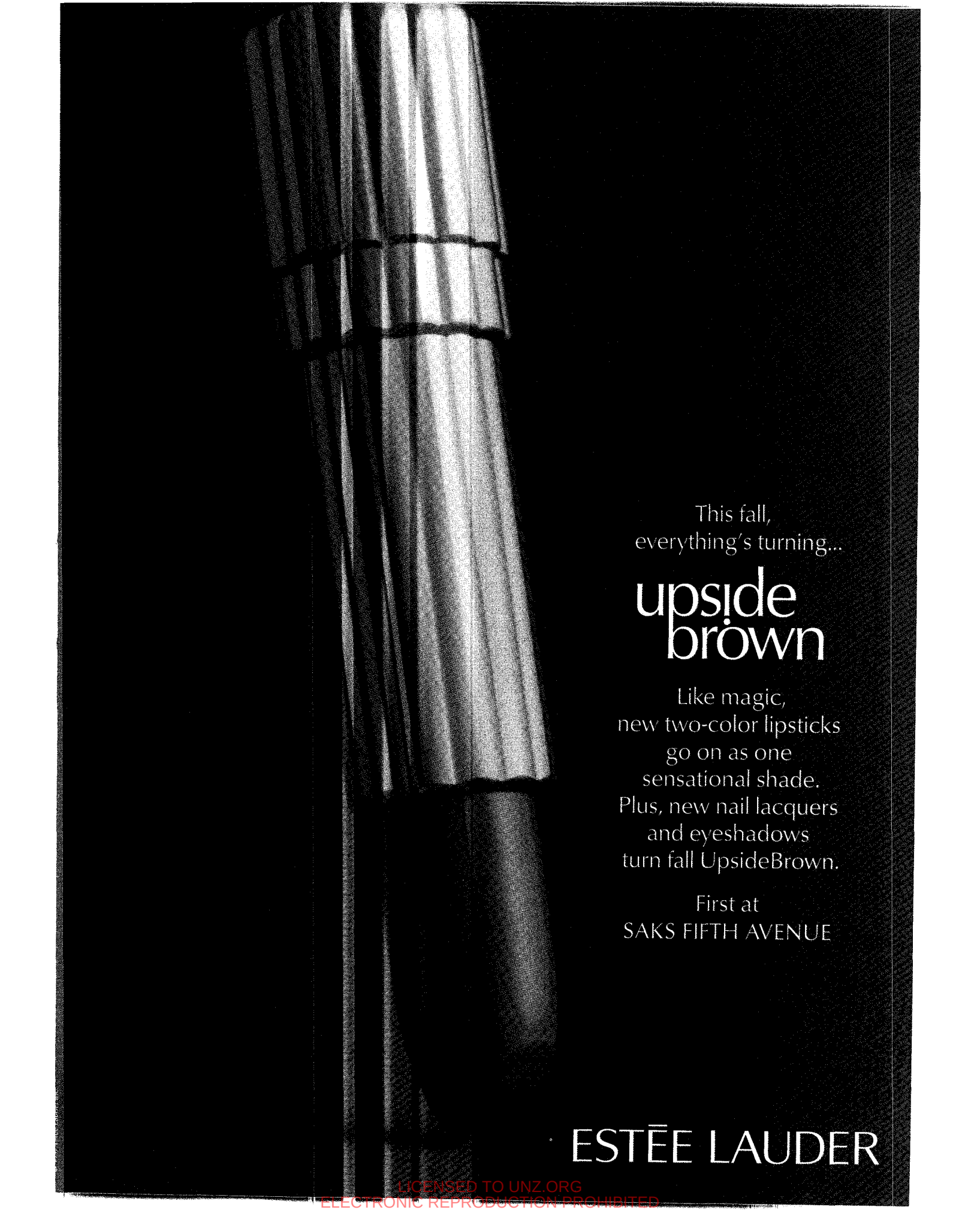
IN THE PINES, PARTNERSHIP FOR A DRUG-FREE PARTY

THUMP, KA-THUMP! THUMP, KA-THUMP! It's another gay-circuit party, and thousands of half-naked revelers converge on a dance floor in Miami or Palm Springs, Athens or Melbourne. Slick with sweat, some men distinguish themselves by the slow trudge of their choreography, just barely keeping time with the music's beat.

"It's called the dinosaur dance," says Vance Burke, a Los Angeles-based designer who's taken a hiatus from the year-round scene. "These muscle queens only wobble back and forth, because they think that's the best way to look masculine and because they're completely fucked up on drugs."

Many consider the annual Gay Men's Health Crisis Morning Party, which will take place on August 17, to be Mecca on the circuit-party pilgrimage. And though a sellout crowd of 4,500 is expected on the beach at Fire Island Pines, some newly adopted restrictions may soon consign dinosaur dancing to the lost world.

GMHC won't prohibit monumental physiques, of course, but a strict anti drug policy is firmly in place. Letters distributed to all Pines residents and every ticket buyer include sternly worded threats: Anyone seen using drug



This fall,
everything's turning...

upside brown

Like magic,
new two-color lipsticks
go on as one
sensational shade.
Plus, new nail lacquers
and eyeshadows
turn fall UpsideBrown.

First at
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

ESTÉE LAUDER

Mouse Hunting

You like sports?" William S. Burroughs asked, staring down at me like Peter Graves in *Airplane!* when he asks the little boy on his knee if he likes to go see gladiator movies. "Nah . . . you?" I muttered. "Not particularly," Burroughs snorted, "though I must say, I do like guns. But of course, I don't have any here. Against the law, you know." And then he snickered, showing some teeth through those pale, thin lips, and I felt like I was sharing a laugh with the Grim Reaper himself. The year was 1977, and we were sitting across from one another at the dinner table inside the Bunker, an old YMCA locker room on the Bowery that poet John Giorno had converted to a loft and that Burroughs called home. It was a hulking, white, windowless, concrete slab of a space that reeked of naked men being functional. Perfect.

Biographer Victor Bockris and Burroughs's personal adjutant James Grauerholz were in the other room going over manuscripts. So it was just me and William, both of us so drunk and stoned that we were trying to keep from nodding out as we exchanged pleasantries. Two guys with no use for small talk, small-talking.

"I do have some things of interest, though," Burroughs said, rising from his chair, looking quite brittle and teetering from the effects of potent chemicals. I felt like I should've grabbed him before he fell, but once on his feet, Burroughs righted himself, strode across the room, and returned with a Bowie knife and a blowgun.

"Cool, a blowgun," I managed, as he handed it to me along with a steel dart. Burroughs unsheathed the knife for himself, which turned out to be not a knife but a small sword. "Chris Stein gave this to me," he said, referring to the Blondie lead guitarist. "An excellent piece of workmanship!" And then he started to slash the imaginary bears coming at him.

I put the dart in the blowgun and stood up beside him. Staggering a bit. And just as I raised it to my lips, a little gray mouse, a *real* mouse, scurried out from underneath a cupboard and ran across our killing field.

"GET HIM, LEGS! GET HIM!!!" Burroughs yelled as he clutched the sword overhead. "GET HIM!" WHHAPPP!!!

I missed by ten years; the dart bounced off the wall, nowhere near the crevice the mouse had disappeared into. Burroughs looked at me with disgust.

"The object was to hit the mouse, not the *goddamn* wall," he hissed.

"Uh, sorry . . ."

"Well, I guess it takes *some* practice to hit a moving target," Burroughs said, excusing my aim (though his entire six-foot frame sulked).

"What are you two doing in here?" James Grauerholz asked, re-entering the room to see what the ruckus was.

"Mouse hunting," I told him.

"Having any luck?"

"Noooo, we haven't bagged anything yet," Burroughs huffed, still upset that I'd blown such a great opportunity. His sulking seemed to say, if only *he* had the blowgun, instead of the knife, we'd have something to show for our efforts.

James went back in the other room to finish up with Victor, and Burroughs sat back down at the dinner table. I quietly took my seat across from him, and we both stared at the table.

"Plenty of vodka left," Burroughs mumbled, being polite, though it was obvious he was bored with me.

"Great, can I get you a refill?" I asked, trying to make it up to him.

"No, I'm doing *just fine*, thank you."

Twenty years later, I was invited to speak at the William Burroughs Symposium at the University of Kansas, in Lawrence, Burroughs's home. I told the mouse-hunting story and read from my punk rock history, *Please Kill Me*, along with my co-writer, Gillian McCain. Afterward, the college kids asked, quite annoyed, "What does William Burroughs have to do with rock and roll?" I didn't bother to explain. I hate college kids. But William was always generous with the college kids. Generous with everyone, really.

On Election Day 1996, Burroughs invited my assistant, Dawn Manners, and me over for breakfast. We didn't talk about the election. There was an article in the New York *Times* about an Afghan couple

caught committing adultery and stoned to death as punishment. One of the people who took part in the stoning described the entire gruesome procedure, which the *Times* recounted. Burroughs read the article out loud, acting out the whole scenario, then stood, clutching an imaginary boulder over his head, and threw it down, as if to finish off the sinful couple.

"Fucking adulterers. *DIE, YOU FORNICATORS!*"

God, that voice.

Later, as he always had when I visited him in Lawrence, William stood on the porch of his small ranch house and waved good-bye as we pulled out of the driveway. I turned around as we drove off, and he was still waving. I waved good-bye one last time.

He was such a sweet, funny, and lonely man. Just lovely.

And so much fun to play with.

LEGS McNEIL



William S. Burroughs in his backyard in Lawrence, Kansas.



At Saks Fifth Avenue
get the inside
on UpsideBrown.

Discover the bright side
of brown in a private
Inside UpsideBrown
makeup session
exclusively at Saks.
Then take home
the Saks exclusive
UpsideBrown
tote, clutch,
tissue pouch and
mirror. Just 15.00
with any Estée Lauder
purchase. Simply
call 1-800-330-8497.

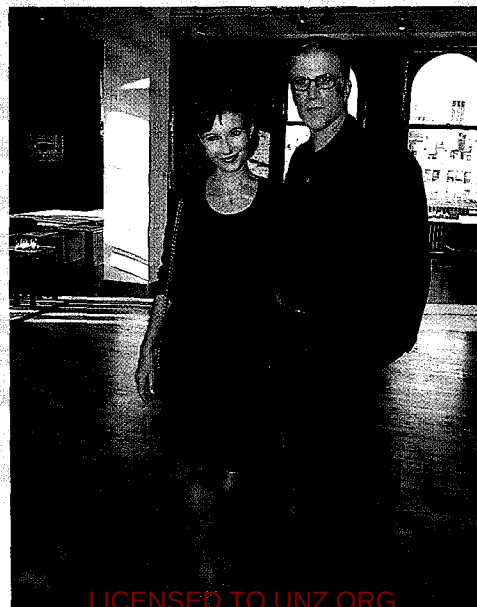
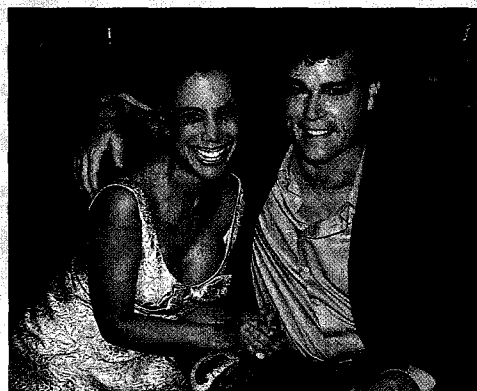
For a limited time only.
Offer good while supplies last.

ESTÉE LAUDER

Midsummer Night's Dance

At the Southampton Hospital's Twilight Serenade, and at parties for 'Cop Land' and 'Spawn.'

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Clockwise from above: Veronica Webb and Tina Turner at the Essex House to celebrate the unveiling of Turner's painting at Les Célébrités; Elizabeth Kabler and Joe Tidings, the former senator from Maryland, at Twilight Serenade, a party to benefit Southampton Hospital; at Richard and Marcia Mishaan's party celebrating the 1997 Watermill Center Summer Benefit, the party's host with guest of honor Robert Wilson and Fern Mallis; Martin Sheen at the Sony IMAX Theatre for the premiere of New Line Cinema's *Spawn*, in which he stars; actors Mel Gorham and Ray Liotta at *Spy*, where producer Cary Woods threw a party for *Cop Land*; Mary Steenburgen and Ted Danson at Crocomania, a Lacoste fashion show. The reception, sponsored by Champagne Krug, benefited American Oceans Campaigns.

will be asked to leave; dealers will be turned over to the police.

"We are concerned about the use of drugs at the Morning Party," says Mark Robinson, GMHC's executive director, "especially after the events of last year." Robinson is referring to what happened when a young man from the Midwest, during his first trip to the Morning Party, overdosed on a drug called GHB. A helicopter sped him to a nearby hospital, where he lay in a coma for nearly a day before recovering.

The incident put a scare into not only the young man but also the Morning Party's organizers, who had been promising for years to clean up the event. The oldest annual AIDS fund-raiser in America—it began fifteen years ago as a daytime celebration for people too sick to dance at night—now found itself in danger of being unable to secure a permit to use the beach.

In response, GMHC mobilized a campaign to discourage drug use at this year's party.

"We decided to throw a prevention fog on the island this summer," Robinson says. Volunteers manned information tables at Fire Island ferry stops, posters and leaflets were inescapable, and a series of lectures and workshops entitled "Summer Share" promised to deliver "sun, fun, and HIV prevention."

Despite that cheery claim, the mood was rather dour on a recent Saturday afternoon when Dr. Ron Winchel, a psychiatrist at Columbia University's Center for Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Mental Health, spoke about the long-term physical and mental damage that can be caused by such drugs as ecstasy and Special K. Fewer than 25 men gathered at the Pines Community Center to see Winchel's slide show. "I consider myself Johnny Appleseed," he said afterward, sounding undaunted. "I end up talking to a few people, but the word spreads like wildfire."

Told of the lecture's dismal draw, however, Robinson just sighed. "It's hard to measure the effect we have on people," he conceded, "but it's incumbent on us to continue."

As you might expect, some Morning Party-goers disagree.

"There's too much of a focus on this drug thing," says Michael Fisher, a window designer in Manhattan. "If you look statistically at the number of people who have OD'd at rock concerts compared to the Morning Party? mean, let's get real!"

"GMHC should concentrate on the prevention of AIDS," Fisher adds. "If you keep pounding this issue, even if you're talking to people who are really stoned, it may get through."

STEPHEN HENDERSON

4 Collections. One Standard.

All-Clad's LTD, Stainless,
Cop•R•Chef™ and
Master-Chef™ collections.
For discriminating cooks
who desire truly
professional cookware.
1-800•ALL•CLAD




All-Clad
METALCRAFTERS INC.

424 MORGANZA ROAD
CANONSBURG, PA 15317

MACY'S • BLOOMINGDALE'S • WILLIAMS SONOMA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Affair to Forget

'Vanity Fair' failed to prove that the mayor is having one with his top aide. But even if he is, so what? A lesson in what happens when politics is treated as entertainment.

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST, IT MUST now be confessed: I once shared a dance with Cristyne Lategano. It was—ah, yes—the summer of 1993, at a campaign stop, in Brooklyn, or Queens perhaps. Was it salsa music that inspired us, or tejano, or even a polka? No matter. I approached, and—involuntarily, I like to think—she began swaying gently; but alas, some work detail soon commanded her attention. The whole thing lasted about nine seconds. She probably doesn't even remember.

After Rudy Giuliani took office, I scheduled a lunch with her. She was

ingly devaluated word, that one—what we have here is one of America's leading (shall we say most respected?) magazines positing various theories about domestic life at the mansion and proving exactly none of them. One finishes the article asking not whether Rudy and Cristyne are doing it, or why Rudy and Donna (Hanover) apparently aren't, but why *Vanity Fair* ran the article.

We'll get to that, but first, let's look at the supposedly cowed New York press corps. Conant surveys the politico-sexual landscape and finds that *only in New*

reporters in this town could have written exactly the story Conant wrote at any point over the past year. We all know who the sources are. And we know they can't prove what they allege. No story.

Of course, we all use unnamed sources, sometimes in ways that are hard to defend: Celebrities, and celebrity wannabes, leak information about themselves through them; press agents persuade reporters not to write about Client X by dishing better dirt about Non-client Y; governmental aides give anodyne quotes on the record, then stick the shiv

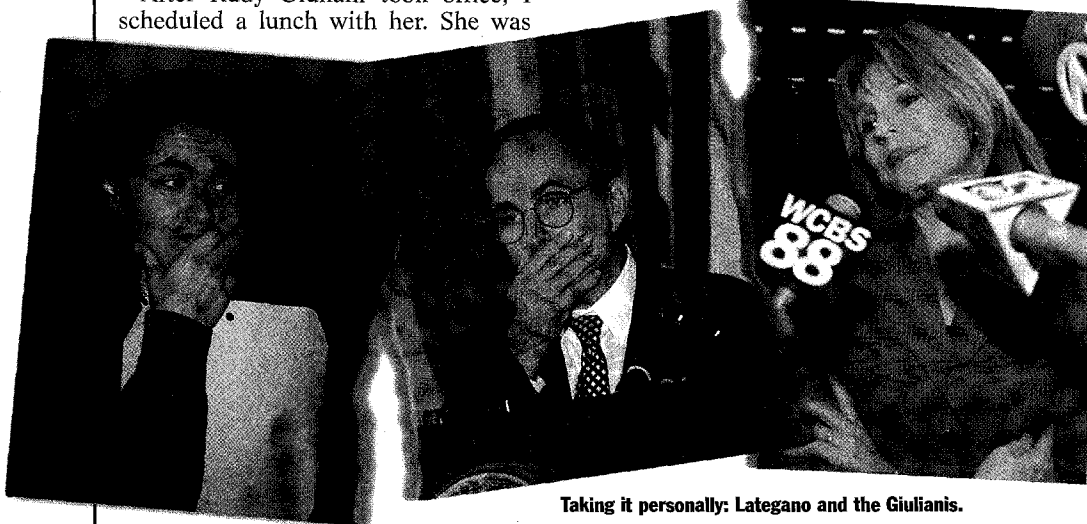
in the back off the record. It's not nice. But there are generally understood limits, even among journalists, and one of them is that if you're going to suggest that a man facing the voters in a mere three months is shuffling the communications chief, you'd better put a name behind it.

BUT SUPPOSE EVERY WORD Conant wrote is true. So what? Where is the public interest? Conant and her supporters offer up the following.

First, that if the mayor's marriage is on the rocks, it's news. Sure, of a sort; he's a

public figure. Plug in George Steinbrenner or Donald Trump or Brad Pitt for Giuliani, and the papers run with it. Yes. But nobody's going to wag a sanctimonious finger at Steinbrenner, no editorialist is going to argue that the public may suffer from Trump's infidelity, no pollster is going to check whether Pitt's approval rating has dropped, and none of them has to get a thumbs-up from voters to stay in his job (good thing for Steinbrenner, eh?). Elected officials face all these consequences, which raises the standards of both proof and relevance to job performance.

Second, that Lategano, the Madame de Pompadour of the Giuliani court, kills off any competition for the title of First Confidante; David Garth, Peter



Taking it personally: Lategano and the Giulianis.

“really busy,” but she did squeeze me in for a quick soup at Au Bon Pain. Two years ago, I ran into her on Madison Avenue. All smiles. But she's spent most of the subsequent two years not returning my phone calls. So you can imagine how I felt upon reading that courageous piece of journalism in this month's *Vanity Fair* and learning what she's really been up to all this time. Dames.

But did I really learn? A few minutes with the article by Jennet Conant reassures, because it turns out that all we get are a few unnamed sources caught in fevered speculation (“unnatural relationship,” “the Eve Harrington of New York politics”) that she may know her way around the Gracie Mansion master bedroom. In fact—an important if increas-

York is a public official's sex life not of interest to the press. She must not cover many campaigns; prurient rumors percolate in dozens of them across the country, but they rarely see the light of day.

Intimidation? This administration has certainly tried to intimidate the press corps, blocked access to what used to be public information, and made reporters and editors sometimes think twice about printing damaging material.

But that is not why the New York papers didn't do this story (though this magazine, in 1995, did do the story, albeit with far greater emphasis on what Lategano did in her office than on anything she might have done in the boudoir). The papers didn't print this story because they couldn't prove it. Any number of political

Powers, and Bill Bratton all left because of her. Garth did, and he says as much. But talented fellow though he is, Garth ran a campaign; he was in charge of no public policy. Powers says he didn't, that he never planned to stay more than two years or so. This may or may not be so, but it can be neither proved nor disproved (that is to say, only he knows). As for Bratton, Latégano surely helped persuade the mayor to give him the push. But Latégano's doing? To believe that, you have to believe Giuliani can't make up his own mind.

Finally, that Latégano's scheming has been a detriment to the citizenry. You can say many things about this administration, but you can't say it's been paralyzed into inaction. Garth's departure matters only to insiders, and Giuliani seems not to need his expertise anyway. Powers's resignation may have public-policy implications, but no one has said just what they are. Bratton was a terrific commissioner, but crime hasn't exactly gone up under successor Howard Safir.

Even if Latégano were directly and demonstrably responsible for all their departures, we'd still have to ask wheth-

er it's because she and the mayor are doing the old in-out. They obviously have a close, and strange and occultish, relationship. She has damaged him—by alienating reporters and various administration officials, by multiplying his paranoid tendencies, by being his yes-woman. All this *is* of public interest. Whether it's because of sex is not. And as for the mayor's marriage, the heart is a mysterious thing, and even Rudy Giuliani must have one. Besides, if everyone who mistreated a lover were barred from doing his job, we'd possess very few great novels, not much philosophy, and no Declaration of Independence, and we'd have been counting on Wendell Willkie to beat back fascism.

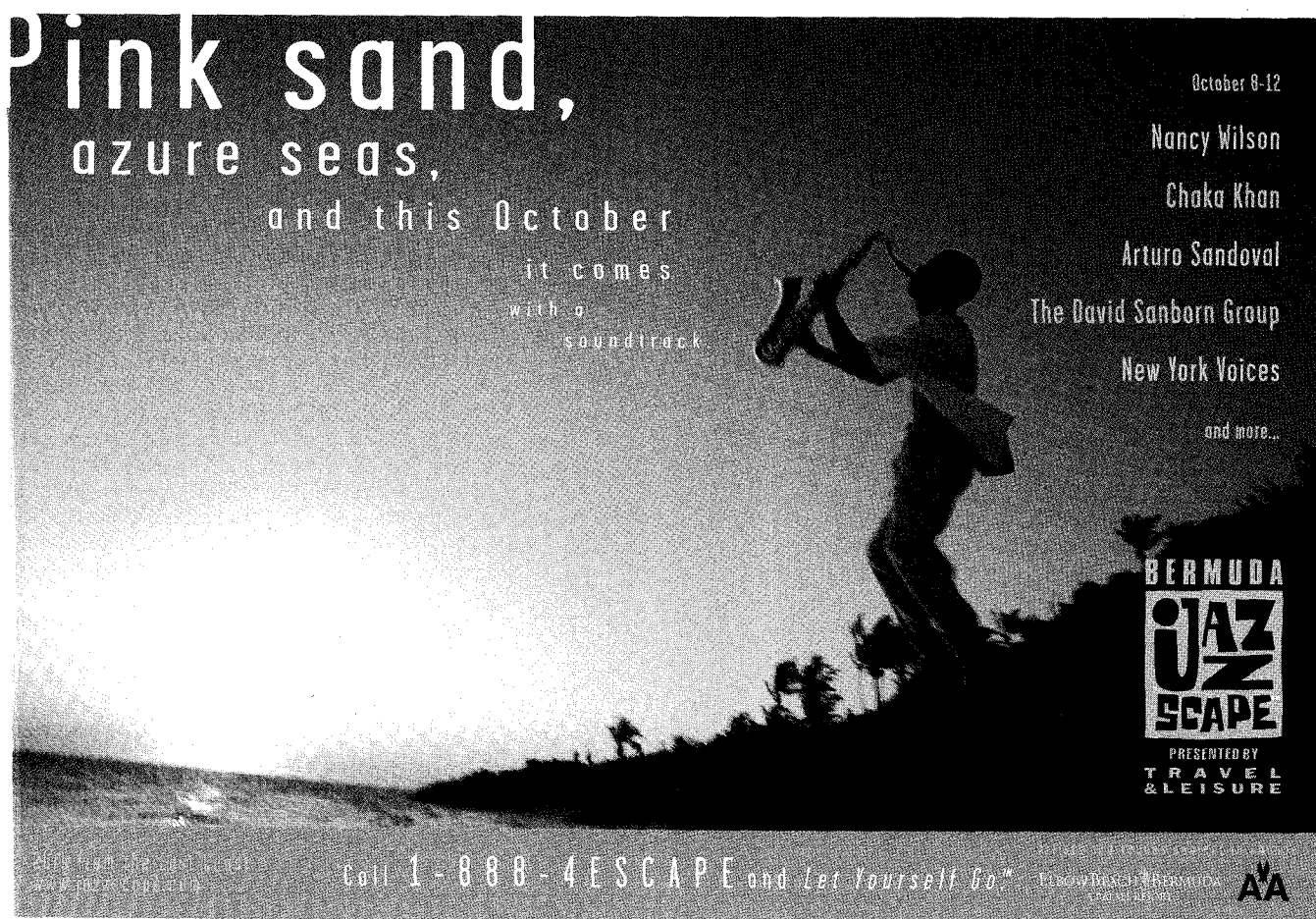
REPORTERS HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING THESE questions for months. So what made *Vanity Fair* lunge into the void?

Politics matters most directly now to the very poor, who need government to survive, and the very rich, who do deals with it. Conant and *VF* editor Graydon Carter have their political beliefs, I'm sure, but their day-to-day contact with government—and mine, admittedly—is

pretty much limited to those things that operate on their own steam no matter who's in office.

So politics, for the chattering class, is just another form of entertainment. For *Vanity Fair*, Rudy and Donna really are like Brad Pitt and Gwyneth Paltrow. It's laughable that *VF*, in its statement standing by the piece, tried to justify it on the grounds that Donna Hanover is "minimally involved" in First Ladyish duties but still bills the taxpayers—a statement cretinously proclaiming that her staff "is costing the city at at least [*sic*] \$165,000 per year." Carter and Conant, who is married to *60 Minutes* correspondent Steve Kroft, live in households that pay more than that in taxes. And as for serious familiarity with the material at hand, my hunch is that if either of them could come within \$3 billion of telling you what the city budget is, it would be on the wing of a very lucky guess.

The reporters who know the city budget, and a lot more, decided this wasn't a story. They weren't scared. They'd given hard thought to the standards this story had to meet to see print. Only in New York? Good for New York, then. ■



Pink sand,
azure seas,
and this October
it comes
with a
soundtrack

October 8-12
Nancy Wilson
Chaka Khan
Arturo Sandoval
The David Sanborn Group
New York Voices
and more...

BERMUDA
**JAZZ
SCAPE**
PRESENTED BY
TRAVEL
& LEISURE

call 1-888-4ESCAPE and Let Yourself Go.™

AA

I Want My ABC

The ailing network makes a bid for ironic hipness with its new promo spots—but can ads with a cynical twist really sell viewers on a bunch of common-denom sitcoms?

IN THE MID-EIGHTIES, WHEN DAVID LETTERMAN WAS STILL broadcasting from the relative Siberia of his 12:30 A.M. NBC *Late Night* time slot, he read about a teacher in Connecticut promoting a TV-turnoff event among her students. Dave, ever the guy for exploring found comedy, got on the phone with this perfectly well-meaning teacher and demanded, right on the air, that she "stop this madness!" The bit included an escalating series of bribes, so that by the end of the conversation Dave was offering the woman a 30-inch color TV to call the whole damn thing off.

She demurred. This was funny, of course, in Dave's typically brittle, ironic way. Letterman, who knowingly mocks the clichéd rhythms and conventions of television, is so tube-smart that he's created his own cottage industry of self-referential TV-based irony. But the teacher, on the air as the disembodied, accidental voice of righteousness, could never quite tell where the joke was.

I thought of Dave and that Connecticut teacher when the ABC network unveiled its edgy, ironic, TV-smart image campaign, "TV is good." (Some additional lines: "Life is short. Watch TV"; "Eight hours a day, that's all we ask"; "Don't worry. You've got billions of brain cells.")

Like Dave, the ABC promo campaign (the first network promo campaign to achieve

controversy through its groundbreaking use of yellow, by the way) is adept at having it both ways. The campaign says to the viewer, "We know that you know that you're too smart for television, so let's all just acknowledge how entirely, affirmingly brainless the whole experience is."

In its aggressive yellowness, the \$40 million campaign is suddenly everywhere—in the subways, on buses, on radio, on the sides of buildings ("It's a beautiful day, what are you doing outside?"), in magazines, and on ABC's own air. It's a work-in-progress (the stars of the shows will be integrated into the format in the coming weeks). But so far, it has used Steve, the guy from ABC's fictional Viewing Enhancement Department, to break the fifth wall; to walk into an empty studio, and announce, with the steady tones of a *Sesame Street* grown-up cast member, "My tie is green, my shirt is red, my pants are blue," allowing those at home to adjust their screens for optimal viewing pleasure. In other spots, he earnestly does a sound check and wipes the screen.

This sort of attention to TV artifice (and attempting to clear it away) is always seductive, but, as with the contradiction of "reality television," it only adds another layer of manipulation. In another spot,

Steve offers a respite from the effort of watching the other commercials on TV by introducing three hula dancers, who gyrate their impressive, grass-skirted hips in front of an obviously fake screen. To add to the low-tech/ no-tech atmosphere, the music is supplied by Steve, who

puts a vinyl hula record on a turntable. "This spot is costing us money," he adds at the end, "but if money were all we were interested in, we wouldn't be in the entertainment business, now, would we?"

Other commercials make the case for TV in general; in a series of fifteen-second, almost static spots, where the tedium is the message, we observe a bug-zapper or a quivering mound of gelatin. The tag line is "TV. What would you watch without it?"

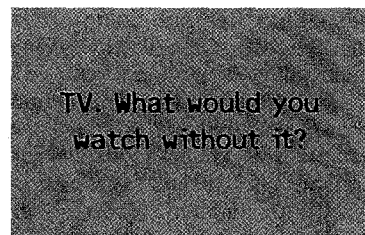
The campaign combines two leading trends: lots of irony, lots of clean space.

But the trendiest thing is the underlying strategy: to acknowledge

that the consumer is so inured to being sold, so oversaturated with media, that the only way to break through layers of disinterest is with cynicism.

The ads are the work of TBWA Chiat/Day, the Los Angeles hot shop famous for creating the most-talked-about commercial of all time. The spot, "1984," implied, through grim visuals shot by *Blade Runner* director Ridley Scott, that without Apple's new Macintosh computer, the world would indeed be Orwellian. Two years ago, Chiat/Day merged with Absolut agency TBWA. When it got the ABC-network business, the agency did research proving that Americans found the networks to be identity-less, and that the usual image promos—goony phrases, big logos, stars, and clips of shows and laugh tracks—made them tune out. (This year, CBS recycles its heartlandish "Welcome home," and NBC is sticking with "Must-see TV.") Thus, the edgy, alterna "TV is good" approach was adopted by the third-place network.

It happens that TBWA Chiat/Day used exactly the same kind of strategy in coming up with its revolutionary campaign for Nissan (the thinking is based on research that showed that most people in general hate car (continued on page 82)



Rainbow coalition: An in-your-face yellow spot, and "Steve," the color-check guy.

AUGUST 19 IS DAY ONE.



THE  FILES™

 NYPD
BLUE™

FIVE NIGHTS A WEEK... STARTING WITH EPISODE #1.

CALL **1-800-FX-FX-FX-1** TO GET

THE BEST PRIMETIME ON CABLE.

 **FX**
FOX GONE CABLE™

©1997, FX NETWORKS, LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



BOYS

CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR'D AT A TENDER AGE, MALE COURTESANS ARE CASHING IN ON THEIR MILLIONAIRE BOYFRIENDS, LIVING IN HIGHER STYLE THAN ANDREW CUNANAN EVER IMAGINED. IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE. OR IS IT?

BY MAER ROSHAN AND ERIC KONIGSBERG

IT WAS A BALMY FOURTH OF JULY, AND AT THE FIRE ISLAND PINES beach house of a prominent gay writer, the annual Independence Day bash was in full swing. The guest list included the A-Gays—the aristocracy of gay society: entertainment mogul David Geffen and super-agent Sandy Gallin, Congressman Barney Frank chatting with Clinton apparatchik Bob Hattoy; movie producer Howard Rosenman; and assorted hangers-on. ■ Dozens of tiny American flags dotted the split-wood fence. Troughs of lobsters and corn on the cob had been carted by in by caterers in crisp white aprons. Up on the sun

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS BUCK

ON THE SIDE

deck, men in polo shirts and Bermuda shorts discussed no-load mutual funds and Janet Reno and their golf swings. But if you looked poolside, you'd have seen a dozen smooth young Adonises in slivers of bathing suits, lazily batting a giant beach ball across a volleyball net.

The boldfaced respectability upstairs contrasted notably with the anonymous gym rats frolicking below. But the attention of both tiers was fixed firmly on the young man in the tank top and cutoffs at David Geffen's side. He barely uttered a word that afternoon, but no one seemed to mind: He was, without question, *the* best-looking man at the party, blond and in his mid-twenties, with a winning smile and pale blue eyes. When he excused himself to fetch Geffen a Bud, another guest sidled up to the billionaire.

"Your date is spectacular," the guest said.

"At these prices," Geffen replied, smiling, "he'd better be."

Geffen was joking, but there was no denying the tinge of commercial enterprise in the air. The laughter of the boys, if you got close enough, had the forced cheer of actors playing to the cameras on the set of a music video. Indeed, many of them *were* struggling actors (or aspiring models, or design assistants, or stylists, or stockbrokers newly endowed with their Series 7 licenses). And if the deck below wasn't really a stage, the action taking place on it was nevertheless something of an audition. For these men, the Establishment types on the deck represented opportunity—a chance to pump up their careers or, at the very least, their bank accounts.

It's not all that uncommon, this kind of dating upward. Fifteen years ago, an entertainment mogul started going out with a broke young actor who had just arrived in Hollywood; today the actor has an Academy Award nomination to his name and commands upwards of \$5 million per picture. One music-industry executive handed his tone-deaf boyfriend a lucrative record deal. Then there was the Condé Nast heavyweight who for years passed out editorial-assistant jobs to finely sculpted young supplicants. And what about the Wall Street titan whose "friend" is now running his own interior-design firm?

For the less ambitious or less talented, dating well is not so much a means to an end as an end in itself. The perks are considerable: Vacations in Europe (via Gulfstream jet). A duplex on Central Park



South. A Range Rover with Callaway golf clubs in the trunk. Dinner with Liz Taylor or Tom Cruise. A weathered summer cottage in the Hamptons. Or, at minimum, a closetful of Gucci clothes.

"Every night at the Pavilion"—a bar in the Pines—"there are a handful of men who arrive with nowhere to stay and nothing but a toothbrush," says Robert Levine, a correspondent for the *Fire Island Flyer*. "They parade past the tables where the rich lawyers and movie-industry executives and the Velvet Mafia guys all congregate. By the end of the evening, most of them end up in someone's lovely home."

Meet the *Velcro Mafia*, that glittering species of buff young men who make it their business to attach themselves to the gay power elite. Every year, hundreds of fresh faces leave the provinces for places like New York, Los Angeles, Miami, and Milan. They're not hard to spot: the models lolling around the pool of Ian Schrager's Delano Hotel in Miami, the wannabe actors serving arugula salads at Café Luxembourg, the shirtless hunks dancing the night away in Fire Island discothèques or glad-handing their way through Southampton house parties.

Attractive, attentive, and eager to please, these are the courtesans of the moneyed gay world, looking for a return on their natural assets. References a plus, but no experience necessary. All you need are deltoids and a dream.

THE WORLD OF YOUTHFUL GAY FORTUNE-hunters came to the public's attention in the days after Gianni Versace's murder. Everybody was left wondering how a hustler like Andrew Cunanan could have found himself in the same room with a celebrity of Versace's stature in the first

place. Whether Cunanan actually knew the designer, as he claimed, is still uncertain. But contact with the likes of Versace was clearly on his agenda.

Andrew Cunanan's plush life began when he took up with Norman Blachford, a San Diego stockbroker in his sixties. Cunanan is reported to have received a stipend of \$2,500 a month for the pleasure of his company. The press had a voyeuristic fascination with Cunanan's haul: the trips to Paris, the green Infiniti that he traded in for cash, the \$850 lunch at a Japanese restaurant. The two of them once flew to Seattle for a Gamma Mu convention; Blachford is a member of this national fraternity of low-profile, high-income gay professionals.

Though he steeped himself in the minutiae of high society—avidly consuming magazines and society columns and books on etiquette—Cunanan never quite mastered the game. His dream, he told friends, was to land David Geffen, but for the most part his quarry was strictly minor-league.

Last summer, when his patron brought him to Southampton for a week, Cunanan struck out several nights on his own and popped up at a round of gay house parties, introducing himself as "Andrew DeSilva." To exacting South Fork playboys, his act was pretty transparent. "He was a flaccid conversationalist, and there was really nothing distinctive about him at all," says the man who put Cunanan and Blachford up at his house. "Every other word from his mouth was about how rich his father had been in La Jolla." In fact, Cunanan had grown up the son of a crooked middle-class stockbroker who'd deserted the family when the boy was in his teens.

CUNANAN WAS RESOURCEFUL, TO BE sure, but he was a piker compared to Jamie Saint-Just, one of the city's more accomplished boy toys, who claims to have had a string of benefactors, including an eccentric and very famous French couturier and a "phenomenally successful rock entrepreneur," says Jamie. He's got two sugar daddies at the moment, a feat he pulls off, he says, because one is a South American diplomat who's in London most of the time and the other is a Santa Monica-based entertainment lawyer. Together, they're a full-time job.

Slight of build, with onyx eyes and brown ringlets that reach his shoulder

blades, Jamie considers his looks—"kind of rock-and-roll for a gay boy," he admits—to be his third-most-valued commodity. Second, he says, "is charm." His biggest draw? "When people meet me, they're always surprised at my depth," he says. And his grasp of etiquette. "I'm the one everyone calls when they have a question about protocol," Jamie says. "I wrote my friend's sympathy card to Francesca Hilton when Eva Gabor died."

Jamie Saint-Just is not his real name; he's used two similar soap-opera pseudo-

enjoying becoming a boldface name," he says. He was one of the Ur-club kids, but he couldn't help but notice that everyone he was hanging out with was doing much better than he was financially. Jamie felt that openly gay men were effectively barred from professional jobs: "Any normal job would have required me to pretend I was straight."

A few months out of college, Jamie got involved with a playwright not much older than he. "I don't know where his money came from, but he was very generous,"

had an employee put Jamie up in her flat. "That was pretty funny. One of the top names in fashion, coming by in the middle of the night and scurrying home at dawn."

OF COURSE, THE IDEA OF THE KEPT BOY ISN'T new to Western culture. "In ancient Greece, I believe, it was acceptable to sleep with boys in a mentorlike fashion," says author and cultural critic Wayne Koestenbaum. "It was considered something of an apprenticeship. Kept boys today are an economic extension of that ancient model. Older men still teach younger men about taste and art and travel and sophistication. It's a much more sympathetic relationship than is portrayed. I mean, we call them kept boys, but they're all above the age of consent."

It's been a frequent theme in the work of Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, David Hockney, and Christopher Isherwood. In 1948, Gore Vidal's third novel, *The City and the Pillar*, touched on the bitter relationship between a closeted actor and his ambitious young stud; the controversial book nearly derailed the young author's career. Next summer, Simon & Schuster is releasing *California Screaming*, a realistic satire about a Hollywood mogul and his musclebound companion, written by a West Hollywood flight attendant named Doug Greenan.

The bargain a rich gay man strikes with his young charge is not dissimilar from the one negotiated between a rich straight man and a trophy wife. Think Donald and Marla, or Madonna and Carlos Leon. As writer Danny Fields says, "Power and money have always attracted beauty."

The attachment is not always as mercenary as it might seem. "With some of these boys, it's not about the money," says Michelangelo Signorile, author of *Life Outside*. "Some of these guys actually *enjoy* the company of older men. They might say they are fond of them or even in love with them. There's something in the dynamic that they like." In the past, says Signorile, many young gay men turned to older mentors because they had been rejected by their families or kicked out of their houses. "It's not always an exploitative relationship," he says. "Many of these guys have nowhere else to turn."

Some see it as a vestige of closeted gay life. "In the old days, personal ads for relationships were grouped together with ads for hustlers," says Daniel Harris, author of *The Rise and Fall of Gay Culture*. "Now they're in different sections of the magazine."

THE VELCRO MAFIA

IS THAT GLITTERING SPECIES OF BUFF MEN WHO MAKE IT THEIR BUSINESS TO ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE GAY POWER ELITE.

nym in his time. He always felt his real name was too plain—people might think he was the son of a Jewish banker from New Jersey, which, of course, he is.

Jamie was the first man to be elected class president at Vassar. He fielded interviews from the local papers in bed, wearing a linen bathrobe, and was featured at length in an *Esquire* story, "Men of Vassar." He "looks like Maria Schneider without breasts," *Esquire* effused. "Among his other accomplishments, [he] is the best dancer on campus."

"When I graduated, I came to New York to be either a model or a socialite," Jamie says. "What I didn't realize was that you couldn't be a model if you're barely five-foot-eight, and you couldn't be a socialite if you weren't born into it. But the club culture meant you could be anything you wanted to be." Arriving at Studio 54 in cowboy boots and a mink coat with no shirt underneath, Jamie found himself in the company of Halston and Calvin Klein. One New Year's Eve, he tried to steady himself as he was falling down a flight of stairs and, grabbing the person closest to him, landed in a tangle with Yves St. Laurent.

Jamie worked a few odd jobs writing copy for confessional magazines but never cared to stake out a career. "Mostly I was

Jamie says. "He bought me clothes. He always paid for meals and for theater tickets. He took me to Cape Cod, and then to Eleuthera. I remember thinking this was something I could get used to. It reminded me of Liz Taylor in *Butterfield 8*, which I'd seen on TV at a tender age."

After the playwright came the fashion designer. "When he flew me to Paris, I didn't even stay at his house," Jamie recalls. "And he worried that keeping me in a hotel would attract too much attention if he came to visit." Instead, the designer



Harris says the kept-boy arrangement dates from a time when nearly all homosexual affairs had to be carried out in secret. "Back then, finding someone with economic or social equality was of secondary importance, as there was little possibility of carving out a shared life together."

It's sometimes not easy to discern who has the upper hand in such an arrangement. Says the photographer Chris Makos, a veteran of Andy Warhol's Factory who was commonly seen on the painter's arm when he was in his early twenties: "People always assumed I was the one getting the free ride off of Andy, but what people overlook is that Andy benefited tremendously from having all these younger people around. We provided the energy and the inspiration his work thrived on."

MIKE IS A RELATIVE NEWCOMER to this world, and sometimes he wonders whether he's in over his head. He's from Oklahoma, and he always expected he'd be working by now, at, like, some kind of job. Back in Oklahoma City, he regularly starred in high-school productions—his drama coach told him he was the best Stanley Kowalski she'd ever seen. But here in New York, he's been going to auditions for more than a year. And it's been discouraging. He hasn't gotten one role—not in movies, not in theater, not in commercials, not in videos, not in industrials. Someone jokingly suggested porn, and he says he thought he was going to be sick. What's a guy like Mike to do? He's only 19, and he's got the education of a 19-year-old. But he's also got the body of a 19-year-old. He loves his body. *Everyone* loves his body.

One night, Mike is at Uncle Charlie's on Greenwich Avenue, and he's good and drunk because everyone wants to buy him drinks. The next thing he knows, he's talking to this guy who's around 40. A lawyer. Rich. Soon the lawyer is calling him all the time and taking him to La Grenouille.

It isn't long before the lawyer starts picking up the rent on Mike's Chelsea studio apartment. If Mike had caught a glimpse of the bill at La Grenouille, he'd have seen that dinner there cost more than he was spending in a month. But that was then. And now Mike has a Harley and a credit card that earns frequent-flyer miles. That's fine by him, because he loves to buy stuff for his mother, and he's traveling a lot these days. He



still hasn't landed any acting work, but he's been going to auditions less and is spending three hours a day on the machines at David Barton, five days a week. It's important that he look his best: He's been on this diet he hates—no sweets or red meat. And the lawyer likes him to be around when he calls.

Mike's friends sometimes tease him that he might as well be in jail, but he

THE MEDIACRACY HAD CRAMMED ITSELF into Gramercy Park's Players Club to celebrate the publication of Hunter S. Thompson's collected correspondence. Thompson had pill-popped his way to fame as a writer for *Rolling Stone*, and halfway through the event, Jann Wenner, the magazine's editor, made his entrance, timed as always for maximum effect. Smiling broadly, the 51-year-old mogul strode through the crowd, his Gucci-clad companion, Matt Nye, trailing a few steps behind like a prince-consort. A throng of photographers descended on Thompson and Wenner, ordering Nye to step aside—which he did, without complaint.

The public union of Jann Wenner and Matt Nye was a watershed event. After much hinting around in the gossip columns, the story that Wenner had left his wife of 26 years for Nye, a onetime Calvin Klein model, finally broke in the *Wall Street Journal* in March 1995. Highly eligible within the most rarefied gay circles, Nye had dated Ross Bleckner and David Geffen before settling down with the publisher.

Their much-publicized relationship advanced the notion that two gay men

JAMIE'S UNCLE TOOK HIM BY THE SHOULDER AND SAID, "SON, THE NEXT TIME SOMEBODY OFFERS YOU SOMETHING, GET REAL ESTATE."

brushes off the criticism. "I think of the kids I grew up with in Oklahoma and how boring their lives are," he says, "and that's not something I could do. My sisters work in a convenience store, and my dad hasn't talked to me in years. Here, I have everything I always dreamed of."

While he sometimes resents the fact that he's being supervised, for the most part he's pretty content. He thinks a stable relationship is what this set-up really amounts to. If that's not quite love, it's at least a cozy approximation of it. Many relationships have been built on a lot less. "It's nice to have someone taking care of me for a change," Mike says.

could now be openly accepted as a couple. And while many dismissed the handsome blond as an accessory, those who've spent time with the two men say there's more to this than meets the eye. "Most of the time, Matt is outspoken and a lively conversationalist, and Jann considers him his peer," says one friend. "He has a good job, after all." (Nye now works as a designer at Calvin Klein.) "They spend more time together than Jann ever did with Janie. Before he met Matt, Jann spent most of his time with his kids or out with his friends." Says a longtime friend from the music industry, "They are very much in love, and Jann brings Matt everywhere. Jann's kids are crazy about

him, too. I see them out shopping at Bed Bath & Beyond together. You think *Jamie* Wenner ever went to Bed Bath & Beyond with Jann? Of course not. She ordered in from Pratesi."

JAMIE SAINT-JUST OWNS HIS APARTMENT, a fairly unspectacular one-bedroom in a six-floor walk-up just off Sixth Avenue in Greenwich Village; he calls it a "penthouse apartment on one of downtown's spiffiest blocks." It may have only one bedroom, but, he's quick to point out, "there's a hallway off the living room, so it feels bigger."

The apartment—along with most of the *chinoiserie* inside—was a gift a few years back from Jamie's primary lover at the time. Jamie got the apartment on the advice of his uncle. "Each time I went home, I'd be wearing a new present from someone," he says. "My mother would always admire whatever it was"—the ruby ring from Bulgari surrounded by twelve diamonds, the mink coat—"but they'd never ask where it came from. I never *really* told them what I do. I said was a writer." When he showed up with a pavé-diamond watch, his uncle took him by the shoulder and said, "Son, the next time somebody offers you something, get real estate."

Now Jamie has a house in Ulster County. He bought it after selling some stock he was advised to buy just after the crash by another ex-patron, an investment banker.

Jamie has no qualms about how his nest egg was earned, he says, because of what he calls his "code of honor." "My code is that I never accept anything from a man unless I deeply care for him. Oh, dinner, drinks, certainly, but nothing beyond that," says Jamie. "I couldn't enjoy owning anything whose donor didn't wish me to keep it. Now that I'm a bit older, it's become a two-way street. When a man who's treated me lavishly falls on hard times—and it's happened twice—I rush to help him."

"Women have been getting away with doing nothing for centuries," he concludes, a bit defensively. "Wallis Simpson made it an art, although Nan Kempner has turned it into a science. I say if you can get away with it, why the hell not?"

He recalls a favorite passage from Carson McCullers, "that in every relationship, there are two roles, that of the lover and that of the beloved. Well, everyone knows that it's always better to be the beloved. It's the one who's pursued who has the upper hand. And in these types of arrangements, the younger man is the

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE

SOME TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Do you like older men? Are you too good-looking to waste away in a typing pool? Do you like to travel, attend benefits, and stay in hotels? Do you enjoy working out? Are you not too particular about sex? Do you think of tanning as a productive activity? If so, you may find that a career as a boy toy is your ticket to blast-off into the high life. But as with any career, there are preparations to make and rules to follow:

LANGUAGE SKILLS: Foreign languages are a plus—Andrew Cunanan spoke several—but if that's too much to handle, you should at least know how to pronounce the following: *Balthazar*, *ménage*, *Jann*.

RESEARCH: Familiarize yourself with the following literature: the *New York Times* "Styles" section, *Architectural Digest*, "Page Six," the Cartier catalogue, Mary McFadden's divorce papers.

PACKAGING: Formalwear, leatherwear, Gucci loafers, abs, pecs, and an accent from anywhere but the New York area, yes. Body hair, no.

CAREER OR HOBBY: Have one. It might be "interior designer," "actor," "model," "painter," "personal trainer," or "student." These are good covers, and you might think of actually pursuing any one of them if you ever tire of the gilded cage.

To hurl yourself into the orbit of moneyed magnates, get a job in publicity or as a waiter at Glorious Food. If you'd rather not work, befriend someone with a job at Sotheby's or the Mary Boone Gallery. Other non-office environments to "work" include Two Mile Hollow Beach or the Swamp in East Hampton, any David Barton Gym, most AIDS benefits, and all of Florida.

beloved. He's the desirable one, and he—or I—stand to gain more from the relationship. I have leverage."

THE TOWNHOUSE IS AN UPSCALE GAY BAR housed in a converted brownstone on East 58th Street that has been done up like a Ralph Lauren window. There are bugle-shaped sconces, damask wallpaper, equestrian prints, and a man who looks like Daddy Warbucks playing Sondheim on the piano. Andrew Cunanan hung out here when he was in town last year, one regular is saying.

On a love seat near the piano sits Jeremy, a 21-year-old with an aquiline nose and slicked-back chestnut hair. A fine goatee scores his chin and there's a sun-shaped tattoo blazing on his neck. Jeremy is waiting for the man who picks up all his tabs to appear. Although Jeremy describes himself as "kept," he's done his share of street hustling in New York and Los Angeles, and he admits that the line between the two occupations is blurry. He wants to be a model or an actor, but he's been known to pick up some extra money down the street at Salon 227, where he's worked as a masseur.

"You think I want to turn tricks my whole life?" he says. "There's got to be something better." Jeremy was in and out of foster homes from the time he was 9. The state of Oregon removed him from his parents' care because of their involvement in a fundamentalist Christian cult. Jeremy dropped out of high school and joined Americorps for a while: He worked in Veterans Administration hospitals and homeless shelters all over the country. "But you think that pays anything?" he says plaintively.

Jeremy's sugar daddy, a skinny Filipino with a crewcut and a Louis Vuitton valise, arrives at the Townhouse; Jeremy suddenly looks embarrassed. Since they met two months ago, Jeremy hasn't had to work, thanks to a few thousand dollars in "loans." But this relationship has a built-in expiration date, as far as Jeremy's concerned. The guy makes "a lot of money" as an engineer, Jeremy says, but he's 34 and he still lives with his parents on Long Island. When Jeremy spends the night with him, they usually stay at a Best Western. "To tell you the truth, we don't have much to talk about," says Jeremy, "and he doesn't know anybody in the entertainment business. He's not a keeper, pardon the pun."

Jeremy goes to a pay phone to check his voice mail. When he comes back, his friend wants to go out for falafel and then hit the Plaza Hotel. Jeremy runs upstairs to say good-bye to Mylar, another aspiring model. "I'm getting rid of him soon," he tells Mylar. They (*continued on page 76*)



THE REAL COP LAND

The movie *Cop Land* offers a glimpse of the NYPD's suburban stomping grounds. Forty miles north of the Bronx lies Orange County, the patrolman's paradise that inspired it all. By Glenn Thrush

NYPD GREEN:
Retired
detective
Gus Papay in
Pine Island.
Right,
De Niro and
Stallone in
Cop Land.



IT HAD BEEN A TYPICALLY GRINDING DAY FOR DETECTIVE GUS PAPAY, an Internal Affairs Bureau investigator working out of the 45th Precinct in the Bronx. After finishing up his shift at 1 A.M., Papay piled into his white Nissan, flicked the radio to Lite-FM, and began the hourlong drive to his house in Orange County, just about the farthest from the city a New York cop can live and still keep his badge. Papay was surfing the speed limit when he noticed the state trooper in the rearview. "Shit," he remembers thinking, "it's two o'clock. I've got tinted windows. They think I'm carrying drugs." After pulling over, Papay hung his shield and police I.D. out the window, as he'd done a dozen times before. Usually that did the trick, but this trooper wasn't inclined to extend professional courtesies. ■ "He tells me I was weaving on the road, which was total bullshit," says Papay, who retired from the force in 1994. "I tell him, 'I understand that you were profiling me. Don't lie to me—one cop to another.'" ■ The trooper, Papay says, told him to

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA LIXENBERG



LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN: The Gansrow family, postgame.

MANGOLD SHOT MOST OF *COP LAND* JUST ACROSS THE HUDSON IN Edgewater, New Jersey, mainly so he could use the George Washington Bridge to lend a sense of the city looming in the distance. But the real Cop Land is Orange County, New York, says the 33-year-old Mangold, who drew on his upbringing on a farm outside Washingtonville that his father, minimalist painter Robert Mangold, bought in the early seventies. "I went to high school with the kids of cops. My first girlfriend's father was a cop. Orange County is really what I had in mind all along."

In real life, NYPD officers must live in the five boroughs or six surrounding New York State counties: Nassau, Suffolk, Westchester, Rockland, Putnam, and Orange. As of last December, a majority of New York's finest—55.7 percent—lived in the city. Most of the out-of-city cops cluster in Nassau or Suffolk, in Elmont, Massapequa, Merrick, Seaford, Babylon, Islip, and even far-off Stony Brook. North of the city, cop communes can be found in New City, Yonkers, Pearl River, and Congers, among other towns.

Orange County accounts for only about 3.7 percent of the force. But the presence of the 5,000 active and retired cops who live there is much more palpable in this all-but-rural county than in the more populous suburban areas. The sense of remove from the city is also far greater. The place belongs to middle America, a necklace of small towns, Kmart big boxes, and subdivisions flung across the rolling Hudson Valley hills. It also has a decidedly non-New York racial mix: Only 13 percent of county residents are African-American or Hispanic, and most of them live in economically depressed Newburgh.

But it's mainly the cost of living that draws the NYPD. Orange County has the cheapest real estate of all the places cops are allowed to live—the average house costs about \$140,000. The farther you get from the thruway and Route 17, the state road that's the county's main thoroughfare, the more rural—and inexpen-

fuck off and started writing a summons. Papay exploded, scrambling out of the car. The upstater placed his hand on his gun. "And I'm almost reaching for mine, too," says Papay.

For a few moments, the men faced each other, teetering on the edge of cop-shoots-cop tabloid superstardom. "It could have turned into a fucking gun battle," Papay says. "Easy."

But then he climbed back in his car and called 911. A supervisor shortly arrived and calmed the pair down. Papay was sent on his way without a summons.

"I'll tell you why we moved here," says a South Bronx cop who lives in a bedroom for \$160,000, the schools don't suck, and you're a

A REMARKABLY SIMILAR SCENE LAUNCHES THE MOVIE *COP LAND*, which opens this Friday. In a fictional New Jersey town called Garrison, a zealous young deputy, played by Janeane Garofalo, pulls over a carload of NYPD cops for speeding in a school zone. The officers are astounded that another cop would dare hassle them. Enter Sylvester Stallone as the puffy Sheriff Freddy Heflin, deaf in one ear and willfully blind to the scores of corrupt city cops who live in his suburban town. "She's new on the job," he tells them, quickly settling matters. But as they drive off, Freddy, who was turned down by the NYPD because of his hearing, glimpses a familiar face he never expected to see again: a New York cop who lived in Garrison and, by all accounts, had jumped off the George Washington Bridge the night before.

His suspicions finally aroused, Stallone transforms himself from a lumpy reject into a 12-gauge-toting vigilante with a Gary Cooper slouch. With a little help from Ray Liotta, as a coked-out undercover officer, and Robert De Niro, playing an Internal Affairs investigator who always seems to be eating lunch, he ends up crushing Garrison's cabal of New York cops gone bad.

The movie is Hollywood's first-ever morality play based on police residency requirements. What director and screenwriter James Mangold has done is turn the sins-of-the-city police melodrama upside down: In *Cop Land*, the banality and isolation of the suburbs breed a cynicism that poisons the city by producing violent, mercenary cops. "Things have gotten unbelievably safe in the city," Mangold says, "but these guys are still basically fleeing from the city of Abe Beame. They'll always be fleeing it."

WEEKENDING WARRIOR: Mike Morgillo and daughter, poolside.



sive—the land gets. That's why so many cops live in off-the-beat-en-track places like Washingtonville, Blooming Grove, Greenwood Lake, and even Port Jervis, a full 90 miles from the city.

Even that far out, it's not unusual to find five or six cops living on one block. "There's firemen, too," says retired cop Stephen Giove. "It's the Land of Guns and Hoses."

"I tell you why we move here," adds one South Bronx cop. "You can get a three-bedroom for \$160,000, the schools don't suck, and you're away from the animals down there."

THIS SUMMER'S BIG COPS-ONLY PICNIC IS TAKING PLACE at the Black Rock Fish and Game Club, in Mountainville just off Route 32. Most of the crowd is white, and almost everyone is standing around in T-shirts and flip-flops. "When you get past the middle of the George Washington Bridge, the temperature seems to drop ten degrees, and *you* seem to cool down a lot, too," says Lieutenant Kenneth Vrana, who used to work undercover in narcotics and now holds a desk job at One Police Plaza. Today he is presiding over the picnic as head of the 800-member Orange County Shields, a policemen's fraternity dominated by NYPD cops.

"It's funny. When I was a kid, I never wanted to leave New York City," says Vrana. "Now my kids are strangers to the city. I take them down, and they walk around and stare at the buildings like they're tourists, like they're from Hooterville or something. Jesus, they don't even have the accents."

Vrana's teenage daughter nuzzles the family dog and a big drug-sniffing German shepherd that had been brought out for a demonstration at the picnic. Out on the grass, younger cops' kids are caught up in a corn-shucking contest. A retired detective deejays for a bunch of wives, who form a Macarena line, while the guys congregate near the grill. All is relaxed, all is smiles; it could be a NYNEX company outing. Until there's a soda emergency.

Orange County. "You can get a three-bedroom house and a lot of animals down there."

Suddenly, a tense patrolman blares, "Forty-two bottles are missing!" with the approximate force of "Officer in distress!"

Tim Beattie, a second-generation uniform who works at the 50th Precinct in the north Bronx, ignores the crisis. "My dad was a cop and he moved us up here when I was 1, so I've never really lived in New York City. You couldn't give me a house—you couldn't pay me enough—to get me to move back there," says the 27-year-old, rocking his baby's stroller gently. "I don't feel like living on top of everybody else. People treat each other differently down there. The truth is I just don't want to have anything to do with them."

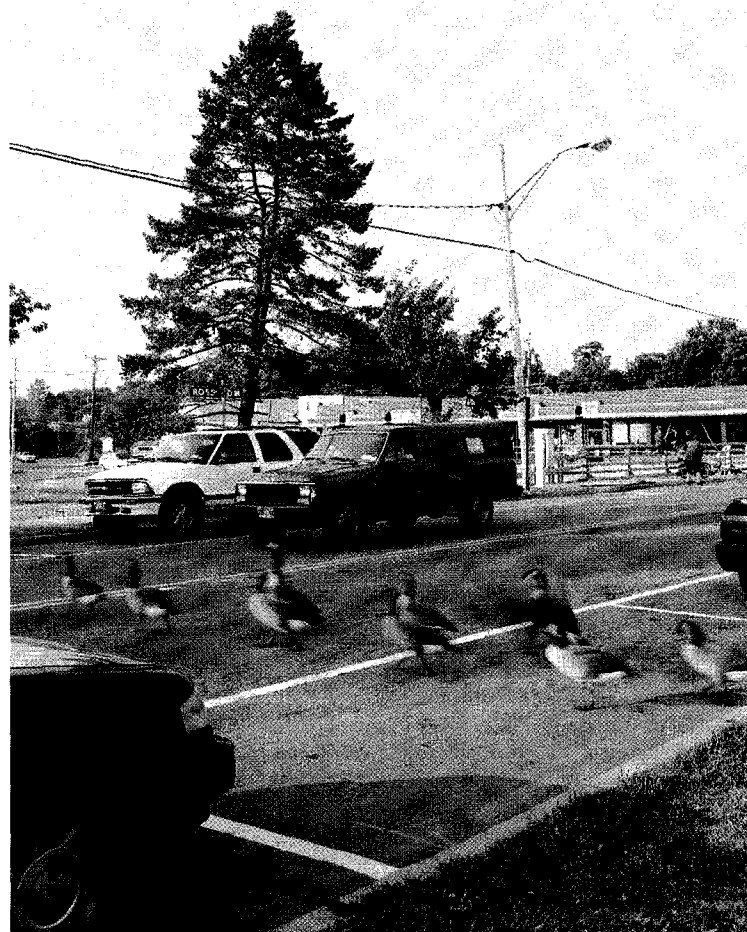
BEFORE 1961, A NEW YORK CITY COP HAD TO LIVE IN THE CITY, JUST like most other municipal employees. But that year, the powerful police union persuaded Governor Nelson Rockefeller to give them a special break. Over the years, various cops—mayoral candidates Ruth Messinger and Al Sharpton among them—have been pushing for a city-residency requirement, charging that living out of the city creates an us-versus-them mentality.

Among cops, the proposal is almost as unpopular as the idea of an all-civilian complaint-review board. "It's just total crap," says NYPD spokesman Kevin Tyrell, who lives in Massapequa. "You can be a good or a shitty cop wherever you decide to live." For now, in any case, they have little to worry about. Rudy Giuliani, though reviled by the PBA for his refusal to concede to their salary demands, has no objection to cops' living outside the city.

Rumblings in the seventies that the residency requirement would be reinstated spurred the great cop exodus. "That's what started them coming up here in the first place," says Ed Grossman, a salesman for Weichert Realty in Monroe, home to the

largest concentration of NYPD officers in the county. "The cops all figured they'd better move up before any new law took effect so they could get grandfathered in."

Most of the real-estate agencies have at least one cop on their staff with connections to the precincts that tend to flock to Orange—the 46th, 48th, and 50th in the Bronx and the 30th and 34th and the Street Crime Unit in Manhattan. But there are cops living here from every branch—Transit, Housing, Corrections, even a few stray Internal Affairs guys. "When it comes to buying houses, cops tend to trust only cops," says Grossman. "Mostly, they'll buy in an area if they hear about it from another cop first." In Greenwood Lake, near the Rockland border,



RIGHT OF WAY: Ducks and cops rule the streets of Monroe.

one development of 40 houses has eight policemen living in it.

The houses where cops live don't stand out. The old totems—the Camaros, the aboveground pools, the tarped-up Boston Whalers sitting on trailers in driveways—were absorbed long ago into local culture. Even the PBA and Fraternal Order of Police stickers on the windshields don't mean anything: Retired guys buy these by the dozen to give out to friends. One retired IAB detective says that if a house is flying an American flag every day, there's a 50-50 chance it belongs to a cop. Also, look for houses where the front door stays open all day long. Only a minority of precinct cops work conventional nine-to-five hours, so they're likely to be home during the day. And because the cost of living in these parts is so cheap, many cops' wives don't work, so they're likely to be around the house, too.

The diners may be mirror-and-chrome jobs that look like they've been airlifted from Queens Boulevard, but otherwise, there's a stubborn resistance to anything that evokes the city. There are country stores. The Captain's Table in Monroe is the on-

ly place in the county that could be labeled a cop bar, but even it seems more like a college hangout, with a beach-volleyball pit and a band bludgeoning Meat Loaf covers. "If you are coming over here to offer me a joint, sit down," says a 50th Precinct cop in his early thirties, who has a beer and a cracked flute of champagne parked in front of him. "If you want to talk to me about the job, you can pick your ass up and get out of here."

It's not an unusual attitude among cops who live in the country. They are very serious about separating where they work from where they live, and that may be a problem. "I think living out of the city makes them cynical," says Mike McAlary, the *Daily News* columnist who wrote the novelization of *Cop Land*'s script as "training wheels" for embarking on a new career as a novelist. At first, McAlary was reluctant about rewriting another man's work. "I was a little worried about my credibility," he says. But Stallone's people sent him Mangold's script, and it struck many of the themes he has written about most of his career: temptation, corruption, redemption.

In the late eighties, McAlary made his name as a top police reporter when he broke stories on corruption at Bedford-Stuyvesant's 77th Precinct in *Newsday*. Driving up to Long Island's North Shore to inspect the motion detectors around one crooked cop's gabled mansion helped convince him that cops shouldn't be allowed to live outside the five boroughs until they have four or five years on the job.

"You can grow good guys in the suburbs too," says McAlary. "But [Orange County] isn't even the suburbs—it's the fucking country."

STILL, TO SOME COPS, ORANGE COUNTY DOESN'T OFFER ENOUGH DISTANCE FROM THE CITY. Off-duty NYPD officer John Bermudez sits in shorts and docksiders, perched on a pine Adirondack chair as

more important," he adds. "Years ago, two squad cars would pull together and the guys would be talking about what bars are we going to tonight. Now we're trading coupons through the windows. 'What diapers do you use?' 'Where can I get cheap formula?'"

ALONSO COMPRES, A 35-YEAR-OLD NATIVE OF THE Dominican Republic, moved up to Monroe in early 1994 for many of the same reasons Bermudez did. Compres, who worked in the 30th Precinct, had lived most of his life twenty blocks north of the precinct house in Washington Heights until he moved up to Monroe in early 1994 with his wife and their three children.

A few months later, when the first dozen arrests were announced in the spring of 1994 in the "Dirty Thirty" scandal, Compres was one of six Orange County residents to have his shield confiscated by Police Commissioner William Bratton. One 30th Precinct cop, speaking to the county's *Times Herald Record* of Middletown shortly after the arrests were announced, estimated that at least a quarter of the Harlem precinct lived in the county. "My first thought was shock. My second was I hoped to hell none of them were in the Shields," Kenneth Vrana says. None of them were, it turned out.

But Compres might have been a welcome candidate for membership. Chubby and quiet, he was known around the station house as Goose—short for "Fat Goose." It was on the streets that he picked up the moniker El Abusador for his allegedly vicious shakedowns of drug dealers and cash couriers in the early nineties. The indictment singled him out for the most heinous act in the scandal: hunting a suspected dealer into a tenement hallway and shooting him in the stomach just to steal his stash. At the end of his shift, Compres would

"Years ago, two squad cars would pull together and the guys would be trading coupons through the windows. 'What diapers do you use?'"

his three kids prowl around the lilac bushes on his front lawn. The location of his house can't be revealed because a drug dealer he busted once tried to pay another cop \$5,000 to tell him where he lived. For months after that, Bermudez kept his eyes fixed on his rearview mirror, even moving his wife and children to a relative's house for a while.

"I think a lot of people in the city think cops are living up here in the suburbs building some criminal enterprise out in the woods or that we're all moving up here and having our weekly KKK meetings. They're full of shit."

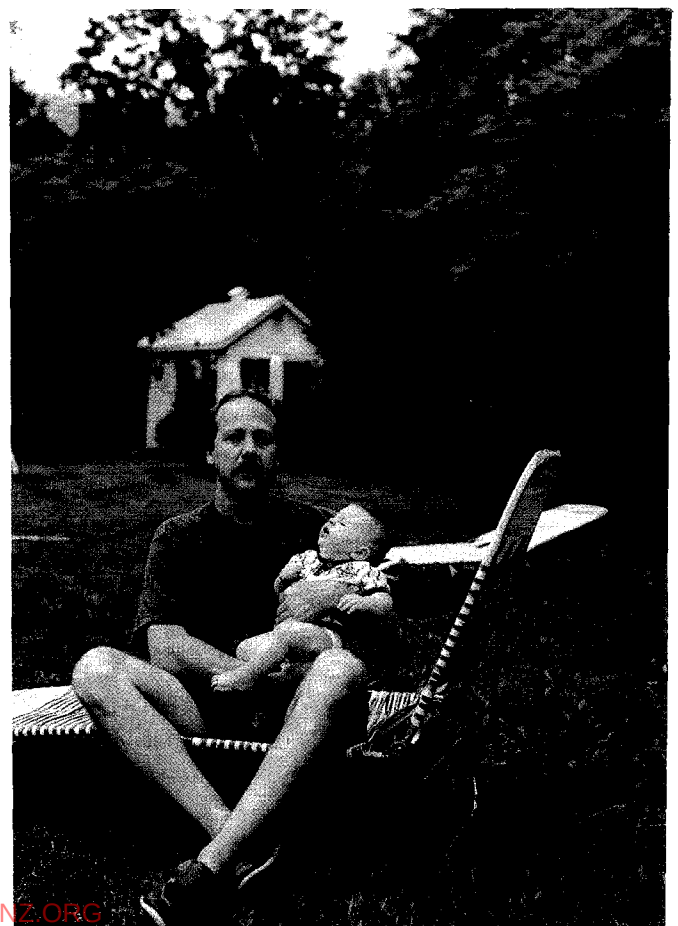
Calming down, he picks up his 3-month-old son. "The truth is, we just want a life."

Bermudez is no paper-clip patrolman. He works plainclothes in the Street Crime Unit and has been shot at three times in his thirteen-year career, including a 1987 incident in Bed-Stuy, when a 14-year-old wheeled on him with an automatic pistol. At the time, Bermudez lived on Sheepshead Bay Road, where there wasn't much crime. But even there he didn't feel safe off-duty. "I wouldn't cross the street without carrying my gun."

If anything crystallized his desire to leave the city, it was the night when his father, out for the evening with the family at a Bay Ridge restaurant, noticed a wiseguy he had busted during his days on the force eating at a nearby table. "My father just walked out; we thought he had forgotten something in the car," Bermudez recalls. "Finally, a waiter comes up to me and says, 'That gentleman who came in with you wants to speak with you outside.' He just didn't need to be having these confrontations in his own backyard with his family all around him."

"The older you get, the more your family and your home become

COP'S CRADLE: John Bermudez and baby son.



THE LAND OF GUNS AND HOSES: Nature calls cops and firemen.

drive up the Palisades and toss the cash in a closet.

He pleaded guilty to extortion in 1995 and is serving a four-and-a-half-year stretch in federal prison. His house went on the market a few months after he started his sentence.

"He used the [stolen] money to live," says James Kousouros, Compres's lawyer. "He bought this house with an above-the-ground pool. It needed some work. He was using the money to make improvements on the pool."

Even the prosecutors who brought the cases admit that the conspiracies in the 30th were hatched in Harlem, not in Orange County. "All of the stuff happened in the precinct," says Dan Castleman, head of investigations for Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau. "The county was really just a place they went home at night."

Seldom are cops accused of any wrongdoing in the county itself. In 1995, an NYPD detective was arrested in New Windsor for sexually assaulting a 19-year-old girl he'd driven out to an isolated paper mill, but that's the last major incident anyone can remember. Most of the policemen-policing-policemen action takes place on the shoulders of county roads or tends to be limited to the internal-affairs variety. New Windsor's 32-member force has worked out a protocol with the city's Internal Affairs Bureau so that IAB investigators spying on cops' houses aren't mistaken for burglars casing the neighborhood. A few years ago, a town cop from Harriman and a patrolman from the 46th Precinct in the Bronx got into a brutal fistfight and charges were filed on both sides. Earlier this year, the same upstate cop was elected as the Shields' president—only to be deposed after a group of city cops staged an insurrection.

But city officers have often come to the aid of the hometown

talking about bars. Now we're here can I get cheap formula?"

police. "A couple of weeks ago, I approached this guy who was drifting into traffic and shouting," says Dennis Gomas, who works for the Greenwood Lake Police Department. "He slams his Bible on the hood of the patrol car and I grab him and we start wrestling around on the ground. I look up and there are these two NYPD cops leaping in to help me. It happens all the time."

Gomas says he mostly appreciates the help, but it can make for awkward scenes. "Whenever you pull somebody over at night, [city cops] are always pulling up to you to see if you need back-up. It can be a pain in the ass, having some strange car speed right up to you in the dark when you're trying to do your job."

Sometimes, city cops get in one another's way out in Orange County, too. In 1989, two Internal Affairs sergeants approached Gus Papay and asked him if he would help out in the case of a cop who was believed to be offering to erase from the computer the arrest-on-sight "alarms" placed on the license plates of stolen cars.

The problem was that the guy lived right around the corner from Papay's split-level in a cop-heavy development outside Chester. Their sons were good friends. "They wanted me to case him on my morning jog," Papay recalls. His neighbor was eventually kicked off the force and moved away, but Papay sold his house and moved to another place in Port Jervis. "It was very uncomfortable," says Papay. "The guy could have come by and burned down my house."

IN COP LAND, MANGOLD'S CLANNISH COPS NEVER LEARN WHAT CAME instinctively to Papay: that they have at least as much to fear from their own kind as from outsiders. Yet a lot of the Orange County NYPD feel uneasy about living in a cop ghetto, even if they can't quite articulate why. "I shy away from N.Y.C. cops," says Bermudez. "We feel comfortable living around each other, but we re-



spect each other's space. We'll say hello and just keep on walking. You want to keep it all separate from the job. But you know they're out there if you need them. We will watch out for each other."

Even if they don't want to be watched. When he was with IAB, Gus Papay would be frisked whenever he attended fundraising parties for sick cops—called 10-13's after the code for an officer in distress. The other cops made a joke out of it, but the ritual was obligatory: He raised his arms and they patted him down to see if he was wearing a wire. After a while, he started putting on a bulletproof vest—which his fellow cops found hilarious. "I'm not really afraid [of other cops]," he says. "But I still look in my rearview mirror. Just as a safety precaution."

For others, cop culture, even on the lawns of Orange County, can be confining. Mike Morgillo, a cop out of the Bronx borough command—who is married to a detective—says he's sick of sitting around other cops' backyards hearing the same old he-shot, she-shot stories. "I want to have other friends," he says. Still, the softball team he manages, sponsored by Central Valley Real Estate, where he moonlights, is almost entirely composed of patrolmen.

"When we started with the team four years ago, we had eighteen guys, and sixteen of them were cops. One guy was a fireman," he says, a little mournfully. "The eighteenth guy was a psychologist. Look, I had to take my brother-in-law on the team."

Timothy Gansrow, another softball-playing cop, says he's trying to get out of the *Cop Land* mind-set, too.

"I don't, personally, like to hang out with a lot of cops," he says. His wife, who has been chasing their 3-year-old around the parking lot, takes exception: "Tim, all the people we hang out with are cops."

Gansrow stares at his cleats for a second and laughs. "Yeah, baby," he says. "I guess you're right."

At play in the fields of Bridgehampton:
This page, country squire Gerard
Meagher lights a stogie; opposite,
party on, Sylvia Miles (foreground).



Sipa

party animals



At **Bridgehampton Polo**, millionaires and wannabes meet to primp for paparazzi, **toss back a few**, and keep score. If there's any time, they might even **watch the match**.

By Lang Phipps

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NINA BERMAN

THERE WERE SO MANY MERCEDES-BENZES AND PORSCHEs BEARING DOWN ON me," said one parking attendant working Bridgehampton Polo's opening day, "that I felt like a matador." ■ The few drivers he could flag to a stop told dubious tales to gain access to the VIP parking area west of the field. "Three cars said they were with the lieutenant governor, and she wasn't even there. And I heard 'I'm with Matt Lauer' a few times." Then there was the Range Roverette who yelled "You're such a jerk" at him as she roared off in the direction of the general-admission parking lot. The priciest four-wheelers were rolling with tanklike determination

toward the VIP parking area, their ultimate destination a tent bearing signs emblazoned with the words MERCEDES-BENZ POLO CHALLENGE.

Polo fans? Devotees of the ancient sport of officers and gentlemen? Not quite.

At the entrance gate on this breezy Saturday in July, multimillionaires grunted with displeasure over the \$5 admission fee. Several particularly belligerent VIP-tent crashers had to be removed by security. Quentin Dante, a co-patron of one of the polo teams, said the scene reminded him of his days as a New York City nightclub owner. "One guy said he knew [Bridgehampton Polo co-founder] Neil Hirsch, who was standing right there. So one of our people asked a girl at the foldout table if she'd seen

ural habitat; no one seemed troubled by the implications of that.

Bridgehampton Polo's opening day has become the butter photo-op of the Hamptons' summer season. In and around the tent, photographers swarmed underfoot; it seemed like everybody wanted to be memorialized in the summer-colony shiny sheets. The event was pure gold for paparazzi, who loped around the tent with their telephoto lenses in a state of permanent arousal, focused on charmed-lifers like Nina Tower, Whitney St. John, and James Fairchild; the odd movie or TV star; and assorted party-loving termites eating their way through the canapés into Hamptons society.

In an unusual social inversion, the shutterati were suddenly the VIPs. "A lot of people actually suck up to me to take a photo," said one local shooter. On a recent weekend, photographer Joan Jedell was handing out invitations to a party at the Bridgehampton Cafe to celebrate the launch of a new weekly pic book called *The Hamptons Sheet*. ("Joan Jedell insinuates herself at these things as a guest and irritates everybody," says Peggy Siegal, Bridgehampton Polo Club's former publicist. "The Hamptons Classic barred her, and what paparazzi get refused at the Classic?")

Opening day, a film crew shooting a promotional video for the Country Imports polo team, sponsored by the Mercedes-Benz dealership of the same name, was almost tackled by the business manager of a model on the way up. "She shouted, 'You've just got to get this girl,'" a still-stunned crew member recalled. "They need a bigger tent for all these egos," says R. Couri Hay, a publicist and a social columnist for *Manhattan File*.

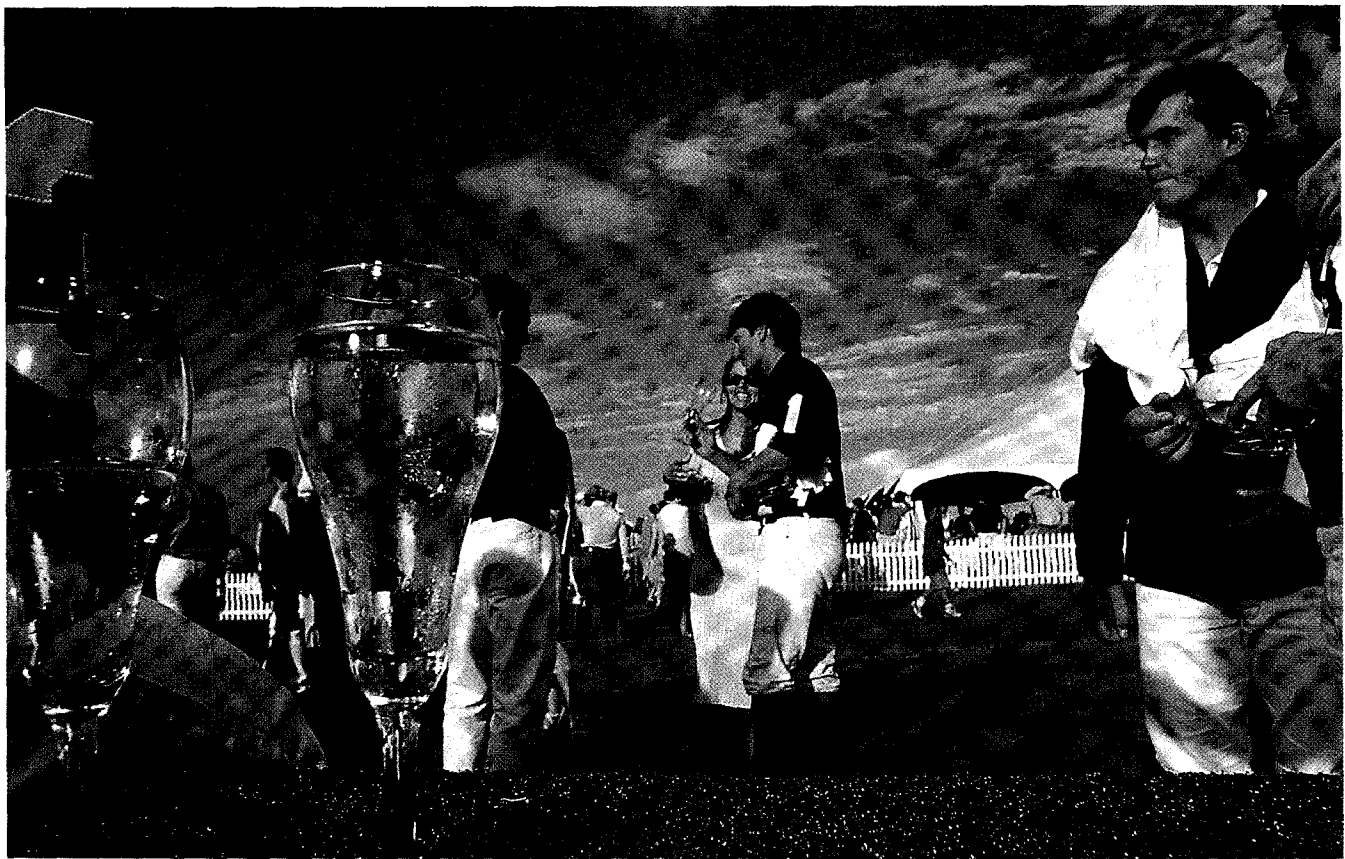


Full gallop: A match may be in full swing, but is anyone paying attention?

Neil around. She played along and said no. The crasher didn't go 'boo.' It was like, 'See ya.'"

The opening-day crowd was concerned about one crasher in particular—Andrew Cunanan. He was rumored to have cruised the Hamptons last summer, and people were saying they'd hauled out their party pictures from last year to see if he was in any of them. Extra security at the polo gates was suggested by some of the guests, since this kind of scene was Cunanan's nat-

But even this awkward pantomime had a foothold in tradition: One member of the Palm Beach-Hamptons circuit recalls an afternoon in the eighties spent at the Palm Beach Polo Club in the company of Mrs. William Ylvisaker, wife of the club's founder. Slim Aarons, one of the original party-snappers, was drawing a bead on the pair with her Leica when Ylvisaker's son took a bad fall on the field. The accident was pointed out to Mother Ylvisaker who was heard to say, "I'll look after Slim's taken the picture."



Players' club: The game's patrons bagged many of their best teammates in Argentina.

BRIDGEHAMPTON POLO HAS BECOME BRIDGEHAMPTON PHOTO, which doesn't necessarily please Peter Brant, the top-ranked amateur player in the country and co-founding member of the club. "All the patrons, except for me, like the crowds," he says. "But a lot of these people don't give a shit about polo." Brant would just as soon see the party wind down early. "In Greenwich, we let the people party before, and then they have to watch the game," says Brant. "We even close down the bar." That won't be happening in Bridgehampton anytime soon. For it is the sponsors' money that keeps things galloping along. And they like a good party.

Every year, an array of sponsors contributes \$400,000 to fund the season. The field, rented from controversial real-estate developer and polo novice David Walentas, costs at least \$100,000 per season. The polo field at Two Trees is high-main-

field the size of nine football fields, the authentic fans, paying \$5 a head, can sit in the bleachers or on the tailgates of their cars. At the start of each game, Tony Coppola, the announcer, tries to drum up applause as the players canter out for their introductions. Only the players always make the same mistake and present themselves to the VIP tent; it's on the other end of the field that all the cheers go up.

The game of the plutocrats is getting a lot more democratic. Ed Norton wondered what Ralph Kramden would do with an inheritance of "poloponies"; now he'd surely have a better idea.

"I want lots of people to have exposure to the game," says Leighton Jordan, the managing director of the Polo Club. Jordan isn't troubled by the party going on out of bounds. "In five years, the people in the tent will be paying more attention to the game. It's like the movie *Field of Dreams*: If you build it, they will come." "I think the people in the Hamptons were missing a spectator sport," says Peggy Siegal. "If you'd come in with a soc-

"The last time *these people* saw a horse, it was in front of a supermarket with a coin slot in its back."

tenance: It has to be drained, fertilized, seeded, watered, and cut, and the divots have to be methodically replaced, to keep it fairway-green. Sponsors pick up the tab. And while the patrons help back their own teams, the sponsors cover practically everything else. What does Mercedes-Benz get out of it? Prestige by association. Car sales. Last year and the year before, Mercedes spent \$100,000 annually to underwrite the event, says one insider, who guesses that now it's a lot more.

The real Mercedes-Benz challenge may be to get the tent people to notice that there's a game of polo going on. Far across a

cer league, it would have been soccer." But would soccer draw the same sort of crowd and sponsors? Would froth about "the distinguished legacy of world-class soccer" make the same impression in the pages of *Hamptons* magazine?

Some of the locals still aren't keen on having polo near their stomping grounds. "Henry Lambert and Ornella Morrow filed a lawsuit [against the town of Southampton], which they lost, last year, and they also lost on appeal," says Neil Hirsch. "They tried to close us down because of pollution from the cars and horse dung, and what they called the carnival atmosphere."

Mere yards from where the VIPs eat, drink, chatter, and pose, thundering hooves chase after a hard white ball. Eight men risk life and limb trying to thwack it through two goal posts with their long bamboo mallets. But in the tent, for much of the day, the bar is four-deep. The occasional scuffle breaks out over goody bags containing T-shirts or small bottles of perfume. "The last time most of these people saw a horse, it was in front of a supermarket with a coin slot in its back," says Mallory Crosby, an editor at *Hamptons File* magazine.

FROM THE TWENTIES TO THE FIFTIES, MEN LIKE Tommy Hitchcock, Winston Guest, Devereux Milburn Jr. and Sr., and Pete Bostwick—men with hand-me-down country estates and plenty of time to hone their skills with a polo mallet—were the public faces of the sport. They rode at Old Westbury's Meadow Brook Club, which Robert Moses paved over in 1954 for a parkway.

Today's players grew up in places like Rockville Centre, Great Neck, and Forest Hills. As a boy, Mickey Tarnopol, owner of Team Revlon, mucked-out stables and hot-walked ponies at Meadow Brook. It wasn't until 1978, while at the Palm Beach Polo Club, that he actually considered playing the game himself, he says. "Three years later, I took a one-week polo clinic and that summer bought my first horse," says Tarnopol, a partner at Bear Stearns. "I named it Business so if my partners called, my secretary could say, 'He's out on Business.'" By 1984, thanks to

a premium mount, no doubt, he was rated a high-goal player, and now owns a string of 40 ponies.

The old guard has been all but priced out of polo. It has fallen to the new money to re-create some of those rituals, even if the meaning of the traditions has gotten somewhat muddled. For example, Bridgehampton Polo calls itself a club. But it's a club without any official members. Nancy Brown, its director of sales and marketing, is hopeful that fiction will soon become fact. "We're a young quote-unquote club. It was either that or call it the Bridgehampton Polo Field. In time, it will *become* a club."

Nancy Brown reports that the club has suffered a loss every year since its inception in 1995 and goes further into the red donating to local charities as a goodwill gesture to the community. Peggy Siegal says that when Leighton Jordan applied to the town board for a permit, the town strongly encouraged charitable donations for the club to operate. Last year, says Brown, the operation lost about \$200,000 (although co-founder Peter Brant is confident that this year the club "will definitely make a profit").

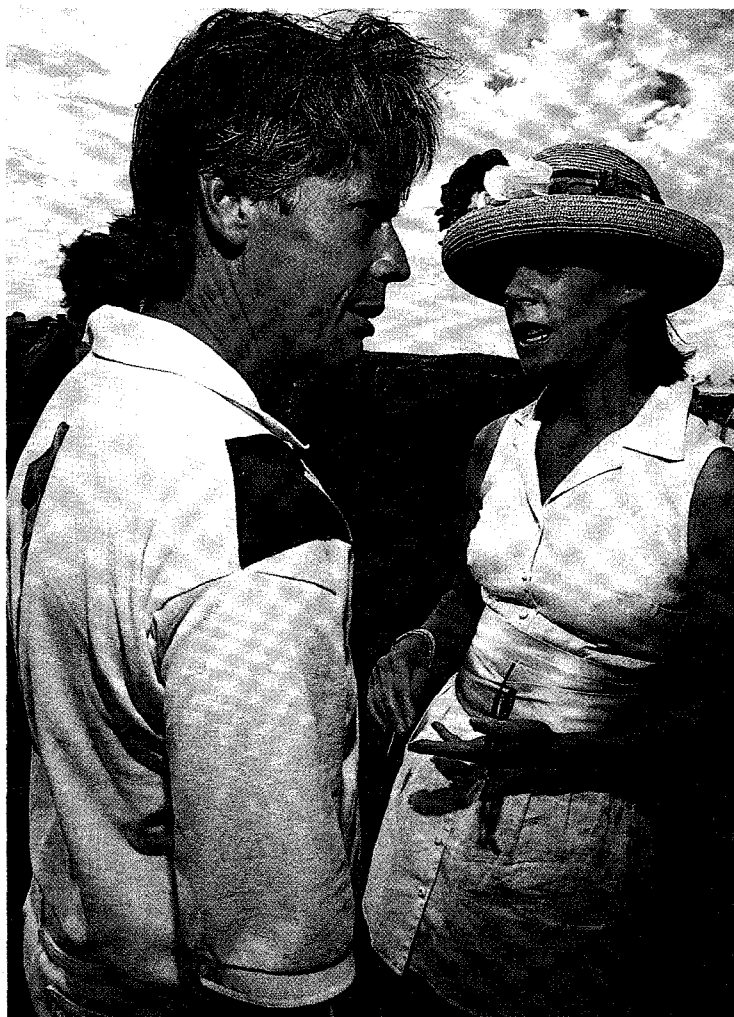
Polo was always a millionaire's folly, and that's more true now than ever. Most teams employ two to three very expensive Argentineans, several of whom possess the hallowed ten-goal rating. And most of them are paid a six-figure annual salary for their services, plus airplane tickets and expenses for wives and children. A summer rental in the Hamptons also figures into the deal. "It's checkbook polo," says *Hamptons* magazine editor Kristina Stewart. "Whoever has the most money wins."

Patrons like six-goal-rated Peter Brant, four-goal-rated Adam Lindemann, and two-goaler Mickey Tarnopol, have established some seniority, but several players have only been active in the sport for three or four years. Having the best in the world on the field makes conditions safer for those greener players. According to one team's co-patron, the hired horsemen look out for their less-experienced team members, sometimes shouting warnings to their employers during chukkers (or playing periods) so they won't get hurt. "They don't want to knock down the patron," says Alan Corey, a veteran of the Meadow Brook team.

Neil Hirsch is fond of saying that what he and his fellow patrons have accomplished is like "owning the Yankees and getting to play with them." But this new Steinbrenner-style polo differs, in some respects, from the polo historically played on Long Island. "We were all amateurs," says Devereux Milburn Jr., who played at the Meadow Brook Club four decades ago (before it turned into a golf club and relocated to Jericho). "Now the line between amateur and professional doesn't seem to exist. Our game bears absolutely no relation to the game being played today." He remembers the crowds at his matches, and they were a social lot but avid for polo. "It was a club matter," says Milburn. "The people were watching their husbands, brothers, and fathers out there."

Polo players like to say that 80 percent of a rider's talent can be attributed to his horse. And money hasn't been stinted on horseflesh in Bridgehampton: These top athletes are trained and maintained like the stars they are. Still, some members of the Bridgehampton Polo Club's board of directors—local barn owners and horse people—privately grumble that polo is extremely hard on the animals. Though each horse plays no more than one chukker, the ice hockey-like pace and abrupt stops and starts are said to drive these horses to an early grave. But that doesn't stop some critics from having their names listed on invitations to the event; after all, it's for the greater good of Suffolk County horsemanship.

And it seems to be working: The ranks of the East End's horsey set are swelling. Ten new barns have gone up since last year, each stabling 50 to 80 horses. A number of indoor riding arenas have been built as well, including one



Giddy yap: Neil Hirsch checks in with pal Peggy Siegal.

costing \$500,000 at David Walentas's Two Trees Farm.

David Walentas grew up on a farm upstate, in Red Creek, New York, with "just a pump and an outhouse," as he puts it. Now he's an object of some Gatsby-like speculation in the precincts of East Egg—oops, the East End. "He supposedly owns all the property from the Manhattan Bridge to the Brooklyn Bridge on the Brooklyn side," says Molly Ferrer, a broker for Sotheby's International Realty in Southampton. "He owns the building Petrossian is in and property all over the city, and I think some in Eastern Europe too."

"There's a little truth to all of that," says Walentas, who, with his wife, owns 2.5 million square feet of property between the River Cafe and the Manhattan Bridge. At one time, Walentas says, he owned One Fifth Avenue and the Silk Building on Broadway. He currently owns eighteen to twenty apartments in Alwyn Court, the building housing Petrossian. As for holdings in Eastern Europe, Walentas says he made the mistake of investing a quarter of a million dollars in the Hotel Praha in Prague, which he subsequently lost and now considers his "gift to Czech democracy."

All of Walentas's dress shirts have NO GUTS, NO GLORY embroidered on the left cuff. "His bathroom in Bridgehampton has his initials in the bathroom-floor tiles," says Ferrer. "And his wife has hers in her bathroom. And their son has his in his bathroom."

THE OPENING-DAY MATCH KICKED OFF WITH A SERIES OF SPECTACLES, each one more surreal than the last. Several models in Cynthia Rowley dresses waved to the crowd from a mini-motorcade of



Good show, old sport: In the tent, the gentry likes gin, and pooches enjoy VIP status.

tremendous arena for a lot of money. Bridgehampton Polo, which is new and nouveau, has gotten more people than Wellington near Palm Beach, or Saratoga," she says. Neil Hirsch is a pal, and he's given her a private, tented tailgating spot on the field's edge with seats that she fills every week as a favor. Her guests today are Christie Brinkley and popular anchorman Matt Lauer. Next week, she'll be putting in an appearance with Austin Hearst and his wife, Kate.

Weekend No. 2 is sponsored by, among others, *Town and Country* magazine. The VIPs look like subscribers of long standing in their Bermuda shorts, blue blazers, white pants, and Lilly Pulitzer prints. But there are a few exceptions: A man in a madras shirt and torn khaki shorts is leaning on the bar. He has

What the patrons have accomplished is like "owning the Yankees and getting to play with them."

Mercedes convertibles as they were driven past the VIP enclosure. Three Irish bagpipers marched in with the polo players at the far end of the field. But the tent people remained oblivious. It was only when the national anthem erupted over the public-announcement system that the cocktailers suddenly turned to the field and found themselves face to face with the bagpipers, who didn't play a note but blankly stared ahead as they stood on ceremony. The anthem was suddenly rent by painful static, a sound not unlike fabric ripping.

Apart from the players, who is taking all this seriously? The official Bridgehampton Polo Club magazine flaunts a layout showing Winston Churchill playing in pith helmets with David, Prince of Wales. But inside, a cosmetic dentist deflates the pomp with an ad bearing the headline HAVE THE NICEST PHONY SMILE OF THE HORSEY SET. As does the brochure's picture of Sylvester Stallone, billed here as one of the "princes of polo."

Peggy Siegal is zipping around the crowd under the marquee. She has a penchant for plaid, and today there is a tartan-inspired band around the brim of her straw hat. She is talking about the game's patrons, pronouncing that word with an accent that's somehow striving to be Argentinean. "This is a

serious underbite, which he's chosen to festoon with a goatee. "He's probably some wildly successful neurosurgeon," someone is overheard saying. One older woman is wearing so much mascara, her eyelids droop under the weight of it. She's in a sequined black evening gown at 4:30 in the afternoon.

Inside the tent, Hamptons Tobacco has a Dominican man stationed at one table, hand-rolling cigars. The "Tackeria" trailer outside sells polo merchandise, not to be confused with Polo merchandise. Ralph Lauren was once said to be considering sponsorship of the entire season. But now Polo/Ralph Lauren Corp. is entangled in a copyright dispute with the United States Polo Association. Apparently, company executives were not pleased when they saw the word POLO and a horsey logo similar to their own on shirts the USPA was selling. (A spokesperson says that Polo/Ralph Lauren does not comment on legal matters.)

Toward the end of the match, announcer Tony Coppola makes one more heroic effort to eke some enthusiasm out of the crowd. "Let's hear it for White Birch," he cries from his perch on high. From the VIP area, a scattered ripple of applause is heard. It's the paparazzi, taking a short break from one show to salute another.

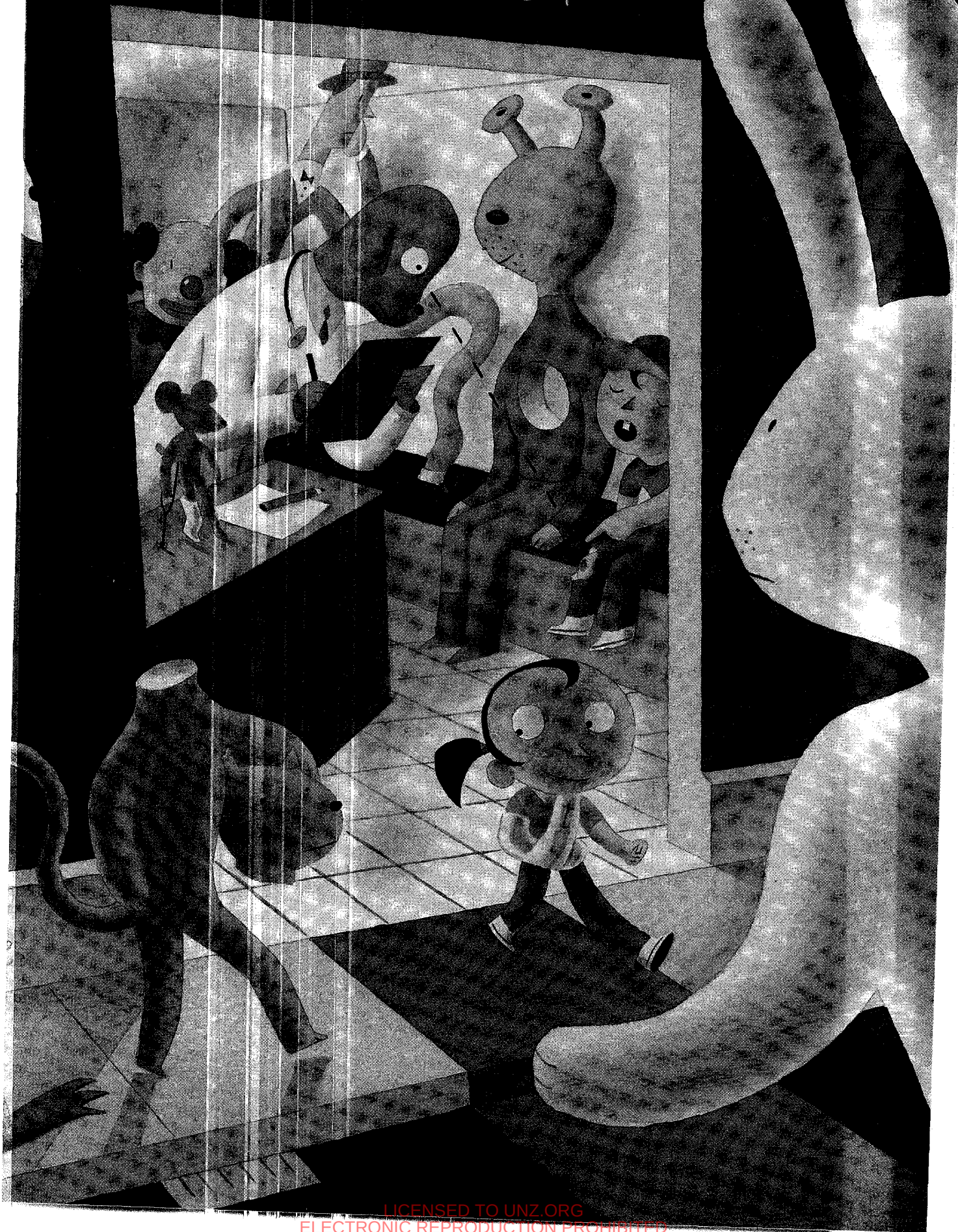
The letters 'E' and 'F' are rendered in a large, bold, black, sans-serif font. They are positioned in the upper half of the page, with the 'E' on the left and the 'F' on the right. The letters have a slightly distressed or textured appearance.

**When it comes to treating kids in crisis,
all hospitals are not created equal.
Where to get the best emergency care
for your child. BY SUSAN BRENNAN**

ALL YOU COULD SEE ON THE HOSPITAL GURNEY was a small bundle of wrinkled sheet with a worried-looking woman hunched over it. Then she lifted her head, revealing what was hidden under the cone-shaped oxygen mask she was holding: the tiny, pinched face of a 15-month-old boy grunting with almost every breath. When his grandmother had brought him to Babies Hospital at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center early that morning, the

Illustration By Greg Clarke

EMERGENCY



triage nurse had immediately sent him into the pediatric emergency room. Dr. Steven Miller, the attending physician in charge, quickly realized that he had a very sick child on his hands. His job would be to keep the boy alive, and as pain-free as possible, through the nearly six hours it would take to solve the mystery of his ailment. To do that, Miller—one of the city's small but growing corps of specialists certified in both pediatric and emergency care—would rely on a well-trained team of nurses, residents, medical students doing their pediatric rotation, and an all-important Spanish-speaking translator to communicate with the boy's family. The first order of business was getting an IV into a tiny vein. "With patients this size, it's important to get an intravenous line going fast," Miller told a medical student.

Because of New York's concentration of medical schools (the city has seven pediatric-emergency fellowship programs, compared with one in all of California), and the competition among hospitals to hire the most highly trained

be backed up to a heart-attack victim or a toxic drunk. And should seconds be critical in saving your child's life, you might be lucky enough to arrive at a top pediatric trauma unit where breathing tubes and ventilation bags are directly at hand in every size from preemie to adult, where nurses aren't rummaging for rarely used kid-size cardiac paddles, where no one's trying to calculate adult dosages downward.

But not all the city's hospitals have separate children's ERs, and not all are staffed around-the-clock by pediatric-emergency specialists. You need to look before you run. Since most city parents with sick or injured children take them to the hospital themselves—instead of calling for an ambulance—doctors in the forefront of this emerging field suggest that along with posting all the relevant phone numbers on the fridge and stocking the Ipecac syrup, parents also check out the staffing of their local ERs. "You're not going to be emotionally prepared or even have time to do the research in an emergency," notes John J.

cally makes him look younger than 38. The Spanish-speaking grandmother looked slightly less tense as she told him that when the baby on the gurney was born, doctors said he had "bad blood," that there'd been days in the past month when he wouldn't eat, and that twice he'd collapsed while walking. That morning, the grunting had begun.

Miller dispatched a medical student to the waiting room to grab the mother as soon as she arrived and ordered a battery of tests: blood, urine, chest X-ray, ultrasound, spinal tap. "This baby is really sick," he told the resident, "and I don't think the grandmother's understanding that. Could you push the translator to help her?"

Around them, the scene was typical of any emergency room, except, perhaps, for the size of the patients. Throughout the morning, Miller bounced from one family's crisis to the next. A 4-year-old asthmatic named Oscar kept wandering out of his exam room to peek at kids in the open cubicles ringing the ER while his mother commiserated, park-bench-style, with other parents. Miller, on his way to

"We think an emergency is what parents define as an emergency, not what doctors define as an emergency," says Dr. Richard Stone. "If a mother is worried, I get worried."

specialists, chances are better here than almost anywhere else that a hurt or sick child will be treated by a doctor who belongs to a tiny elite of physicians who, like Miller, are double-board-certified. Why aren't these top-gun child-crisis docs sheltered in richer suburban hospitals? Because that's not where the most child emergencies are, and those hospitals often are reluctant to invest in separate ERs for kids. Pediatric-emergency specialists tend to go where the action is: urban centers where hazards run the gamut from wheeze-inducing summer air to drivers who don't brake for strollers ("I'm probably the only New York parent who puts a car seat in a taxi," says Bellevue Hospital Center's pediatric-ER chief, Dr. George Foltin). Here is where real-life Doug Rosses test themselves against the most extreme childhood disasters every day.

And that's why New Yorkers' prospects are excellent for getting first-rate emergency care for their injured children while avoiding some of the nightmares associated with adult ERs. It's bad enough when your son's head collides with a bat, but at least his stretcher won't

Connolly, co-author of the Castle, Connolly guides to New York's best doctors.

To be sure, children can receive first-rate treatment in ERs that serve adults, too. In fact, city regulations require every trauma-receiving hospital to treat critically sick or injured children. But in most ERs, children are a minority of the patients—between 10 and 25 percent, depending on the hospital. Standard ER doctors and nurses simply get fewer chances to diagnose and treat children than do their counterparts in pediatric ERs, where "we don't have adult specialists winging it on a 2-year-old," as Columbia-Presbyterian pediatric surgeon Steven Stylianos, director of the Pediatric Trauma Center, puts it.

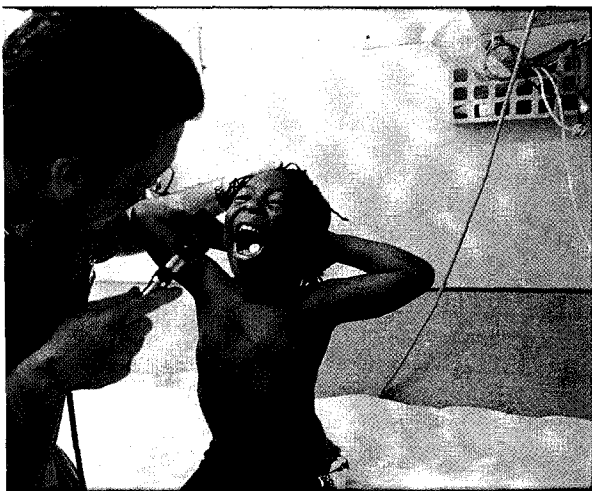
LIKE MOST OF HIS COLLEAGUES IN THE field, Babies's Steven Miller is deliberately unimposing; he favors casual attire and a low-key manner that can put terrified children—and their equally terrified parents—at ease in often nerve-racking situations. "Even a blood test is a big deal to a 5-year-old," says Miller, who is thin and a little slouchy, with a crinkly smile and a thicket of silver-gray hair that paradoxi-

ward peering down yet another child's throat, kept distractedly leading Oscar back. Always, though, he returned to the toddler on the gurney. "He's anemic, but it's more than that. It could be a serious infection. It could be meningitis or sepsis, but it's not looking like that to me," Miller mused around noon. He never got around to lunch. At 3 P.M., he made his call: a perforated appendix.

Miller and his staff of attending doctors, all of whom have completed three-year pediatric-emergency fellowships, top the list of reasons most specialists in the field call this one of the four best pediatric ERs in the city. Others, they say, are at Schneider Children's Hospital at Long Island Jewish Medical Center, Bellevue, and Jacobi Medical Center in the Bronx.

A doctor lacking Miller's training might have made the same life-saving diagnosis. But Miller, who believes sick kids are misdiagnosed regularly in adult ERs, pointed out some of the tricky elements that might have led to a miss: Most doctors aren't looking for appendix problems in children so young, who can't point to their sides and say, "It hurts." The boy wasn't showing typical symptoms, like irritability, and only belatedly did he act sensitive to touch.

Photographed by Andrew Lichtenstein



At Jacobi Medical Center in the Bronx, Dr. Patrick Konitzer examines a child before drawing blood; a mother comforts her sick daughter.

The mother started to sob when she heard the boy needed surgery, but for the doctors, the tension was broken. The young resident was admiring the light-mounted abdominal X-rays with the grin of an angler who'd landed a big one. With a surgeon on the way, Miller looked happy just to rest for a moment against a vacant exam table. "We did okay," he said.

EVERY PARENT HAS HEARD OTHER PARENTS' stories from ER hell. There was the night, for example, when car-service dispatcher Hussein Heikal and his children—ages 1, 3, and 5, all running high fevers and vomiting—sat for hours in the hard plastic chairs of a large Queens hospital waiting room, TV blaring overhead. Meanwhile, an unsupervised child covered with what looked like chicken pox kept wandering

over to visit. "I couldn't believe it," Heikal recalls. Another night he and the 5-year-old, the bloody gash on her head treated only with a bag of ice, waited five hours in the ER of a small neighborhood hospital. Desperate to see a doctor, Heikal finally walked out and cabbied his daughter to Bellevue—where she was treated within twenty minutes.

It's possible that those ERs were having monstrously busy nights—and by the raw measure of waiting time alone, New York's pediatric ERs offer no better guarantees of quick service than any others. But greeting the dawn with hospital-vending-machine coffee is not the worst that can happen to a family. "The trouble comes when you have a potentially seriously ill child who doesn't necessarily look so ill to the average doctor," says Dr.

Ellen Crain, head of the pioneering pediatric-emergency service at Jacobi, which sees some 43,000 children a year (compared with a few hundred in some suburban ERs). "It takes a lot of practice and experience to be able to pick out those very sick kids confidently and quickly, without doing a lot of procedures to kids who don't really need them. It really is an art that takes special training."

"The other problem is the attitude of doctors," says Dr. Richard Stone, who oversees pediatric emergencies at Metropolitan Hospital in northern Manhattan. Sometimes parents come in without specific complaints—the kids just seem "off." Sometimes kids come on their own—the zonked 14-year-old dragged in by friends, or the girl who thinks she's pregnant. In pediatric ERs, Stone says, they're less likely to get a raised eyebrow. "We think an emergency is what parents define as an emergency, not what doctors define as an emergency, especially because disease can present so insidiously in children," Stone says. "With sepsis in an infant—an overwhelming infection—it can have such simple signs, like a fever. So if a mother is worried, I get worried."

Cheryl Feliciano did not detect any empathy among the doctors in a Staten Island ER who quickly checked out her toddler son Michael's swollen wrist and released him without further treatment. She traveled by ferry and subway all the way up to the Bronx to have Jacobi's pediatric ER see him. Michael left with his broken arm in a cast.

ASIDE FROM SHEER NUMBERS—EVEN a private hospital like the Upper East Side's Mount Sinai Medical Center treats 30,000 children's emergencies a year—there are both



A tie that binds: Dr. Steven Miller with the recovering Camilla and her mother at Babies Hospital.

regulatory and competitive reasons why local hospitals have established pediatric ERs. Although they're often not money-makers (partly because of lower reimbursements for children's care), ERs feed patients into a hospital's network of clinics and private practitioners; a good pediatric experience can pull in a whole family.

Some have attempted to enliven their exam rooms as much as the city's aging and glamour-free facilities allow. (One doctor, alluding to the difficulty of getting wealthy patients to endow ERs, says, "They don't bond with us like they do with their cardiologists.") Bellevue's recently renovated child ER features interactive wall-mounted toys, tiny padded club chairs in the asthma-treatment room, and a sheltered waiting area for

Monday morning when their 9-month-old daughter, Camilla, tumbled from what her father had thought was a secure perch on a kitchen countertop. "I didn't want to run just anywhere," Elizabeth Carpio said later that day, recalling her rapid round of phone calls to relatives with children. A cardiologist friend recommended Columbia-Presbyterian, leading the Carprios to drive all the way from Jamaica, Queens, to Washington Heights.

In fact, some nine out of ten city families do get to the ER on their own. "If you don't have to call 911, you're better off finding your own way to the hospital," says Bellevue's Dr. Foltin, "because there's usually a quicker way to get there if you just go down and get a cab."

Since 1993, every city paramedic and

first call should be to the poison-control center. And parents need to make judgment calls on possible broken limbs; 911 teams have the training to transport children with the least amount of pain.

But unless a child is in immediate danger, ER doctors suggest parents first call their pediatrician to get advice on whether the patient should be brought to the office or taken directly to a hospital. "There's almost always time to make at least one call before you come in," says Miller. He suggests that if the emergency occurs at night, when there might be a delay in parents' hearing back from the pediatrician, parents might call the ER directly and describe the child's symptoms.

Once they call an ambulance, parents need to be firm in requesting a hospital,

It takes a lot of practice and experience to be able to pick out those very sick kids quickly, without doing a lot of procedures to kids who don't need them," says Dr. Ellen Crain. "It really is an art."

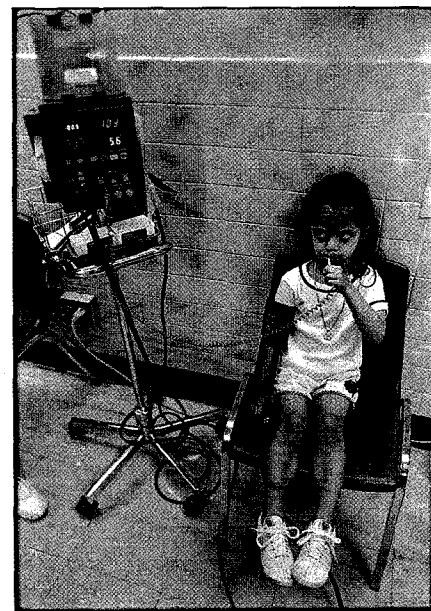
breast-feeding mothers. At Brooklyn's New York Methodist Hospital, anesthesia is administered via lollipop. On the other hand, though it's scheduled for renovation, the ER at Columbia-Presbyterian is neither pretty nor private; families double up in examining rooms.

Of course, parents don't always have a choice as to where their children receive emergency treatment, at least not if they call 911. And often they're not prepared to make a choice. The question of which ER might be best first occurred to Carlos and Elizabeth Carpio, for example, on a

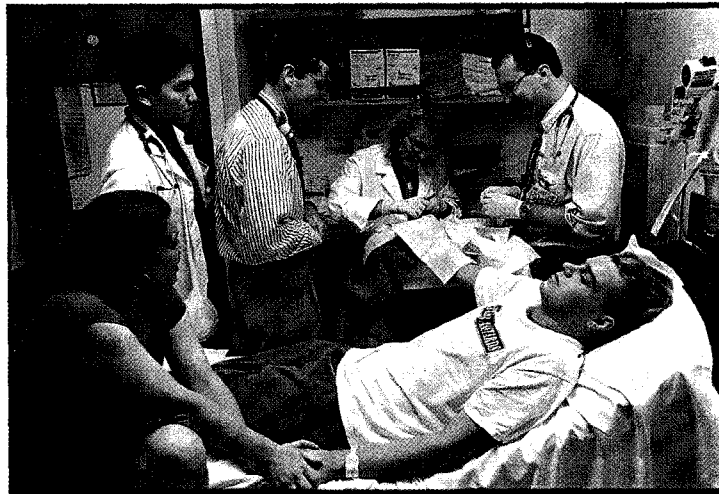
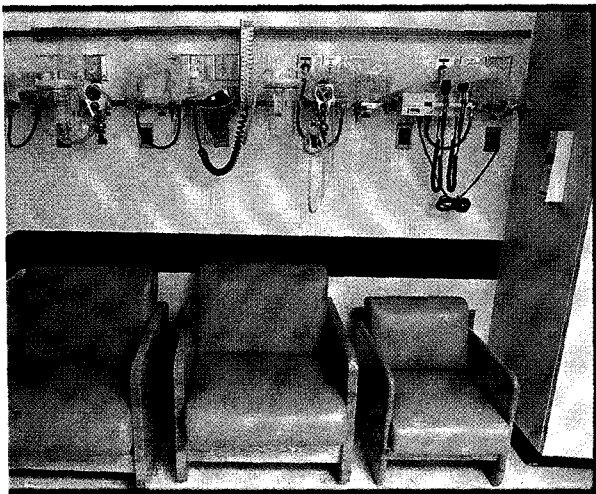
emergency medical technician has received at least basic training in stabilizing and resuscitating children and in following child-specific medical protocols. Instead of getting the typical head-to-toe exam, for example, children are checked out toe-to-head, a less threatening approach. Foltin recommends calling 911 when a child is having severe breathing problems, of course; when there's an injury to the head, neck, or spine; when a child seems incoherent or inappropriately sleepy; or when he's badly burned. If a child swallows something suspicious, the

Foltin says. But, he adds, "Often EMS knows best," and doctors frequently greet crews who bypass closer hospitals to bring kids to pediatric ERs they favor, or to trauma centers like the one at Harlem Hospital, known for its skill with kids.

PARTLY IN RESPONSE TO PRESSURE FROM pediatricians, many hospitals are quietly upgrading their pediatric-emergency services. Almost three years ago, Mount Sinai committed to round-the-clock staffing by pediatric-emergency specialists. On the West Side, St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital



Open admissions: At Babies Hospital, mother and daughter waiting to be seen (left); getting a temperature check at Jacobi Medical Center



Bellevue's kid-size ER; Drs. Fredric Schwartz, Brigitte Alexander, and Isaac Braverman sew up Terrence Quinn's hand at Schneider Children's Hospital.

Center went from two to four double-board-certified doctors, with pediatric-emergency specialists working around the clock at St. Luke's. St. Vincent's Hospital, which commands the fanatic loyalty of many downtown families, just got its first double-certified pediatric-emergency specialist, and many pediatric ERs have doctors qualified for double certification, if not already certified.

In November, Schneider Children's in Queens became the first New York City hospital to meet the stringent state stan-

dards for designation as a pediatric trauma center, and Babies Hospital recently became the second. Just as generalized trauma centers must be ready to mobilize for all emergencies, these hospitals have teams of subspecialists and pediatric-surgical facilities ready to handle any crisis no matter how severe, from the multiple-victims of a school-bus accident to a lone child who has fallen from a window. And while public facilities, including Metropolitan Hospital and Lincoln Medical and Mental Health Center, often are not the first choice of the

midtown elective trade, they're cited by specialists-to-the-rich-and-famous for providing outstanding child-crisis care.

How to choose for your family? You're not required to set off on a tour of local hospitals to get the info you need about ERs. A call to your pediatrician, or to a hospital community-affairs office, can give you an indication of how well the hospitals closest to your home might handle your worst nightmare.

Ask whether there's a pediatric intensive-care unit, (continued on page 63)

Rx for kids: A room of their own

New York City Hospitals With 24-hour Pediatric Emergency Rooms

An asterisk () indicates 24-hour attending pediatric-emergency specialists; a pound sign (#) indicates a pediatric intensive-care unit.*

- **Bellevue Hospital Center ***
462 First Avenue, at 27th Street
- **Beth Israel Medical Center**
281 First Avenue, at 16th Street (*Opens October 1*)
- **Bronx Lebanon Hospital Center**
1650 Grand Concourse, Bronx
- **The Brookdale University Hospital and Medical Center**
Linden Boulevard and Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn

- **Brooklyn Hospital Center-Caledonian**
100 Parkside Avenue, Brooklyn
- **Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center ***
622 West 168th Street
- **Elmhurst Hospital Center**
79-012 Broadway, Elmhurst
- **Flushing Hospital Medical Center**
4500 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing
- **Harlem Hospital Center #**
506 Lenox Avenue, at 135th Street
- **Interfaith Medical Center-St. John's Division**
1545 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn

- **Jacobi Medical Center ***
1400 Pelham Parkway South, Bronx
- **Jamaica Medical Center**
8900 Van Wyck Expressway, Jamaica
- **Kings County Hospital Center #**
451 Clarkson Avenue, Brooklyn
- **Lenox Hill Hospital**
100 East 77th Street
- **Lincoln Medical and Mental Health Center #**
234 East 149th Street, Bronx
- **Long Island College Hospital #**
Hicks Street and Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn
- **Long Island Jewish**

- Medical Center ***
270-05 76th Avenue, New Hyde Park
- **Maimonides Medical Center**
4802 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn
- **Mary Immaculate Hospital**
152-11 89th Avenue, Jamaica
- **Metropolitan Hospital Center**
1901 First Avenue, at 97th Street
- **Mount Sinai Medical Center ***
Fifth Avenue at 101st Street
- **New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center #**
525 East 68th Street
- **New York Methodist Hospital**
506 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn
- **North Central Bronx Hospital**
3424 Kossuth Avenue, Bronx

- **Our Lady of Mercy Medical Center**
600 East 233rd Street, Bronx
- **Queens Hospital Center**
82-68 164th Street, Jamaica
- **St. John's Queens Hospital**
90-02 Queens Boulevard, Elmhurst
- **St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital-St. Luke's Division ***
1111 Amsterdam Avenue, at 114th Street
- **St. Mary's Hospital of Brooklyn**
170 Buffalo Avenue, Brooklyn
- **Jack D. Weiler Hospital-Albert Einstein College of Medicine #**
1825 Eastchester Road, Bronx
- **Wyckoff Heights Medical Center**
374 Stockholm Street, Brooklyn

Compiled by Joshua Jacobson



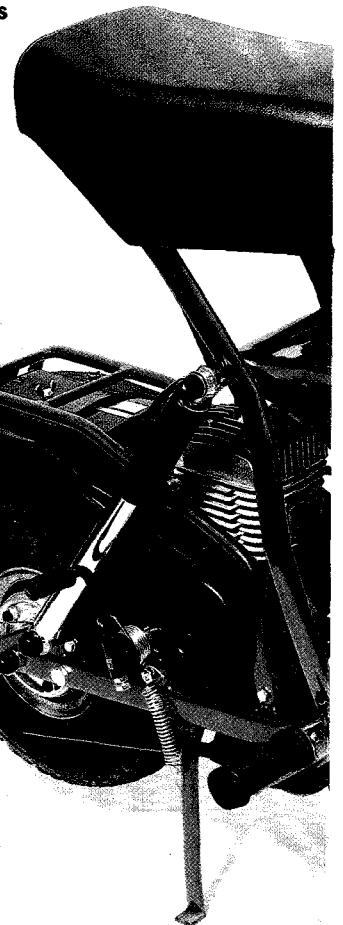
BEST

The best of all possible things to buy

Smash Hits

Though not as obsessed as her muse—Raymond Isadore, a Frenchman who covered every inch of his house in pique-assiete—former jeweler Cheryl Hazan is nonetheless hooked on the ancient art of mosaic. Her showroom-cum-atelier Anandamali (Sanskrit for blissful garland) is chockablock with dressers, nightstands, tables, mirrors, and frames—all tricked out in shards. Hazan has stockpiled upwards of 3,000 antique and vintage pieces of chipped china that she and eight artists carefully cut and artfully paste. Hazan does custom work, too, embellishing clients' furniture with their own treasured plates, or matching a dresser, say, to a customer's fabric (from \$350 for a frame to \$1,500 for a table to \$15,000 for a majolica mirror).

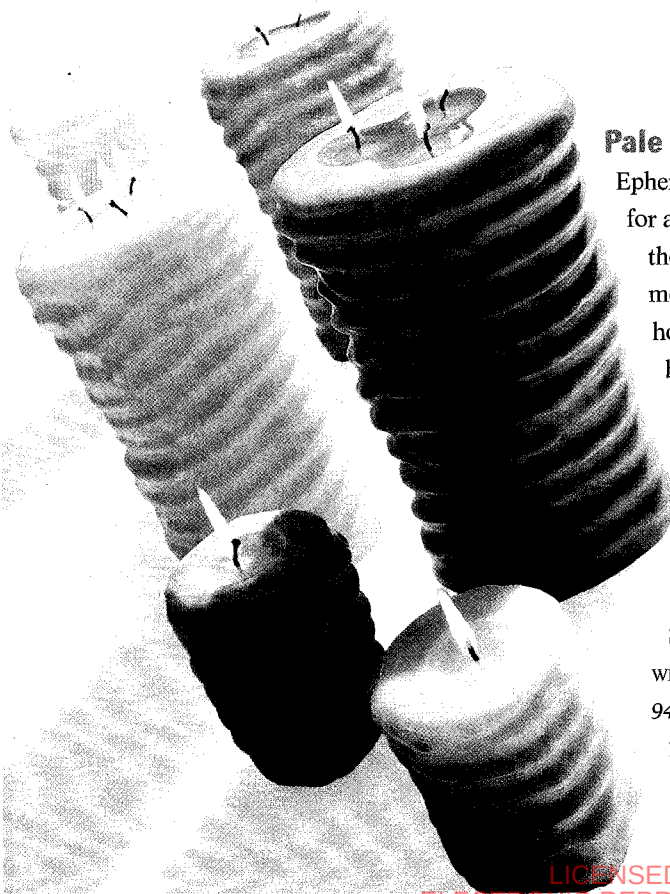
ANANDAMALI/35 North Moore Street/343-8964



Pale Fire

Ephemera is an apt name for a candle company, though its chunky hand-molded candles burn for hours. These pastel beauts are orange-vanilla scented; the wax melts down the middle so the rather tipsy, rippled cocoon remains till the very last flicker (small, \$12.95; large, \$49.95).

WHITNEY STORE NEXT DOOR/
943 Madison Avenue, near
75th Street/606-0200



BETS

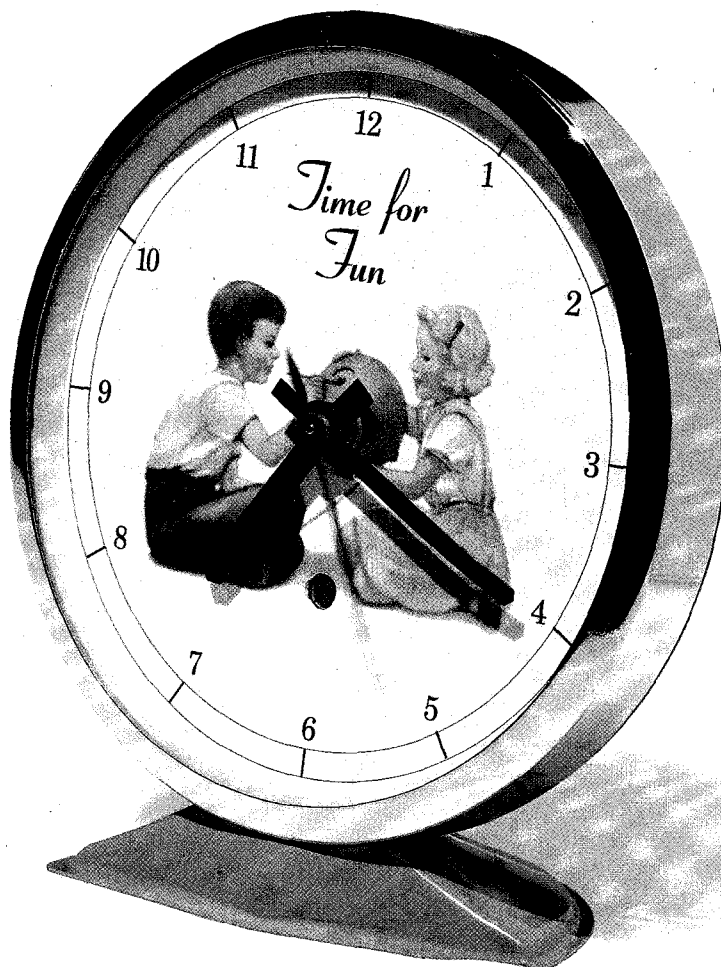
and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Grandfather's Clock

Neo-Luddites will be charmed by these enamel alarm clocks. Not electric or even battery operated, they're the old-fangled wind-up kind. And the vintage graphics are right out of *Fun With Dick & Jane* (\$18.50).

HUDSON DRY GOODS/112 West 72nd Street/579-7397



Road Warrior

How fab it would be to tool around the city on a motorbike on weekends, then stash it away in a closet during the week—no fear of tickets or theft. Di Blasi (an Italian company that has been producing folding vehicles for more than twenty years) claims that its collapsing motorbike lets New Yorkers do just that. But we—ever skeptical—had our resident Vespa-phile put it to the test. He was able to unfold it easily without tools (it took about 30 seconds to figure out how), the engine started right up, and he navigated the mighty midget through every type of traffic (including midtown rush-hour). Our tester's take? A definite thumbs-up. The Di Blasi weighs only 68 pounds, requires less than five cubic feet of space (the fuel tank doesn't leak even when the bike is stored on its side), comes fully equipped, and is street-legal (\$1,595; plus shipping and handling).

DI BLASI OF NORTH AMERICA/800-342-2214 or 360-245-3274

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SPENCER JONES

SALES & BARGAINS DANY LEVY Down Market

Our own little subtreasury: low-temp treats, low-slung pants, downtime at the spa, and downtown's Anna Sui.

IF YOU'VE BEEN EYEING ANYTHING AT ANNA SUI but haven't been able to commit, now is the time to hit the shop to check what's made it to the end-of-season sale: jacket, was \$450, now \$135; pants, were \$245, now \$75. *Anna Sui*, 113 Greene St. (941-8406); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11:30-7, Sun. 12-6:30; 8/15 till supplies run out.

Even Steven

A MAN WHO SAW THE BEAUTY OF THE LOW-rider long before the masses caught on, Steven Alan's been dressing the downtown set for years. His sample sale has Built by Wendy, Pixie Yates, Rebecca Dannenberg, and Tocca pieces at wholesale and below: Daryl K. halter and shift dresses, were \$150, now \$75. *Steven Alan Showroom*, 118 Mercer St. (343-0352); cash only; Thurs.-Fri. 10-8; 8/14-8/15.

Total Recall

YOU CROSS THE VERY THRESHOLD OF ITS brownstone and are soothed. Then you see the buttercream walls, the mild-mannered staff, and that pretty couch you



Must-Eat Summer's pacifier can come in some pretty cool flavors—especially when it comes from Pravinie, a gourmet-ice-cream supplier that's now offering a two-for-the-price-of-one deal on both pint (\$4.50) and quart (\$7.50) sizes. Selections include black bean, green tea, and jasmine palm. Even the usual suspects—chocolate, Oreo vanilla, cappuccino—are hardly ordinary. Delivery is available within Manhattan for orders over \$20. *Pravinie*, 536 West 47th Street (459-9601); cash only; by appointment; 8/11-8/31.

wish you had in your house. By the time you get in for your treatment, you're so blissed that you may wonder, *Why bother?* Our response: Because it's on sale. Facial, was \$100, now \$80; stretch-mark erasure, was \$140, now \$112; detoxifying treatment, was \$120, now \$96. *Biologique Recherche*, 26 E. 64th St., third floor (755-5270); A.E., M.C., V.; by appointment; 8/11-9/31.

Stop Right There

CHANCES ARE, IF YOU'RE READING this page you know all about the Barneys Warehouse sale. But then again, if you're reading this page, you probably need a gentle nudge (read: rein in your spending now if you plan to let loose). It starts next week with prices 50 to 70 percent off. *Barneys Warehouse*, 255 W. 17th St. (645-8111); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Fri. 8-9, Sat.-Sun. 10-7; 8/21-9/1.

Mini Mart

THE ANNUAL SALE AT MASON'S TENNIS MART has lines such as Ellesse, Prince, Nike, and Adidas at 50 percent off: Fila shirt, was \$54, now \$27; Ellesse top, was \$68, now \$34; Le Coq Sportif skirt, was \$50, now \$25. *Mason's Tennis Mart*, 911 Seventh Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (757-5374); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Sat. 9-7, Sun. 10-6; 8/11-9/7.

Milano Cookies

THE MILANESE LEATHER SHOP I SANTI IS having a sale. Bags that were \$350 are now \$99; briefcases, were \$450, now \$129; wallet, was \$135, now \$39. *I santi*, 785 Madison Ave., near 67th St. (535-9640); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6; 8/11 till supplies run out.

See Here

THE ANNUAL SALE AT SEE, A FLATRON depot for hyperdesigned furniture, has: T.



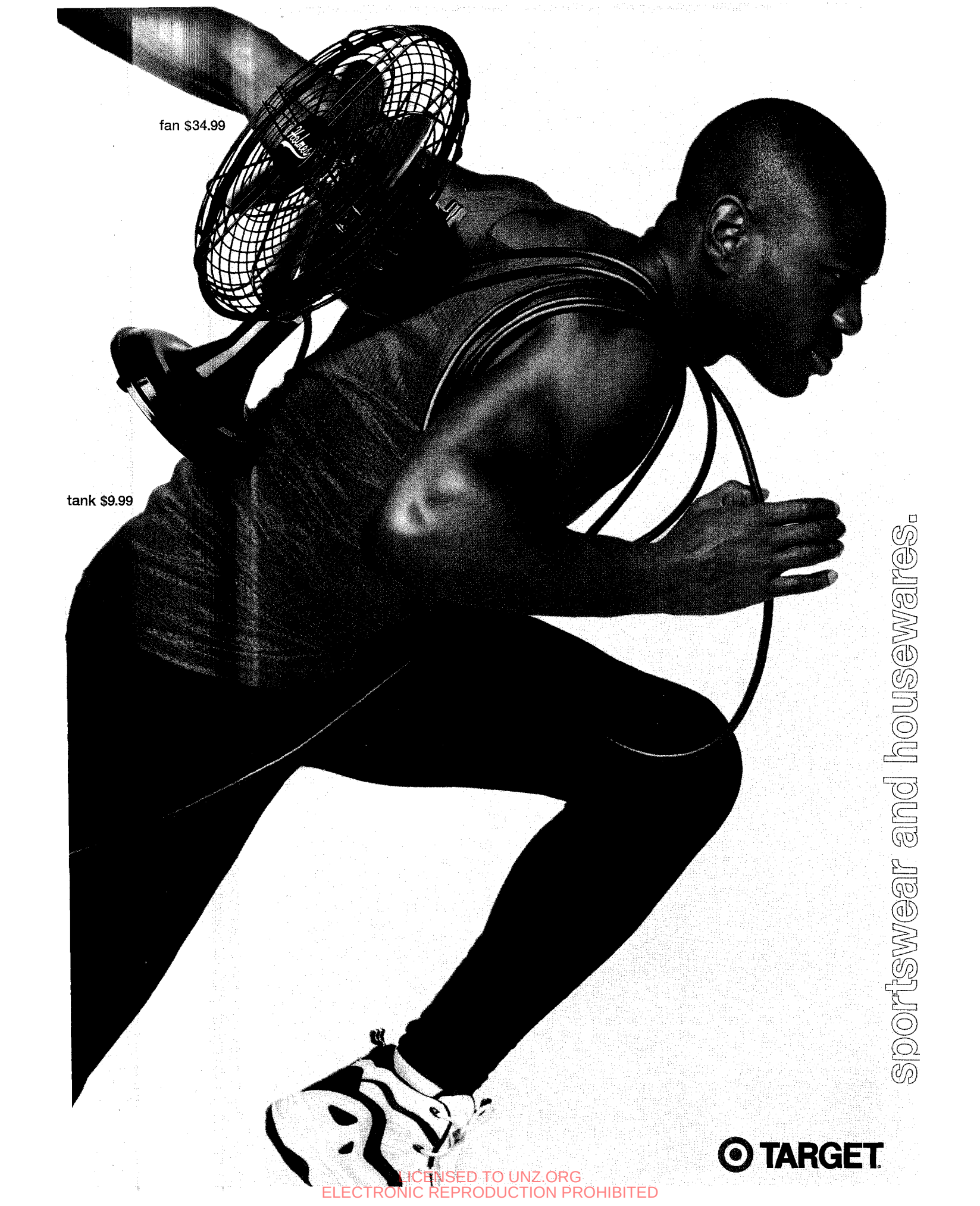
Must-Have Kalinka outfits glummy types like Uma Thurman and Michelle Pfeiffer, and holds an equally fabulous sample sale. Prices range from \$50 to \$450. *333 West 39th Street*, fifteenth floor (564-7112); by appointment; 8/11-8/20.

Colzani's Garbo chair (pair), was \$1,180, now \$708; Goodman Charlton's Grande Escargot, was \$1,160, now \$812. *SEE*, 920 Broadway, at 21st St. (228-3600); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. noon-6; 8/16-9/1.

Drier Pastures

OF THE COUNTLESS CONCEPTS THAT GRATE on the bargainer's psyche, the cost of dry cleaning ranks high (after all, there are only so many things you can Woolite). World Class Cleaners offers relief with a sale: Men's and women's suits, were \$8, now \$6; coats, were \$13, now \$9.75. *World Class Cleaners*, 66 W. 9th St. (460-5163); checks accepted; Mon.-Fri. 7:30-7, Sat. 8-5; 8/11-10/31.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



fan \$34.99

tank \$9.99

sportswear and housewares.

 **TARGET.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Bad Company

Like David Mamet, Neil LaBute gets down and dirty in the war between the sexes, but the acrid 'In the Company of Men' lacks Mamet's poetry—and pity.

AT THE BEGINNING OF *In the Company of Men*, the camera follows two young corporate guys waiting for their connecting flight somewhere in the Midwest. Dragging their sorry butts from airport lounge to bar, they suffer the kind of soul-destroying boredom that might lead even Winston Churchill to the brink of self-pity, and for a moment, we feel sympathy for them. The two men, Chad (Aaron Eckhart), tall and handsome with a cleft chin and a wide, eager smile, and the diminutive Howard (Matt Malloy), who has a receding hairline and a small, mean mouth, are flying to a six-week assignment in a branch office of their company. It's a lousy assignment, and they complain sourly about work and about the women back home—girlfriends—who have done them dirt.

Or at least Chad complains. Howard, who is Chad's dim echo and patsy, doesn't so much speak as murmur in assent. A terrific pair: Chad the snake, Howard the worm. In the airport, Chad proposes, and Howard agrees, that they should claim some revenge. During their six weeks in purgatory, they will take turns attracting a defenseless woman ("a corn-fed bitch") and then dumping her. It's payback time.

Though the men are not presented as stupid or crazy, they think the same way that psychopaths and the dimmest of frat boys think: Screw everyone in sight and therefore become more powerful men. We are not intended to wonder how their hurting some stranger could possibly punish another person or a business organization a thousand miles away. We are meant instead to be both shocked and amused by the men's viciousness and to find it entirely characteristic of the corporate world. That is, their "revenge" is significant precisely because it's senseless; they've been bred to perform in a certain way, and now "motiveless malignity" (Coleridge's phrase for Iago's behavior) is the result. *In the Company of Men*, which was written and directed by the 34-year-old playwright Neil LaBute (it's his first film), is a didactic fable of how the dog-eat-dog ethos turns working stiffs into predators, shiv artists, and weaklings. Can the movie be taken seriously? It has certainly received extraordinary reviews. Some people seem dazzled by its vicious tone, which they take for accusing truth; they really think some bold protest, some



act of revolt, has been staged against American insensitivity. Yet *In the Company of Men* is a repellent experience—a schematic, coldly cynical work that pretends to expose coldness and cynicism. It's the season's conversation piece, no doubt, but far from a work of art.

LaBute is from the David Mamet, or "never apologize, never explain," school of dramaturgy. In imitation of such Mamet works as *Glengarry Glen Ross* and *Oleanna*, LaBute writes terse, flat-toned dialogue charged with spasms of hatred and dismay. Two people sit side by side or across a table facing each other, the camera never moving as one or the other rants on and on in a self-serving fit. The sequences last forever, and the brutally reductive language, unanswered, unchecked, glowers meanly in the sterile atmosphere. LaBute is going for quintessence, not realism: He doesn't tell us what city we're in, or what the company's name is, or what product or service it offers. The office is decorated in faceless corporate modern, and the men, whose business talk is devoted to process (organizing, programming, faxing, presenting), wear identical white shirts. They aren't robots, exactly, but every one of them (not just the two principals) is nasty, craven, and low. Is *Company* funny? No, it's too tight and angry for satire. LaBute is zeroing in for the kill. Between the different sections of the story, he fills the soundtrack with thudding drums and a screech of tenor sax—a howl of violence and absurdity that jumps out at us like a grinning mask. We're in

Intimate betrayal: Stacy Edwards, Aaron Eckhart in *In the Company of Men*.

the presence of Chaos itself. Nothing sullies the purity of the indictment.

What LaBute actually offers is an aesthete's paranoid view of corporate life. The movie has the pared-down abstractness—the absence of ordinary messy life—one used to find in a tendentious Off Broadway play, and we respond with assent or anger to its argument (that corporate work produces monsters) because there's little else to respond to. There's not much life here, and in the absence of life, it's easy to hurl extreme indictments.

The two men get down to work and take turns flirting with the perfect victim—a secretary, Christine (Stacy Edwards), who is a lovely person, with a beautiful figure and dark hair and eyes. Christine has a way about her, an aura of dignity and gentleness. She is also stone-deaf, and Chad makes fun of her slightly hooty voice while tenderly seducing her; Howard, meanwhile, actually falls in love but remains too frightened and duplicitous to retrieve the situation from disaster. LaBute bores in like a jackhammer: For these men, sexist gamesmanship is not only a pleasure in itself but the natural result of the atmosphere of extreme competitiveness. Christine isn't even a trophy for Chad; she's a mere instrument. His real victim is someone else.

The game with Christine does have a certain sinister fascination—sadism always does—and I would guess, from the length of the shots, and from the way the scenes just sit there, that LaBute means to confront us with our own sneaky enjoyment of what's going on. "C'mon," he's saying, at least to the men. "Admit that there's a little bit of Chad in every one of you." Well, critics are no better human beings than anyone else, so I can do little more than hope to escape the charge of hypocrisy if I say I genuinely did not enjoy *In the Company of Men*—that I felt slightly sordid watching the men play stupid tricks on a deaf woman and that my indignation, once aroused, was turned not against Chad and Howard, who are merely figments of their creator's imagination, but against LaBute for putting me in the position of watching these two pint-size devils. In the same way, the scene in which Chad humiliates an African-American subordinate by making him expose his genitals is so weird that one's indignation collapses into simple disbelief. In a movie, with the clear possibility of life breaking in, one inevitably wonders how Chad can avoid being discovered, denounced, or opposed. When the black man submits to his own humiliation without protest, some of us just feel disgust at the filmmaker. Our retort to LaBute becomes "That's your made-up outrage on the screen. Don't point your finger at us."

In other words, LaBute creates a closed world of Machiavellian manipula-

tion and pathetic victimization by making his Satan invincible and the victims hapless. He's dropped out most of the richness and complexity of life and mounted an inadequate fiction: Chad's victories are too easily gained. Aaron Eckhart has a laughing charm, and he uses his college-stud handsomeness to reassure people; he gives a convincing performance in an unconvincing framework. But Matt Malloy, as crawling-on-his-belly Howard, is really too sad to bear watching. Perhaps a comic like Bill Murray could have played Howard without masochism. But Howard's miseries have been realistically conceived, and we have to suffer through every stage of his disintegration. We wind up taking the punishment for what he does.

Mamet's characters in *Glengarry Glen Ross* are older than these guys, and they've had some dreams, taken some hits; they're human enough to know desperation. LaBute has approximated Mamet's nihilistic world without Mamet's redemptive pity or the driving rhythms and vituperative glories of his speech. Mamet makes poetry out of the broken discourse of American futility and greed, but the language in *In the Company of Men* is truly refuse. LaBute has no ear. The movie is clever but preposterously bitter and hollow—a nasty stunt. The great reviews it has received suggest that our cinema is now so bland, so devoid of adult content, that a tiny weed of spite strikes our critics as the very flowers of evil.

In brief: *In Picture Perfect*, JENNIFER ANISTON, as an advertising-world striver looking for a guy, jumps in and out of clothes, pouts, suffers, and shakes her hot little body with amusing impatience. When Aniston looks at a man, you can believe she wants something from him. In this contemporary screwball comedy, directed by Glenn Gordon Caron, Aniston hits the right notes of sexual candor and straightforward ambition. She's intensely likable, and the movie succeeds as romantic comedy, which is not something one can say about a certain recent monster hit that ended with the heroine in the arms of a homosexual. Aniston, bucking for promotion at her appearance-conscious firm, pretends to be engaged to a stranger played by blond Jay Mohr (from *Jerry Maguire*), a state of unavailability that immediately attracts the irresistible office cad, Kevin Bacon. The nice thing about Bacon's character is that you find him increasingly more intelligent and sympathetic as the movie goes along, without your thinking for a moment that he's the right guy for Jennifer Aniston. As our girl's eventually authentic lover, Jay Mohr is a little indecisive (Mohr always looks like he's about to say something other than what he does say). But he'll do. ■

Langan's 150 West 47th St.
NY (Bet. 6th & 7th Aves)
869-5482

The Theatre Goer's First Choice in Dining

**** PRIX FIXE SUMMER MENU SPECIAL 1997****

3-COURSE DINNER ONLY \$22.95
(Choice of 4 Appetizers, 8 Entrees,
Dessert, Coffee & Glass of Wine, Beer or Soda)

Special Menu Available Daily 4pm-11:30pm
Mon 06/30 - Sun 09/07

Live Piano Bar Fri & Sat 10:30pm
Open Daily 11:30 am-Midnight Reservation suggested

TURTLE GRILL & LOUNGE

987 Second Ave at 52nd St 212-223-4224

Torre di Pisa
RISTORANTE TOSCANO
Milano since 1959

19 West 44th St. NYC. 398.4400

JUDSON GRILL

"The quintessential New York restaurant."
★- Ruth Reichl
NY TIMES, 11/22/96

LUNCH • DINNER
PRE / POST THEATER
PARTIES • EVENTS

152 W. 52ND ST • BET 6TH AND 7TH AVE. • 212-582-5252

Simply PASTA 120 W 41st Street
A Nice Place to Mangia 212 391 0805

A Greenwich Village Tradition

Pio Pepe Classic Spanish & Mexican Cuisine

"A wonderful place to meet, eat and have a great time, all at a reasonable price." Mary McCoy, MOR

168 West 4th Street (212) 242-9338

"BEST STEAKS, PRIME RIBS, PASTA, & SEAFOOD IN NY!"

* LUNCH • DINNER • LATE NITE DINING
* SPORTS/CELEB HANGOUT • OPEN 7 DAYS
* 4 PARTY RMS, 10-100 BUDGETED

20% DISCOUNT ON FOOD & BEV. with this ad

BROADWAY JOE STEAK HOUSE
315 W. 46TH ST. (BET. 8TH & 9TH AVE'S)
BROADWAY THEATRE DISTRICT • (212) 246-6513

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Hit or Misalliance

The high-spirited characters in Shaw's 'Misalliance' make idle conversation seem almost as riveting as action. But not quite.

SHAW, THE PLAYWRIGHT WHO DESCRIBED BRITAIN and the United States as two countries divided by the same language, is perceived and received differently in America—or at least in the commercial theater, where a dramatist of ideas enjoys at best an uncomfortable relationship with the public.

In a Broadway play, ideas should be well established, safe, utilitarian, and as few as possible. Like an old hairbrush, they should not stimulate serious ratiocination, or nudge us toward taking (to quote Shaw's preface to the play the Roundabout is now reviving) "the simplest step outside that routine . . . to which we have been drilled from our childhood."

Misalliance is not one of Shaw's best plays, but even at his second-best, GBS fascinates, entertains, and exercises the intellect, though this last seems to be the least of the concerns of David Warren, the director. The play takes place in a Surrey garden pavilion attached to the house of the nouveau riche John Tarleton, manufacturer of Tarleton's Underwear, whose restive daughter, Hypatia, is engaged to Bentley (Bunny) Summerhays, and whose mindless son, Johnny, works lucratively for Dad. The sensible Mrs. T., whom her loving but unfaithful husband calls Chickabiddy, and Bentley's father, stuffy Lord Summerhays, a former colonial governor, round out the elder generation.

Hypatia, a young woman yearning for "adventures to drop out of the sky," has nevertheless settled for marrying the brattish and cowardly but clever Bentley. Then the leisurely but lively conversation, mostly about parents and children, is interrupted by the rather improbable crash landing of a plane just outside. Out come the pilot, Bentley's Oxford friend Joey Percival, the canny playboy son of three fathers (his own, the mooching household philosopher's, and his Italian mother's confessor's), and the passenger. This, once unhelmeted and ungoggled, turns out to be the Polish acrobat Lina

Szczepanowska, daredevil extraordinaire, liberated woman, and embodiment of Shaw's pet notion, the Life Force.

Lina interacts significantly with all the men in the play, but perhaps I shouldn't tell you more of the plot, deliberately insignificant as it is. For this is a play in which everyone philosophizes Chekhovianly, down to the Socialist burglar who, unlike the two drop-ins from above, is a sort of pop-up from below: The Tarleton mansion seems to have visitors from both heaven and



hell. Gunner, as the young intruder is referred to, is actually called Julius Baker, like the famous flautist, though his instrument is the handgun he keeps waving at Tarleton with intent to kill.

The play, I repeat, consists of artfully orchestrated conversations—duets, trios, quartets leading up to the occasional tutti—bespeaking the man of music that Shaw also was. And, of course, there are the usual Shavian solos, grand monologues that, especially for Tarleton and Lina, become veritable arias.

Gradually, Shaw's ideas on the education of children crystallize, as do his views on marriage and the family, socialism, worldly success, the joys of literacy, and whatnot—a great deal of whatnot. In 1910, after the London premiere, the critics were puzzled and the spectators

Talk show:
Patricia Conolly
and Joanna
Going in
Misalliance.

lukewarm. Max Beerbohm complained about the missing "central point," Desmond MacCarthy about the thing being "inconclusive." But even he granted its being "vivacious, amusing, and amazingly acute." A conversation piece, then, not the worst thing for a play to be.

Shaw's principal biographer, Michael Holroyd, observes, "The play is obsessed with action, though the characters themselves are unable to change anything." Nice, but not quite true. Lina's presence electrifies all. She takes first Tarleton, then Bentley, to the mansion's gymnasium, where unspecified routines produce physical exhaustion and spiritual rebirth. Hypatia leads Joey on a merry Panic chase through the great outdoors, then asks her father, "Buy the brute for me." This is not entirely inaction; neither is Lina's exit, with guess whom in tow.

Misalliance, the necessary prelude to Shaw's masterpiece, *Heartbreak House*, should never lose track of the dialectical dueling, but Warren's heart is elsewhere. Thus, he has two of the pavilion's walls lined almost ceiling-high with books lying pell-mell on their sides, like bricks slapped together by a drunken bricklayer, which is absurd but serves an eventual *coup de théâtre*; thus, too, his airplane crash takes place in full view, but in comic-strip fashion.

The performances, for the most part, do their bit. Tarleton is Brian Murray, who, for once, lets his clownish bonhomie get the better of him, but he gets by on charm and irrepressible comic energy. In the role of his wife, Patricia Conolly offers the earthy competence that proves his just antidote and complement. Joanna Going, one of our few enchanting younger actresses, does not wholly wrap her tongue around Shaw's dialogue, but is a delightful Hypatia anyway; Don Reilly is properly smug as her brother. Alan Tudyk somewhat overdoes Bentley's effeteness but gets the needed laughs; so does Remak Ramsay as his father, though he is a trifle short on lordliness. Sam Robards is the right jolly bounder for Joey.

The two trickiest parts are rather oversimplified: Elizabeth Marvel is a one-note Lina and Zak Orth a two-note Gunner, but at least they fit into the director's undemanding conception. With pleasant design by Derek McLane, Catherine Zuber, and Kenneth Posner, the play keeps the audience both amused and agog. It may even be that, amid the relaxed guffaws, some of the subversive ideas manage to strike home.

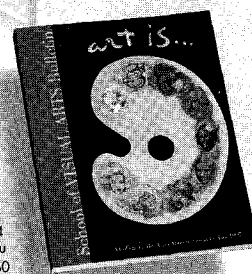
THE POSTER OUTSIDE FOR **Hell's Cuisinart** promises what goes on behind closed doors between Clinton and Chelsea. Once inside, we find that this is topography, not incest, and it's all downhill from there. ■

SVA 50
ANNIVERSARY

YOU CAN GET THERE FROM HERE.

CALL 1-800-366-7820
FOR CONTINUING EDUCATION COURSE BULLETIN.
PHOTOGRAPHY • GRAPHIC DESIGN • ADVERTISING • ILLUSTRATION/CARTOONING
FILM, VIDEO & ANIMATION • FINE ARTS • INTERIOR DESIGN
ART THERAPY • COMPUTER ART • ART EDUCATION • HUMANITIES & SCIENCES

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR.
School of VISUAL ARTS
209 EAST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10010-3994
www.schoolofvisualarts.edu
AMEX, VISA, DISCOVER & MC ACCEPTED. FAX 212-592-2060



AGENCY: McCABE & CO.

BRITISH
AMERICAN
HOUSE

NEW YORK CITY

Ermenegildo Zegna

VERSACE
CLASSIC 12

Corneliani

DOLCE & GABBANA

CANALI

VALENTINO
BOUTIQUE

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

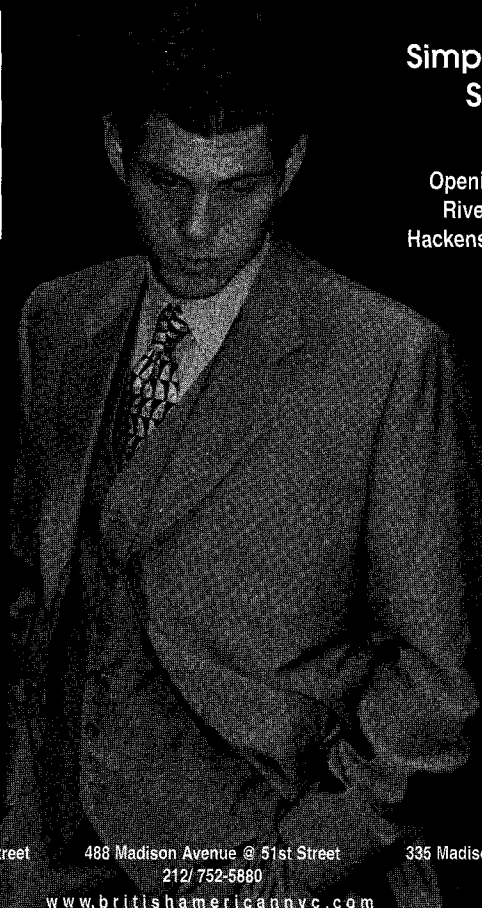
Belvest

Burberrys

VESTIMENTA

Simply
Sartorial

Opening Autumn 97
Riverside Square
Hackensack, New Jersey



©1997 British American House Inc.
Truth Productions

601 Fifth Avenue @ 49th Street
212/ 980-7933

488 Madison Avenue @ 51st Street
212/ 752-5880

335 Madison Avenue @ 44th Street
212/ 370-4090

www.britishamericannyc.com

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G.DAVIS

Amadeus ex Machina

The Mostly Mozart Festival doesn't stray far from its fail-safe formula but takes a few choice chances; 'L'Italiana in Algeri' takes too many.

WITH THE RISKY MULTICULTURAL MUSICAL adventures of last month's Festival 97 safely completed, Lincoln Center is now relaxing in the comforting embrace of its thirty-first **Mostly Mozart Festival**. A few summers ago, Mostly Mozart seemed on the verge of extinction, done in by the yawns of bored music critics and the sneaking suspicion that this popular enterprise may indeed have finally gone stale. The public apparently doesn't think so. I attended the second evening, a repeat of the opening-night concert, and many ticketless people were still anxiously looking for a way into a sold-out Avery Fisher Hall. Clearly the festival's winning formula—nonthreatening repertory classics, mostly by Mozart and performed by the music world's most bankable names—continues to be a successful self-marketing proposition that few impresarios would wish to disturb.

This summer's edition led off with an all-Mozart program that could scarcely have been more listener-friendly, music in the composer's most festive C-major manner: Symphony No. 34, Piano Concerto No. 21,

and excerpts from the opera *Così fan tutte*. In the latter, Carol Vaness and Frederica von Stade had an aria apiece and two duets to charm the audience, which was more than pleased with what it heard. Both singers are noted Mozart specialists, although on this occasion their work struck me as rather driven and mechanical—Vaness's "Temerari! . . . Come scoglio," in fact, sounded positively machine-tooled. The two ladies might have picked up some pointers from Peter Serkin, whose interpretation of the concerto gave a far more persuasive demonstration of an eloquent voice raised in song, especially as he shaped the heavenly lyrical aria of the Andante movement. Now in his fifteenth season as Mostly Mozart's music director, Gerard Schwarz presided over buoyant, warmly inflected orchestral playing that consistently satisfied, whether providing supportive accompaniments or singing out on its own.

Vladimir Spivakov doubled as conductor and violinist at Mostly Mozart's first pair of weekend concerts. Without coming up with anything arcane, Spivakov put together lively programs of intriguing music that belied the festival's reputation for always falling back on the

tried and true. The first offered works utilizing "double" instrumental forces: two orchestras (a Sinfonia by J. C. Bach), violin and oboe (J. S. Bach's C-minor Concerto), two violins (Mozart's Concertone in C), and two pianos (the Mozart Concerto in E flat)—an invigorating evening of musical ping-pong. The second concert was sparked by two highly spiced but always probing solo performances of more familiar fare: Steven Isserlis's vitamin-packed traversal of Haydn's C-major Cello Concerto and Christian Zacharias's thoughtful investigation of the many musical riches below the brilliant surface of Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto. When Mostly Mozart gets this good, complaining about the festival seems a little ungrateful.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN COOPERS-town, **Glimmerglass Opera** is finishing up its summer season with two more new productions due to travel south to the City Opera. The first, Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, arrives at the

Fan fare:
Gerard Schwarz
conducts, from
left, Frederica
von Stade and
Carol Vaness.



State Theater on September 12, and it will be interesting to see if New Yorkers respond as rapturously as audiences did in Glimmerglass. Or will there will be others, like me, who find the whole thing a turn-off? For no good reason I could see, director Christopher Alden has relocated the opera in what he presumably takes to be present-day Algiers. I doubt that the city is now, or ever could be, governed by a brainless bald-headed Bey named Mustafà, who sends out his fleet of corsairs to capture foreign ships, enslave the crews, and find pretty young Italian girls for his amusement, but let that pass. The updating gimmick is mainly irritating and unnecessary, and if Alden's fantasy world finally seems no more improbable than Rossini's, the composer's is infinitely more amusing.

What is likely to be even more off-putting to anyone who relishes *L'italiana* is watching a warm-hearted, witty romp being turned into a mechanized, reptilian farce liberally flavored with dashes of S&M and phallic humor. The cast is exemplary, executing every suggestive flourish and robotic twitch with crisp precision—something of a miracle considering the obstacles presented by John Conklin and Carol Bailey's ungainly erector-set scenery: a large box with a glaring yellow interior, occasionally taken apart and re-assembled by orange-coated slaves to reveal the contraption's threatening spike-covered backside. Yes, yes, we get the idea—a hot desert locality ruled by a petty tyrant—but I've seldom seen an opera set quite this ugly. Beyond that, opera-goers troubled by second-hand smoke are hereby warned—nearly everyone in this production has a heavy nicotine habit, and the air gets pretty thick.

Under the circumstances, it's not entirely Phyllis Pancella's fault that her Isabella turns out to be more of an overbearing dominatrix than a deliciously resourceful seductress. She delivers all the notes with grim efficiency but little charm. The most musical singing comes from Kenneth Tarver as Lindoro, Isabella's boyfriend in bondage; his attractive lyric tenor is a bit short up top, but Tarver sings every phrase and tricky roudale with appealing style and grace. I'm afraid the energetic vocal and physical antics of Kevin Glavin (Mustafà), James Maddalena (Taddeo), and Lisa Mandelkorn (Elvira) left me cold, along with George Manahan's inflexible musical direction. Since the audience adored nearly everything it heard and saw (there was a solitary boo, when Lindoro lit up a butt), this definitely represents a minority opinion.

The production of Carlisle Floyd's *Of Mice and Men* is one more installment in Glimmerglass's admirable project to reinvestigate worthy American operas of

the recent past. Originally a short novel, then a play, and eventually a film, John Steinbeck's moving tale of two migrant workers during the Depression in search of a modest American dream—a small farm of their own—was inevitably going to attract an opera composer one day. First performed in 1970, Floyd's setting immediately proved stageworthy, and it has since been produced with some frequency by regional companies around the country. The City Opera presented it in 1983, and the effective new Glimmerglass staging—Rhoda Levine, direction; John Conklin, sets; Jess Goldstein, costumes; and Robert Wierzel, lighting—will come to town at some point in the near future.

Floyd's score continues to strike me as more utilitarian than inspired, although this superior production brings out the work's best qualities. For one thing, the composer has turned Steinbeck's compassionate but unsentimental story into a compact, swift-moving libretto that allows ample opportunities for lyrical expansion, and the musical events are paced with skill and precision. Unfortunately, Floyd gives his characters very little of interest to sing, and the orchestral writing seldom adds up to more than efficient background illustration. George dreams about his fantasy farm, the mentally challenged Lennie yearns for something soft to stroke, ranch owner Curley bullies the help, and his neglected wife pouts peevishly, but the music they sing seldom gets under our skin as it would with an operatic composer of genius.

Most of the dramatic interest is generated by the production itself, crisply directed by Levine within Conklin's atmospheric sets. The stark simplicity of the stage pictures—the barn, bunkhouse, and desolate clearing at sunset where George shoots Lennie rather than see him lynched by the approaching mob—makes an ideal complement to Steinbeck's powerful imagery and haunting archetypes. At the center of the performance is Anthony Dean Griffey's heartbreaking portrayal of the hulking Lennie, a slow-witted man who attracts trouble and misunderstanding at every turn. Griffey uses his sweet-toned tenor and refined acting skills to discover a wealth of poignant nuances hidden in this pathetic, oddly lovable character. An appealing friendly foil as the long-suffering George, Rod Nelman heads a uniformly excellent cast that includes Matthew Lord (Curley), Tony R. Dillon (Candy), Margaret Lloyd (Curley's wife), and Victor Benedetti (Slim). Stewart Robertson obviously cannot reveal lyrical depths where none exist, but his skillful musical direction is never less than sympathetically in tune with the material. ■

Johnnie's

A 36 year long running hit restaurant!

Special Dinner at 14.95

Open late

135 W. 45th St. (6th & B'way) 212-869-5565

**PIG
'N'
WHISTLE**
IRISH PUB

Renowned for fresh salmon
with horse radish crust, steaks,
pasta and daily fresh seafood.

CASUAL DINING • LUNCH • DINNER
SNACKS • COCKTAILS
OPEN 11:30am - 4:00am

PIG 'N' WHISTLE • ORIGINALITY AT ITS VERY BEST!
165 W 47th St. (6th & 7th Aves.) • NY 10036 • (212) 302-0112

SEVILLA Luncheon Parties

FINEST SPANISH CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER
famed Paella a la Valenciana
62 CHARLES ST. (W. 4 St.) WA9-3189

For Reservations:
212-246-6773
212-246-6788

863 Ninth Avenue
Corner of 56th St
Fax: 212-977-3857

Bello
Northern Italian Cuisine

Free Parking For Dinner

Customers 4:30 P.M. to Closing

ZAGAT 97



S V O B O D A
a new, daring BAR and
RESTAURANT in the east
v i l l a g e
248 EAST 5th ST., NYC
RESERVATIONS • 212.387.0707

drink me • eat me • smoke me

Solutions to last week's puzzles

C	A	T	A	R	A	C	T	U	L	S	T	E	R
U	E	A	O					A	O	E			
S	I	N	G	S	I	N	G	A	N	G	L	E	S
T	D	C	D					D	E	E	T		
O	P	E	R	A	T	E	D	F	L	O	R	A	L
M	R	L	M	C	O	A	E						
				A	N	C	H	O	R	I	T	E	S
S	I	A	I	E	D	E	S						
C	O	M	E	L	I	N	E	S					
R	P	L	G	T	P	H	R						
A	D	O	N	I	S	D	E	T	O	N	A	T	E
P	R	A				R	T	G	C				
I	N	T	E	N	T	S	T	R	A	N	G	L	E
N	E	C				O	G	L	N				
G	A	R	D	E	N	I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T

O	T	E	L	L	O	M	A	L	A	G	A	B	A	R	E	S				
R	O	M	A	I	N	E	A	D	O	R	E	R	A	L	U	M	N	I		
I	N	C	I	D	E	R	T	R	A	D	I	N	G	R	A	S	P	E		
B	E	E	R	S		R	I	A	Z	E	R	O	M	O	S	E	L	L		
I	R	E		P	A	N	T	S	S	E	T	O	N		O	L	E			
				D	R	A	T	H	E			D	I	A	R					
M	A	D	E	I	R	A	D	O	N	T	G	I	V	E	A	D	A	M		
A	M	O	N	G		A	N	D	H	O	M	E	L	E	V	E	E	S		
M	A	N	I	A	C	A	L		U	B	E	T	S	I	N	A	I			
A	S	T	A	A	L	A	I		I	D	I	O	A	T	T	L	C			
				L	I	F	E	I	S	A	C	A	B	E	R	N	E	T		
A	C	T	N	E	R	O	F	E		E	A	R	N		E	L	S	E		
B	A	H	T	S		T	O	M	E		R	E	S	O	N	A	N	T		
A	N	E	M	I	C		E	E	R	I	E	S	T		A	N	W	A	R	
T	H	E	S	H	E	R	R	Y		W	I	T	H	A	F	R	I	N	G	
				U	N	T	I	L			O	R	E		T	A	S	S		
G	P	S		A	L	I	K	E		E	P	C	O	T		M	A	E		
R	E	T	S	I	N	A	N	A	M		H	U	N		T	A	I	L	S	
A	S	L	A	N	T		T	R	E	A	T	E	D	C	H	A	B	L	I	S
S	T	E	F	F	I		H	E	N	S	O	N		E	A	R	L	O	B	E
O	R	E	O	S		E	N	D	E	R	S			G	O	E	S	I	N	

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Love Is All Around

Courtship is back, and for setting the mood, Match Uptown has no equal.

At the Mistral Terrace, think: Sunday in the park with Jean-Georges.

IN 1969, HOLLYWOOD PAIRED ITS TWO HOTTEST young stars, Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow, in *John and Mary*. The movie begins with the two meeting at the legendary Maxwell's Plum, Manhattan's first fantastical grand café/Über-pick-up bar, going home, doing it, and then aridly exchanging introductions in the morning. If you can remember this—or anything else from this precondomaniacal period, actually—it probably makes you kind of wistful.

If you weren't around for it, it might make you kind of nuts. Because courting is serious business these days, you'd better behave. For unlike wham-bamming, or mere dating, courtship calls for restraint. Finesse. Perhaps even grace. That means *he* has to show up at the door exhibiting more style than a pair of triple-pleated Dockers, more wit than a penchant for reliving line-by-line three episodes of *Seinfeld*. It means *she* has to stop squeezing into something Lycra two sizes too small, do her hair simply enough that he's not too intimidated to touch it, and never let it show that she has the upper hand. In courtship, neither smooth nor coy cuts it. Being cool hardly goes much further. And romance is jumping the gun. What matter are good impressions.

That is why it's impossible to overstate the beneficence of **Match Uptown**. Consider those innumerable SoHo

and Park Avenue South places that feature speakers with too much bass, kitchens with too much olive oil, rooms with too much bad lighting, waiters with too many pronunciation problems, and regulars who don't know any better. In this landscape, Match is a rare urban oasis that offers the right balance of conviviality, informality, energy, flirtation, and an attitude that makes courtship not just possible but viable and occasionally painless.

The staff at Match is suitably rehearsed. They know what the mood is supposed to be, and they know how to set you up gently and get out of your way. The rooms aren't lovely or even sensuous, but they're pleasantly familiar, the blond wood, tan tufted banquettes, burgundy chairs, fieldstone walls, and ample but never harsh lighting recalling the *boîtes* in those romantic comedies where Cary Grant, James Garner, and, of course, Rock Hudson all brought that doyen of what must be termed extreme courtship, Doris Day.



But Match doesn't just allow you to court; it provides its own exhilarating spark, a seductive chef. Thanks to his suave yet passionate interpolation of Asian flavors and spices with American produce, more than half a dozen of Gary Robins's creations inspire lust at first sight. A sweet corn bisque is ignited by guajillo oil and Thai basil to become a test of a potential mate's selfishness. Fruit soups typically bestow the thrill of improperly chilled Jell-O. But a delightful cantaloupe soup is a soft explosion of honeydew and curried shrimp, delicately finished with yogurt. Red-snapper sevice is wonderfully enhanced by lemongrass-citrus juice

(continued on page 70)



No Dockers, no *Seinfeld* jokes: The bar at Match Uptown. Top, chef Gary Robins's fine rack of lamb.

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

**New York Liberty, unlikely
stars of the WNBA
(page 81)**

art 67 bars 79 concerts 82 dance 82 kids 83 the mix 80 movies 58 nightlife 77 online 81
radio 80 restaurants 71 sports 81 television 80 theater 64 the written word 80

movies

Cop Land... The Full Monty's Robert Carlyle

New Films

Air Bud—A lonely young boy (Kevin Zegers) moves to a small town where he befriends a stray golden retriever with a great hoop shot. When the boy and the dog lead the school basketball team to the state playoffs, the animal's former owner (Michael Jeter) tries to cash in on the dog's new celebrity. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Main Street Cinemas.*

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well-made, and utterly preposterous. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over *Air Force One*, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. Whoopie! It's Independence Day all over again. The first-time screenwriter Andrew W. Marlowe has structured the script so that Harrison Ford has to do pretty much everything by himself. Onboard the plane, the staff is out of the picture (literally). In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of Defense (Dean Stockwell), who wants to take command in the president's absence. Some of the actors are at the top of their form, especially Gary Oldman as the head of the hijackers, an angry and contemptuous man who frankly hates the new Russian freedoms. *Air Force One* certainly holds our attention, and a few of us, easily manipulated, may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Career Girls—Katrin Cartlidge is Hannah, a student in London looking for a roommate. When tiny Annie appears, Hannah both accepts her and makes fun of her. Annie (Lynda Steadman) has the worst case of dermatitis in history. When the movie opens, Hannah and Annie are 30 and well established professionally yet unsettled in their personal lives. Working in the business world, the women have learned to smooth out the rougher edges and hide their discontent. But if we see the ways they have changed, we also see the ways they haven't changed—and can't change. As students, Hannah and Annie don't do much of anything;

they just talk, cook, and hang out with a few friends, particularly the unfortunate Ricky. When the women link up again at 30, they keep running into people from their past, including Ricky as well as a young man with whom they both had affairs and who doesn't recognize them. For all its jokes and its spirit of female solidarity, the movie has an overall melancholy. The past hasn't stopped hurting either of these women. It's part of Leigh's complexity of mind that he makes us see that they've been hurt without reducing the hopes that we have for them in the future. (Denby; 8/11/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

Chasing Amy—Kevin Smith's latest is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes somewhat trying. What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

Conspiracy Theory—Cabdriver and conspiracy theorist Jerry Fletcher (Mel Gibson) teams up with Justice Department attorney Alice Sutton (Julia Roberts) and they are bound together as they discover the government-hidden truths about his foggy memories and her father's death. (2 hr. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

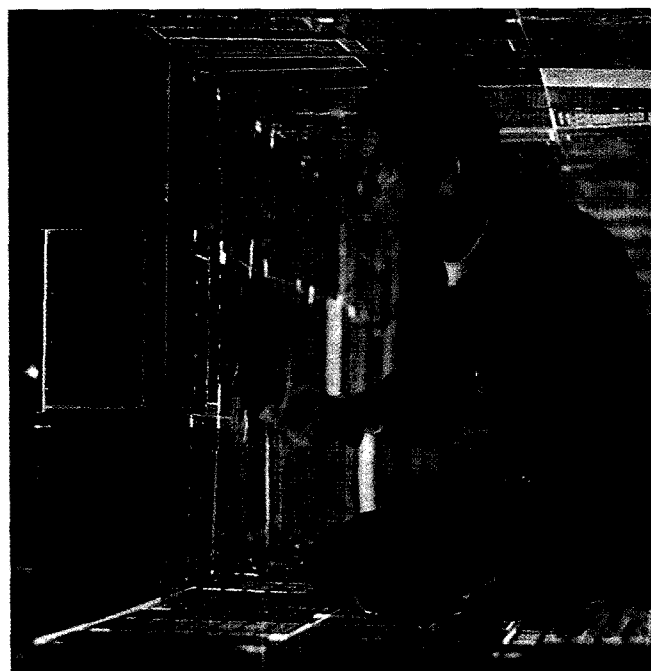
Contact—Robert Zemeckis's metaphysical sci-fi movie, from a novel by the late Carl Sagan, explicitly asks the big-bowwow questions: Are we alone in the universe? Does scientific reasoning threaten religious faith? At the heart of *Contact* there are patches of rapt silence and a lonely young woman, Dr. Ellie Arroway (Jodie Foster). Ellie has been obsessed since girlhood with hearing messages from outer space. There she sits in the New Mexico desert, listening through headphones to whatever is picked up by an array of powerful radio telescopes. Finally, she hears something. When Ellie makes the discovery public, the White House becomes alarmed, the media go into a frenzy,

and religious groups sense blasphemy or the end of the world. The government sets about building a space vehicle. Someone's got to go out there and meet Them. The material, following Sagan's bent, has been given a feminist tilt: The big-shot White House science adviser (Tom Skerritt) keeps taking the credit for her discoveries and pushing her out of the way, and Ellie has to suffer and fight. We are constantly asked to worry about Ellie's career moves and whether she's getting proper credit for her genius, all of which seems a little odd if not trivial in a movie offering to solve the eternal questions of the universe. Ellie's been given a lover, a defrocked clergyman named Palmer Joss (Matthew McConaughey) who shows up every once in a while to argue with her about God. At the end, when Ellie journeys (perhaps) into a new dimension, Zemeckis gives us a *son et lumière* show that tops Stanley Kubrick's famous trip at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. In its finest moments, *Contact* merges spectacle, science, and a genuine religious impulse. (Denby; 7/21/97) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Contempt—Jean-Luc Godard's masterwork about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) whose

Opening Mir-esque Mission

In the science-fiction thriller 'Event Horizon,' Laurence Fishburne and Sam Neill (below) cruise the solar system together to rescue a manned spaceship that's been missing for seven years. (August 15.)



Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

marriage collapses as he simultaneously battles with a high-minded director (Fritz Lang) and a salacious producer (Jack Palance). Also starring Brigitte Bardot. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum*.

Cop Land—A drama set in a New Jersey town inhabited by corrupt N.Y.P.D. officers and the sheriff (Sylvester Stallone) who attempts to clean it up. With Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, Ray Liotta, Michael Rapaport, and Janeane Garofalo. Directed by James Mangold. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Opens Friday*.

Event Horizon—Sam Neill and Laurence Fishburne attempt to salvage a spaceship that has been missing for seven years. With Kathleen Quinlan and Joely Richardson. Directed by Paul Anderson. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Opens Friday*.

★**Face/Off**—In this John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin. Travolta is obsessed with catching. Some years earlier, Cage's Castor Troy tried to eliminate Archer with a high-powered rifle and wound up killing Archer's little boy; Archer has been paralyzed by thoughts of vengeance ever since. Sean Archer and Castor Troy are temperamental as well as moral opposites, about as far apart as two men could be. Or so we think. Early in *Face/Off*, the virtuous Archer captures Castor Troy and his genius-lunatic brother Pollux (Alessandro Nivola), who has designed a biological bomb that is armed and ticking. But where is the bomb? Archer doesn't know; Castor, injured in the arrest, lies in a coma and can't tell him. Only the imprisoned Pollux knows, so Archer agrees to take part in a bizarre medical procedure. Lasers remove his face (eyes, nose, chin, everything) and Castor's face too. Archer then gets the killer's face sewn on, and after some liposuctional work is done on his body (there are amused references to Travolta's love handles), he looks exactly like Castor Troy. Archer enters the prison to cosy up to brother Pollux. Troy, meanwhile, awakens from his coma and takes Archer's face, which has been floating like a mask in a saline solution. Have you understood the situation? The actor John Travolta is now playing Castor Troy but in his own face and body; and Cage is playing Sean Archer but in his face and body. Realism is not at issue here. John Woo is part magician, part schlock-movie maker. In all of this mayhem, there's death but no pain—the heroes keep jumping up to shoot again. The movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre*.

4 Little Girls—Spike Lee's documentary about a 1963 Birmingham church bombing that claimed the lives of four Sunday school students. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room*.

Free Willy 3: The Rescue—The continuing story of the bond between a boy and an Orca whale. Starring Jason James Richter and August Schellenberg; directed by Sam Pillbury. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday*.

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and convinces them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens 8/13; Angelika Film Center; Coronet*.

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2-4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum*.

Good Burger—Kel Mitchell and Kenan Thompson star as two fast-food employees who help elevate their lowly establishment into a hot spot. Directed by Brian Robbins. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Embassy 2-4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Nova*.

Guantanamo—A Cuban comedic social commentary about a former university teacher who takes a cross-island trip and finds her true self. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Hamsun—Max Von Sydow as Knut Hamsun, the Nobel Prize-winning Norwegian author and



Opening Ladies, Man

In this year's male-authored sex fantasy *Mon Homme*, Marie is a beautiful—and beautifully dressed—French prostitute who falls for a homeless man, bathes and shaves him, and makes him her pimp—only to lose him to the world she introduced him to. *Opens August 15.*

Nazi sympathizer who was branded a traitor and later tried for treason. Directed by Jan Troell. (2 hrs. 40 mins.; NR) *Film Forum*.

★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. In this version, Hercules is born to Zeus and Hera. He grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken by James Woods) tries to rob him of his godhead, for Hercules is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods is the best thing in the movie and plays Hades as a chiseling con man, using the ripe Megara to trap the young champion. Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall. The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for *Aladdin*, does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top, is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Brooklyn Heights*.

How to Be a Player—Bill Bellamy plays Drayton Jackson, a womanizer whose sister Jenny (Natalie Desselle) decides to teach him a lesson on behalf of all women. Directed by Lionel C. Martin. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Manhattan Twin; UA East; 84th Street; Plaza Twin*.

In the Company of Men—Two mid-level executives take out their frustrations on a blind temp by showering her with attention and planning to drop her when she least expects it. Newcomer Neil LaBute wrote and directed this winner of Sundance's best dramatic feature award. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Kiss Me, Guido—A 24-year-old aspiring actor from

the Bronx discovers that his new roommate is gay. Written and directed by Tony Vitale. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII, Chelsea, Lincoln Square, Cobble Hill*.

The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park*, journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are, agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the tendency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Ziegfeld*.

Love Serenade—Australian writer-director Shirley Barrett's first feature film is a black comedy about two sisters smitten with the local D.J. and the lengths they'll go to to catch him. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**Men in Black**—Barry Sonnenfeld has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. He says outrageous things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is

so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. He recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive—not an alien but one of God's creatures—gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows (they play off the Dumbo ears; Smith's face is a visual joke in itself), Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Molom—The story of a shaman-priest who teaches a young Mongolian boy how to love, live and learn. Directed by Marie Jaoul de Poncheville. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—With *Mrs. Brown*, director John Madden successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. He treats her as a friend who can be brought out of her funk with affectionate railery, summoning her to life by treating her as an ordinary person. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become

friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." Connolly might be a working-class lover out of D. H. Lawrence—hearty and happily dominating—yet this lover possesses no erotic drive that we can see, or, rather, his drive all flows into an ecstasy of service. In his way, he becomes the craziest of courtiers: He believes he possesses the queen. *Mrs. Brown* has its tremulous, precious side—they will touch, but will they kiss?—and the movie could easily have become insufferable. But Madden and the screenwriter, Jeremy Brock, stick to the psychological realities of the situation and don't embarrass us. *Mrs. Brown*, with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight and the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman. Determined to break up the wedding, she rushes to Chicago and discovers that her rival, young Kimmy (Cameron Diaz), is a very nice girl and quite selflessly in love with Michael. It's hard to know what to make of Michael. Here's a young sports reporter who gets all huffy about his integrity, yet he's marrying the daughter of the owner of the Chicago White Sox. Is he

merely deluded? Stupid? What causes two beautiful women to knock themselves out for him? Dermot Mulroney is a handsome young man, but he's been made quite inarticulate, and his temperament is sludgy. Rupert Everett, who has played highborn louts in his English movies, makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P.J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Nothing to Lose—Martin Lawrence plays a would-be carjacker who makes the mistake of targeting

disenfranchised white guy Tim Robbins. Written and directed by Steve Oedekerk. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Brooklyn Heights.*

187—A science teacher (Samuel L. Jackson) is stabbed by a student whom he refused to pass and, one year later, returns to the profession with a vengeance. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Centre Sunnyside.*

Operation Condor—The latest in action from Jackie Chan, in which our hero kicks ass all over the world. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *National Theatre.*

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon reteam for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13)

Picture Perfect—Jennifer Aniston plays Kate, an underappreciated advertising copywriter who creates a faux fiancé so that her boss sees her as mature enough to promote. With Kevin Bacon and Jay Mohr. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea; National Theatre; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Village East; Brooklyn Heights.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—Ballroom dancing, we learn in *Shall We Dance?*, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant with a wife and daughter, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shooting Porn—A documentary about the gay-porn industry, by Ronnie Larsen. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

A Simple Wish—Mara Wilson plays a little girl who inadvertently conjures up two fairy godparents—one sweet but ineffectual (Martin Short) and the other a destructive force (Kathleen Turner). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *86th Street; Main Street Cinemas.*

Soul in the Hole—A documentary of New York's street basketball culture that follows Bed-Stuy's dream team "Kenny's Kings" through a summer of troubles and triumphs. Directed by Danielle Gardner. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Village East; Embassy 2-4; Manhattan Twin; Nova.*

Spawn—An action-adventure thriller based on the best-selling comic book about a resurrected dark hero bent on revenge against the man who murdered him. With John Leguizamo and Martin Sheen. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema;*



Opening Garden State Grubs

The corrupt men in blue in James Mangold's police drama 'Cop Land' work in New York but live, to Christine Todd Whitman's probable dismay, across the Hudson in New Jersey. There, Harvey Keitel is the village bad lieutenant and Robert De Niro the internal-affairs officer out to snare him. Throw in Sylvester Stallone as the slow-moving sheriff who gets a chance at the bust of his lifetime—if he can defy a twisted brotherhood that, as they say, goes all the way up. August 15.

Illustration by David Cowles

Talent Carlyle-spotting

To filmgoers unfamiliar with the résumé of Scottish actor Robert Carlyle—known primarily in the U.S. as the pale-skinned, black-haired psychopath Begbie in last year's *Trainspotting*—it may come as a surprise to learn that the U.K. papers follow his every romantic activity and describe him as "Scotland's sexiest export since Sean Connery." It may, in fact, take viewers a few minutes even to recognize him in the new comedy *The Full Monty* (opening August 13). In his latest onscreen incarnation, Carlyle plays a sweet, scruffy unemployed steelworker—sort of a blue-collar Brad Pitt—fighting for custody of his son. "He was actually supposed to be Rod Stewart-esque," says *Full Monty* director Peter Cattaneo, referring to another son of Scotland. "It's a bit dated, but it's a look that a lot of guys still go for back home." This isn't the first time Carlyle has morphed from one role to the next (he was the dark-haired ex-con construction worker in *Riff Raff* and the blond gay lover in *Priest*) with his face and accent almost unrec-



ognizable from film to film. This fall, he'll try on another alter ego when he begins filming on the story of a pair of 1750s highwaymen with America's new sweetheart Liv Tyler and *Trainspotting* alum Jonny Lee Miller. "The success of that film was quite scary," Carlyle says, referring to the heroin paeon that catapulted so many careers. "You know what I mean? I didn't want to be known as Begbie either, you know? Begbie in *Trainspotting* was just another point on the mark for me."

PATRICIA FALVO

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Free Willy 3*; *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *How to Be a Player*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.
34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Picture Perfect*.
34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Face/Off*; *How to Be a Player*; *Men in Black*.
Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Air Force One*; *George of the Jungle*; *Kiss Me Guido*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Picture Perfect*.
Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Conspiracy Theory*.
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*.

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Chasing Amy*.
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Spawn*.
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Ulee's Gold*.
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Quantanamera*; *Mrs. Brown*; *Tempress Moon*.
Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Contact*. Opening 8/13: *The Full Monty*.
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; 187.
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *George of the Jungle*.
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Ulee's Gold*.
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Nothing to Lose*.
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Air Bud*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *Soul in the Hole*.
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hercules*.
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *How to Be a Player*; *Soul in the Hole*.
National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Operation Condor*; *Picture Perfect*.
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Day For Night*.
State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *How to Be a Player*.
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Air Bud*; *Hercules*; *Nothing to Lose*.
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *The Daytrippers*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*.

Orpheum 7; *84th Street*; *New Coliseum*; *Nova*; *Pavilion Theatre*; *Plaza Twin*; *Centre Sunnyside*; *Plaza*.

Star Maps—The story of a young Los Angeleno named Carlos who dreams of becoming a movie star while he works for his pimp father, selling maps to the stars' homes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*; *62nd and Broadway*.

Tempress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggie mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez (*Gal Young 'Un*, *Ruby in Paradise*) loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette but the theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and unvaried. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Waverly*; *Carnegie Hall Cinema*; *Eastside Playhouse*; *86th Street*; *Brooklyn Heights*.

★When the Cat's Away—Chloé (Garance Clavel) is a not quite beautiful girl with a long neck and a warming smile that almost never breaks out. Chloé is a little slow to talk. She's not stupid, nor is she depressed, exactly, but she's definitely running in low gear. She has a rather unsatisfying job as a makeup girl for fashion photo-shoots, and she lives in a shabby stretch of the Right Bank, near the Place de la Bastille, with a gay male friend who can't give her much. One of the thousands of stranded young women in the big city, Chloé is attached to her black cat, whom she calls Gris-Gris (Gray-Gray). When Chloé goes on vacation, she leaves Gris-Gris with an old woman—an animal-lover with lots of cats—and Gris-Gris apparently escapes through the kitchen window. Returning, Chloé searches the area with the old lady and soon with everyone else in the neighborhood; after a while, a battalion of old-lady cat lovers, quivering with excitement, are phoning one another like air-raid spotters in wartime Britain. Chloé, meanwhile, has acquired a new pet even more faithful than Gris-Gris—a young man of North African descent who fell off

a roof as a child and is now a little slow but would do anything for Chloé. When the Cat's Away, written and directed by young Cédric Klapisch, feels at first like a strung-together collection of gentle anecdotes—an improvisation, always charming and funny, but minor, in which some not terribly important people are observed in their ruffled, natural state. It's only after the movie has been going for a while that we realize what a genius of melancholy Klapisch really is, for what he's done is nothing less than capture the tone and tenor of loneliness in the big city—and also the ways loneliness might end. When the Cat's Away is about the state of being lost and the deliverance of being found. Klapisch handles such events as a ghastly night spent looking for companionship, or an encounter with one's roommate's lover, or the raillery of some neighborhood types drinking their way through the evening, with such superlative delicacy that one thinks—one prays—that here at last is a successor to both Renoir and the New Wave, a young Frenchman with an instinct for human solidarity as well as first-rate lyrical skills. When the Cat's Away could be an early peak in a great directing career. Don't miss it. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema*; *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Career Girls*; *In the Company of Men*; *Love Serenade*; *Mrs. Brown*; *Shall We Dance?*; *Star Maps*. Opening 8/13: *The Full Monty*.

Art Greenwichtwin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *How to Be a Player*; *Picture Perfect*.

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Score*; *Shooting Porn*.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Contempt*; *Hamsum*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Life Apart*; *Alive and Kicking*; *Quantanamera*; *Molom*; *When the Cat's Away*.

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *4 Little Girls*; *Café Society*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Air Bud*; *Box of Moonlight*; *Contact*; *Hercules*; *Nothing to Lose*; *The Pillow Book*; *Soul in the Hole*; *Spawn*.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *George of the Jungle*; *Kiss Me Guido*; *Men in Black*; 187.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Ulee's Gold*.

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Shall We Dance?*.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *A Simple Wish*; *Ulee's Gold*.

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Air Bud*; *George of the Jungle*.

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Picture Perfect*.

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Free Willy 3*; *Brassed Off*; *Good Burger*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; 187; *Spawn*.

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Air Force One*; *Men in Black*.

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Conspiracy Theory*; *Face/Off*.

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *How to be A Player*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Star Maps*.

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Bud*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Guan-tanamera*; *In the Company of Men*; *Love Serenade*; *Shall We Dance?*; *When the Cat's Away*.

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Air Force One*; *Box of Moonlight*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Kiss Me Guido*; *Mrs. Brown*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Picture Perfect*.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Air Force One*; *Face/Off*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *George of the Jungle*; 187; *Spawn*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Good Burger*; *Soul in the Hole*; *Spawn*.

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Conspiracy Theory*; *Men in Black*.

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Career Girls*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *Hercules*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Bud*; *Air Force*

One; *Conspiracy Theory*; *George of the Jungle*; *Picture Perfect*.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Nothing to Lose*; *The Pillow Book*; *Ulee's Gold*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Free Willy 3*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Spawn*.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *Kiss Me Guido*; *Men in Black*.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Good Burger*; *How to be A Player*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Spawn*.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Hercules*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Men in Black*.

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *Men in Black*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *How to be A Player*; *Spawn*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Soul in the Hole*; *Spawn*.

The Movies at Sheephead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *George of the*

Jungle; *Good Burger*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Men in Black*; *Nothing to Lose*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *Free Willy 3*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *George of the Jungle*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*.

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; 187; *Spawn*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Air Bud*; *George of the Jungle*; *How to be A Player*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Nothing to Lose*; *Spawn*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Air Force One*; *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Out to Sea*; *Ulee's Gold*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Free Willy 3*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Spawn*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Conspiracy Theory*; *How to be A Player*; *Nothing to Lose*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Air Force One*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Air Force One*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *How to be A Player*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Contact*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Men in Black*; *Picture Perfect*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Conspiracy Theory*; *George of the Jungle*; *Spawn*.

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Buddy*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *Men in Black*; *A Simple Wish*; *Wild America*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Air Bud*; *Men in Black*; 187; *Picture Perfect*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *Men in Black*; *Picture Perfect*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Out to Sea*; *Ulee's Gold*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Air Force One*; *Spawn*.

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Bud*; *How to be A Player*; *Men in Black*; 187.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Air Force One*; *Face/Off*; *Good Burger*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Nothing to Lose*.

Staten Island

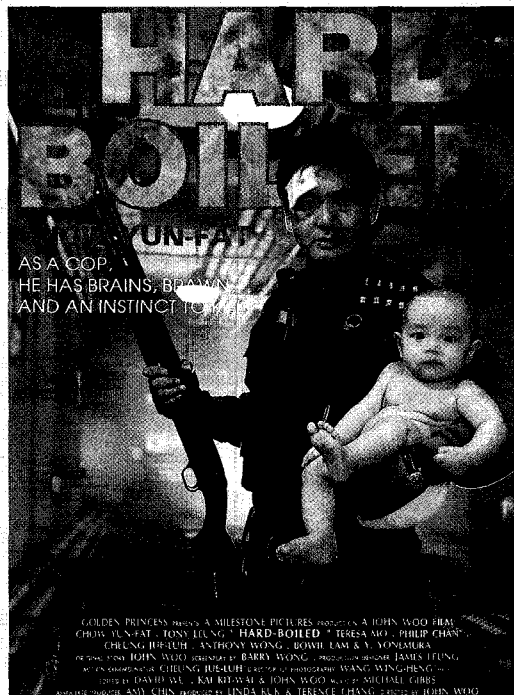
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *George of the Jungle*; *Men in Black*; *Spawn*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *George of the Jungle*; *Men in Black*; *Spawn*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Free Willy 3*; *Air Bud*; *Air Force One*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Contact*; *Face/Off*; *George of the Jungle*; *Good Burger*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; 187; *Nothing to Lose*; *Picture Perfect*; *Spawn*.

Photograph courtesy of Peter Chow International



Festival Pulp Fictions

Classic John Woo shoot-'em-ups, Ringo Lam's 'City on Fire' (the one Quentin Tarantino loves so much) and the U.S. premiere of the award-winning 'Comrades, Almost a Love Story,' are showcased in the Festival Hong Kong '97. (See "Museums, Societies, etc." for info.)

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Nouveau Noir." 8/16: *Union City* (1980) and *Light Sleeper* (1992). 8/17: *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* (1988), *After Dark, My Sweet* (1990), and *In the Month of the Crickets* (1988). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—"Italian Summer Festival: Pasolini." 8/11-8/12: *Le Ceneri di Pasolini* (*The Ashes of Pasolini*) (1997), *Acatone* (1961), and *Mamma Roma* (1962). 8/13-8/14: *The Gospel According to Matthew* (1964), *La Ricotta* (1963), *La Terra Vista della Luna* (*Earth As Seen From the Moon*) (1967), *Uccellati e Uccellini* (*Hawks & Sparrows*) (1965-66), and *Toto at the Circus* (1966). 8/15-17: *Porcile* (*Pigpen*) (1969) and *Salò (120 Days of Sodomy)* (1976). 8/18-8/19: *Teorema* (1968). "Italian Summer Festival: Fellini." 8/15-8/17: *The White Sheik* (1951). From 8/14-8/17: Shorts by Ed Emshwiller. 8/15-8/17: *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (1976). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"New Films from Brazil." 8/16: *Pequeno dicionario amoroso* (*The Concise Dictionary of Love*) (1996). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$4.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/11: *Vertigo* (1958). 8/18: *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* (1962). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Casa La Femme—8/17: *The Lavender Hill Mob* (1951). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Different Light—8/17: *Burnt Offerings* (1976). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Mary Pickford, Superstar." 8/11: *Suds* (1920) and *Kiki* (1931). 8/18: *Suds* (1920) and *Kiki* (1931). "Killer B's." 8/12: *I Married a Monster From Outer Space* (1958) and *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* (1956). 8/13: *Little Big Horn* (1951) and *The Raid* (1954). 8/14: *3:10 to Yuma* (1957) and *Va-lerie* (1957). 8/15: *The Big Combo* (1955) and *Thieves' Highway* (1949). 8/16-8/17: *The Line-Up* (1958) and *Riot in Cell Block 11* (1954). 8/19: *Lost, Lonely and Vicious* (1959) and *Teenage Doll* (1957). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—"The Walter Reade Theater"—"Latin American Cinema of the 90s." 8/11: *El Callejón de Los Milagros* (1994) and *Edipo Alcalde* (1996). 8/13: *Sotto Voce* (1996) and *O Sertão Das Memórias* (1996). 8/14: *Sixteen-Oh-Sixty* (1995). 8/14 and 8/16: *La Frontera* (1991). 8/15 and 8/17: *Solo Con Tú Pareja* (1991) and *Ilona Llega Con La Lluvia* (1996). 8/16: *Cuestión de Fe* (1995). 8/16-8/17: *Entre Marx y Una Mujer Desnuda* (1996). 8/18: *Aire Libre* (1995) and *A Tu Casa A Las Ocho* (1995). "Open-Captioned Films for the Deaf and Hard-of-Hearing." 8/12: *Batman and Robin* (1996). "Independents Night." 8/14: *States of Control* (1997). "Movies for Kids." 8/16-8/17: *Yentl* (1983). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$8.

French Institute—8/12: *Le Dernier métro* (*The Last Metro*) (1980). 8/19: *Camille Claudel* (1989). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—8/11: *Blazing Saddles* (1974), *Children* (1974) and *La hora de los niños* (1969). 8/12: *Jules et Jim* (1962) and *Fahrenheit 451* (1966). 8/14 and 8/16: *Lacombe, Lucien* (1974). 8/14-8/15: *A Perfect Couple* (1979). 8/15-8/16: *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971). 8/15 and 8/18: *Sullivan's Travels* (1941). 8/16 and 8/19: *Rashomon* (1951). 8/18: *La Grande Illusion* (1937) and *La Règle du jeu* (*Rules of the Game*) (1939). 8/17-8/18: *Badlands* (1973). 8/19 and 8/21: *Partner* (1968). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—The Guilt Trade." 8/14-8/17: *Lamb to the Slaughter* (1958), *Dip in the Pool* (1958), and *Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel's Coat* (1960). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); \$6.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Brenna continued from page 78

so your critically ill child won't have to undergo transport from one hospital's ER to another's ICU. Ask whether the ICU is staffed by actual pediatric intensivists, warns Dr. Joy Nagelberg, chief of pediatric emergency medicine at Schneider Children's Hospital. Hospitals "hire a few nurses, buy a few pieces of equipment, but there's no specific requirements for a hospital to say, 'We have a pediatric ICU,'" Nagelberg says. "We get kids transferred here all the time who got improper treatment in other ICUs."

Ask about staff in the ER—whether there are always emergency-trained attending physicians, or whether residents take over during off-hours. If you can, you also want to choose a hospital that's deep in pediatric specialists: surgeons, pulmonologists, neurologists. While they're often found at teaching hospitals, smaller hospitals with pediatric-residency programs are likely to have them, too.

The downside for patients (and their parents) of going to a teaching hospital is that so many practitioners will prod and question—the attending, a specialist in training, a resident, a student. But doctors who train doctors stay sharp under all those watchful eyes. "It's a nice, humbling experience when a student says, 'Did you hear that heart murmur?'" Miller admits. "There's a girl with cystic fibrosis who comes here a lot with pneumonia, and it's sort of a legend that she's trained half of New York's pediatricians."

Among hospitals that don't have pediatric ERs, or don't have full-time pediatric-emergency doctors, preference should be given to those where emergency doctors and nurses are trained in pediatrics. Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, for example, bolsters its pediatric-ER staff with double-boarded specialists and has numerous pediatric sub-specialists available to step in on critical cases.

If your child's condition really is life-threatening, you'll be heading by ambulance to the nearest trauma center, wherever that may be. Still, there's a lot you can do to help your child once you get to the ER, advises retired pediatrician Shirley Stone, a professor of clinical pediatrics at New York University School of Medicine. She suggests that you ask the receiving ER staff to call your pediatrician, particularly if he or she is on staff at the hospital. Not only can the family doctor give a medical history by phone, but he or she can advocate for your child. Stone says go ahead and ask what kind of doctor is treating your child, and if you're not satisfied, demand a specialist.

The point is to cooperate without being passive. "A cooperative parent is really the best asset in an emergency room, to reassure and help pacify the child," Stone says. "You can't be sitting there instilling terror in a child, or they'll feel it. If an IV has to be put in, that parent should be right there. You've got to have a certain amount of trust, and you've got to know that everyone's on the same team."

EVERY EXAMINING ROOM AT JACOBI WAS OCCUPIED late one afternoon when suddenly the pediatric ER was filled with the cries of a young father kicking and pounding the walls. Moments earlier he'd been at home, working on a furniture project, when somehow his crawling son got hold of the bottle of turpentine he'd been using and drank from it.

Police didn't wait for an ambulance to respond to the 911 call—they headed straight to the ER with the father and son in a patrol car. Within seconds, a team of pediatric-emergency doctors, residents and nurses, soon joined by respiratory specialists and a pediatric intensivist, were working on the boy, trying at first to restart his breathing, then for 90 minutes going at his heart. It stopped; they got it beating again for almost fifteen minutes. Then it stopped again. Explaining why they continued to "run the code" so long, attending physician Dr. Sandra Cunningham said, "You're always hopeful. He's ten months old, and three hours ago he was normal."

Although the curtains were closed around the trauma room at the end of the ER, there wasn't a parent in the surrounding ring of examining rooms who didn't know what the action signified. As the mother arrived, and then the plainclothes detectives, they all grimly watched: the parents of the frequent urinator, of the crawler who ate a houseplant, of the toddler who split his lip on a shopping cart, of the arm-breaker who fell from the monkey bars, of the student who drank another's asthma medicine. Finally, they watched as a priest came and went.

Many of the same families had earlier followed the save of the day: a 16-month-old child sent directly to the ER from her pediatrician's appointment. She'd been seen with a 105-degree fever and released days earlier by another ER. The Jacobi doctors' diagnosis? Sepsis—the child's whole body was under attack from infection. She left the ER on a ventilator, but she would survive in intensive care.

No ER can save every child. But every child deserves the best effort. "The truth is that most pediatric emergencies turn out to be trivial diseases," says Metropolitan's Dr. Stone. "But those aren't the ones we get paid for."

theater

1776...Fringe in N.Y.C....The Last Empress

Broadway

Previews and Openings

1776—At a time when Broadway is finding musical potential in prostitutes and sinking ships, a show about the Declaration of Independence hardly seems a stretch. It did in 1969, when the production made its debut, but the improbable subject matter hardly stopped critics from embracing it—or industry veterans from bestowing it with both Tony and Drama Desk awards for Best Musical. Book by Peter Stone; music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. \$65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 8/14 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. \$40–\$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck*, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25–\$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre*, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie

based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50–\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Starring Bebe Neuwirth, Marilu Henner, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. \$25–\$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/31. *Belasco Theatre*, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. \$60–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.

The Gin Game—We must be grateful to D.L. Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. His Pulitzer Prize-winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail

Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. (Simon: 5/5/97). \$15–\$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/31. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Jeff Conaway plays DJ. Vince Fontaine and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. \$45–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Playmouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

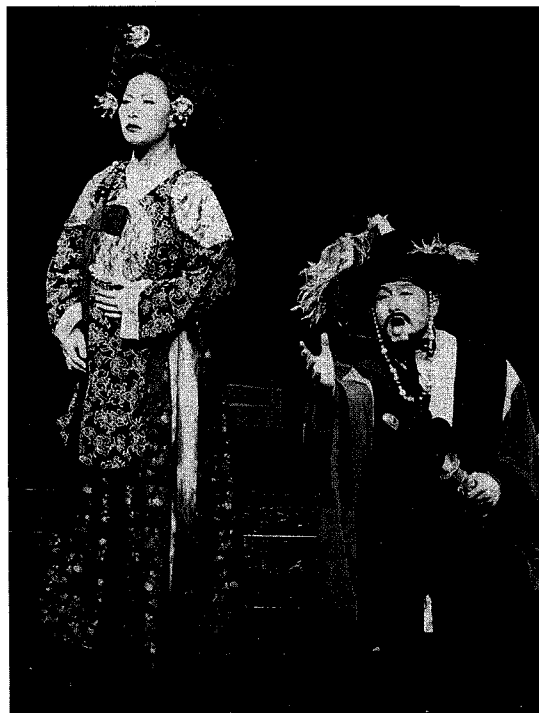
The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom*, in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. \$25–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synthesizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$15–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics



Opening Monarch Butterfly

In a highly stylized blend of opera, show tunes, and music of the Confucian court, Seoul's A-Com theater company tells the story of Queen Min, who led Korea through the late-nineteenth-century turmoil of modernization, in 'The Last Empress.' Opens August 15 at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater.

by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Misalliance—George Bernard Shaw's cheery discussion play, starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. \$45. Opened 8/7. Tues.-Fri. at 7, Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

The Last Empress—In a highly stylized blend of opera, show tunes, and music of the Confucian court, Seoul's A-Com theater company tells the story of Queen Min, who led Korea through the late-nineteenth-century turmoil of modernization. \$25-\$60. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opens 8/15. *New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, 64th St. at Broadway. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, Dallas bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. \$40-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet

paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as

canny judgment on people and fashions and life; and conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50-\$40. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues



Opening Independence Day

The libretto for *1776* was certainly strong as it was—or strong enough, at any rate, to win the Tony award for Best Musical in 1969. But Scott Ellis, director of the current revival at the Roundabout, still persuaded Peter Stone to go back and rewrite parts of the book, mainly to sharpen the arguments from the second Continental Congress and crank up the dramatic tension. Now, to Ellis's delight, the most startling thing about the production is that "you know exactly what's going to happen, and yet it still totally holds your attention." Well, maybe not that startling: Stone did, after all, write *Titanic*. Opens August 14.

well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. \$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$35-\$40. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass

among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Happening Nonconformists, Unite!

One could legitimately ask why New York is even bothering with an International Fringe Festival of its own. Surely, the marginal artist can't feel too marginalized here: Downtown is brimming with strange and whimsical theater, the city's only all-drag theater company is soon moving to Off Broadway, and Julie Taymor, of all people, is directing Disney's *The Lion King* this fall. But John Clancy, artistic director of the five-year-old Present Company and one of the festival's key organizers, says he and his nontraditional brethren suffer, perhaps definitionally, from a lack of infrastructure. "We need to get organized," he says. "We really need a time and a place to come together as one cultural force. This event might make it easier for the czars of Broadway and Off Broadway to come see us." Hence, the Fringe Festival: a multilingual, twelve-day, 168-production spree, none of which happens above 4th Street. Offerings range from old Irish chestnuts like J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* to *Mistress Elsa's Bondage Burlesque Emporium*, a variety act advertised as "Fetish Humor for the Whole Family." The organizers hope that one day this festival will rival the Edinburgh Festival fringe, where *Stomp*, *Beyond the Fringe*, and Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* made their debuts.

For now, on a budget of \$74,000, they'll settle for a small profit and slightly higher profile. "Maybe an alternative touring network will come out of it," says Clancy, his voice suddenly warm with anticipation. "You know—rather than *Cats* creeping around from town to town." The New York International Fringe Festival runs August 13 through August 24. For tickets and more information, call 420-8877 or 888-FRINGENYC.

JENNIFER SENIOR



Hannah Dalton (left) and Madi Distefano in Fringe N.Y.C.'s 'Eye-95.'

Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Joel Colodner. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. \$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. \$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).

Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and

Sun. at 3. Through 8/31. Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

On the Town—With no Shakespeare left in the cupboard, the organizers of the New York Shakespeare Festival had to find some felicitous replacement to fill the Delacorte stage. Their ultimate selection—perhaps inspired by the hordes mucking about during fleet week—was this 1944 musical, which ran at the Adelphi Theatre for more than a year. In addition to the chipper rhythms of Leonard Bernstein's score, the production features a four-story, 120-foot steel bridge, patterned after the styles of the most famous bridges in Manhattan. Free. Tues.-Sun. at 8. Previews begin 7/31. Delacorte Theatre at Central Park (539-8655).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29.50-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

Sugar Down Billie Hoak—In a subway station near the meatpacking district, two homeless teenagers grapple with their fates. Presented by the New American Stage Company; written by Brian Silbermann. Contains strong, adult language. \$25. Mon. at 8:30, Thurs.-Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/16. Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wed-

ding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

Baby Redboots' Revenge—A comedy by Philip Dimitri Galas about a child star doomed to life in a polka band. Presented by Fringe N.Y.C.. \$11. Times vary. 8/13-8/23. Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (420-8877).

Candide—This time, it's music-free and farther uptown. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8. 78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (595-1733).

Charlatan: A Memoir of Sergei Diaghilev—Tony Tanner's one-man bioprogram about the premier Russian ballet dancer. Presented by Fringe N.Y.C.. \$11. Times vary. 8/13-8/23. The Pink Pony, 176 Ludlow St. (420-8877).

Greetings From Hollywood—By Cyndi Freeman. A series of monologues about women in the film industry. Presented by Fringe N.Y.C.. \$11. Times vary. 8/14-8/23. Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (420-8877).

The Last Session—A new musical about a singer-songwriter with AIDS. Book by Jim Brochu; music and lyrics by Steve Schachlin. \$25-\$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Currican Theatre, 154 W. 29th St. (736-2533).

A Lullaby for Murder—A thriller about some Hell! Kitchen locals who take refuge in a bar during a snowstorm, hoping to escape the Pious Weatherman, a serial killer who strikes only during inclement weather. Written by Le Wilhelm. \$15. Tues.-Sat. at 8. Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (769-7973).

The Sixth Commandment—A reprise of last year's JE Theatricals production about a minister who kill an abortion doctor. Presented by Fringe N.Y.C.. \$11. Times vary. 8/15-8/23. House of Candles, 93 Stanton St. (420-8877).

Stuck—Sean Power reprises his role as Jack, the gay despairing, and unemployed artist. \$10. Mon.-Wed. at 8. Through 8/20. HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. at Dominick St. (647-0202).

True Confessions of a Go-Go Girl—Jill Morley's look at jiggling for dollars. \$15. Thurs. and Fri. at 10:30. Red Room Theatre at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (460-0982).

art

Cai Guo Qiang... Water Photographs

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Abraham J. Bogdanov—Paintings of views of Monhegan Island, Maine, where the Russian-born artist (1886-1946) spent his summers; through 9/27. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Choong-Sup Lim—An installation of display cases in which found objects have been assembled; through 9/3. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Kim MacConnel—A project inspired by the nineteenth-century Japanese woodblock prints known as "100 Views of Mt. Fuji From the Fujiwara Prefecture," in which large-scale groupings of photographs are arranged to mimic tourist viewpoint plaques and panoramas from several locations surrounding Mt. Fuji; through 8/23. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Abbott Miller—An installation of 525 books that are the size and shape of bricks and arranged in a series of masonry constructions; through 8/22. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Chelsea

Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Other

Bertrand Ivanoff—A site-specific installation of a light cascade of water on the floors of an empty warehouse adjacent to the Staten Island Ferry, hosted by the Snug Harbor Cultural Center's Newhouse Center of Contemporary Art; through 9/7. 1 Bay St., Lot #175, Staten Island (718-448-2500), Fri.-Sun. 3-7.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Leacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American land-

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

scape paintings by Clark, Heade, Inness, Moran, Picknell, Shattuck, others; through 9/6.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). New sculptures by Apfelbaum, Ashkin, Baron, Feher, Greco, Levine, Paine, Soriano, others; through 8/29.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Happily Married: American Frames (and Their Paintings) 1725-1950," with picture frames by the Foster Brothers and Herman Dudley of Boston, and Newcomb-Macklin and Albert Milch of New York, and paintings by Hassam, Marin, Maurer, Prendergast, others; through 9/19.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Freak Show: Side Show Banner Paintings," with works from the forties and fifties by P. Barnett, Fred Johnson, Johnny Meah, Al Renton, and Snap Wyatt; through 8/15.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.

Malca—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.

Werner—21 E. 67th St. (988-1623). Paintings by Baselitz, Kirkeby, Leroy, Lüpert; through 9/6.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.

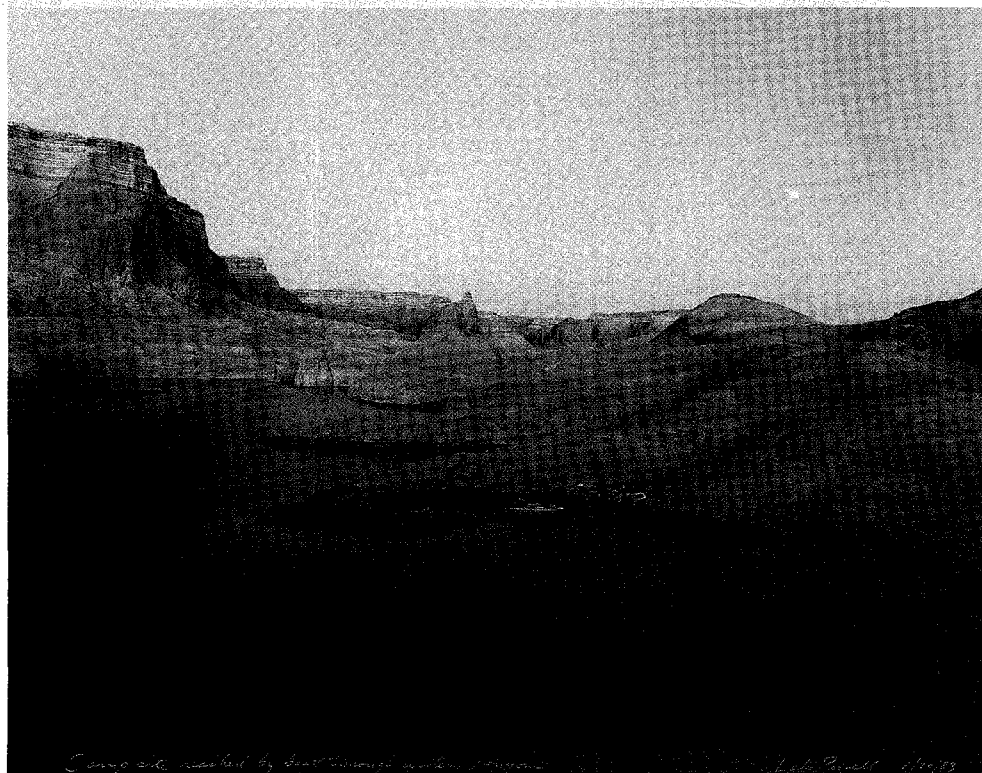
De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Paintings from the collection of Roland Pease—many of them purchased from this gallery during the fifties—by Blaine, Freilicher, Gorchov, Hartigan, Rivers, others; through 9/13.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub,

Photography Water Logged

Rounding out summer's theme shows is "Water," featuring conceptual and documentary images of the basic element by Robert Adams, Mark Klett (below, *Campsite reached by boat through watery canyons, Lake Powell*), Sally Mann, Garry Winogrand, and others. At PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 East 57th Street; through August 29.



Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.
Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). Ceramic works by Lord, Price, and Woodman; through 8/15.
French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.
Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Baumgarten, Casebere, Muñoz, Penone, Richter, others; through 8/29.
McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Summer group show of works by Bakker, Karella, Lewis, Marden, Nauman; through 9/6 (August by appointment).
Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings and photographs of aerial perspectives by Bordo, Innerst, Jacquette, Wegman, Wilson, Yarber; through 8/15.
PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Calder, Jadd, Lichtenstein, Martin, Oldenburg/vanBrueggan, Schnabel, Smith; through 8/22.
Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944 through 1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.
St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirschfeld, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.
Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Secrets," with works by Bell, Caponigro, Cook, Weber, Wilde; through 8/22.
Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpe, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.
Whalen—24 W. 57th St. (397-9700). Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of summer by Bricher, Curran, Helleu, Kensett, Lawson, others; through 8/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Albus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). Works by Krushenick, Stanley, Stevenson, Twardowicz, Redinger; through 8/30.
Art et Industrie—52 Thompson St. (966-6800). Recent sculpture by Avedisian, Clark, Henderson, Nicolai, Parker, Ryan, Snyder, Sunnarborg; through 8/16.
Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Collective Action," with works by Alexeev, Elagina, Monastyrsky, Panitkov, others; through 8/16.
Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Blair, Fecteau, Hawkins, Wurtz; through 8/15.
Inghar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.
Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Magnetic," with works on paper by Dorner, Inness, Leonilsen, Prendergast, Sarmiento, Ruscha; through 9/5.
Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show, with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Von Betzen, others; through 8/15.
Printed Matter, Inc.—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "Summer Reading," with artists' books by Ess, Guzman, Hahif, Kupferberg, Schor, Sheehan, the Tinklers, others; through 8/30.
Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). New prints by Burton, Kelly, Kendrick, Spence; through 8/15.
Senior—375 W. Broadway (941-0960). "Tracery," with works by Cohen, El Hanani, Marsh, Rule, Shepherd, Siena, Zimmerman; through 9/20.
Steinbaum Krauss—132 Greene St. (431-4224). "Hung Out to Dry," with works by Benes, Brandt, Chunn, C. Cramer, R. Cramer, Cruz, Edelson, Lovell, Norvell, Schapiro, Schor, Semmel, Shimomura, Wexler, others; through 8/28.
Teller—568 Broadway (941-7335). Prints from the twenties through the forties that depict people dancing, by Bacon, Benton, Biddle, Demuth, Homer, Nelson, others; through 8/28.

Chelsea

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). Works by nine artists that explore the connection between time and memory in response to specific spaces; through 8/16.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695). Works by gallery and invited artists, including Amer, Bellavista, Elzondo, Ocampo, Siquier, others; through 8/18.

Other

Long Island University/Brooklyn Campus—1 University Plaza, at Flatbush and DeKalb Aves., Brooklyn (718-488-1051). Outdoor sculptures by Blackwell, Lee, McLaughlin, Pospisil, Ramsaran, Seng; through 10/31.
Socrates Sculpture Park—Vernon Blvd. at Broadway, Long Island City (718-956-1819), open daily, 10 A.M. to sunset. "From the Ground Up," with new sculpture by Baron, Di Suvero, Jagger, Van Alstine, others; through 9/1.

Photography

Arsenal—The Arsenal Building, in Central Park at 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (360-3410), Mon.-Fri. 9-5. "Horsing Around: A Frisky History of Equines in Parks," featuring more than 50 photographs of horses taken between 1860 and 1994 from the Parks Photo Archive; through 9/4.
Peter Beard—"Carnets Africains," with vintage photographs and blood paintings from Kenya; through 1/31/98. The Time Is Always Now, 476 Broome St. (343-2211).
Marianne Courville—Lifochrome prints of the artist's film stills and of stills from home movies made by her father and grandfather; through 8/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).
Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in

1954 and portraits of the artist's friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.

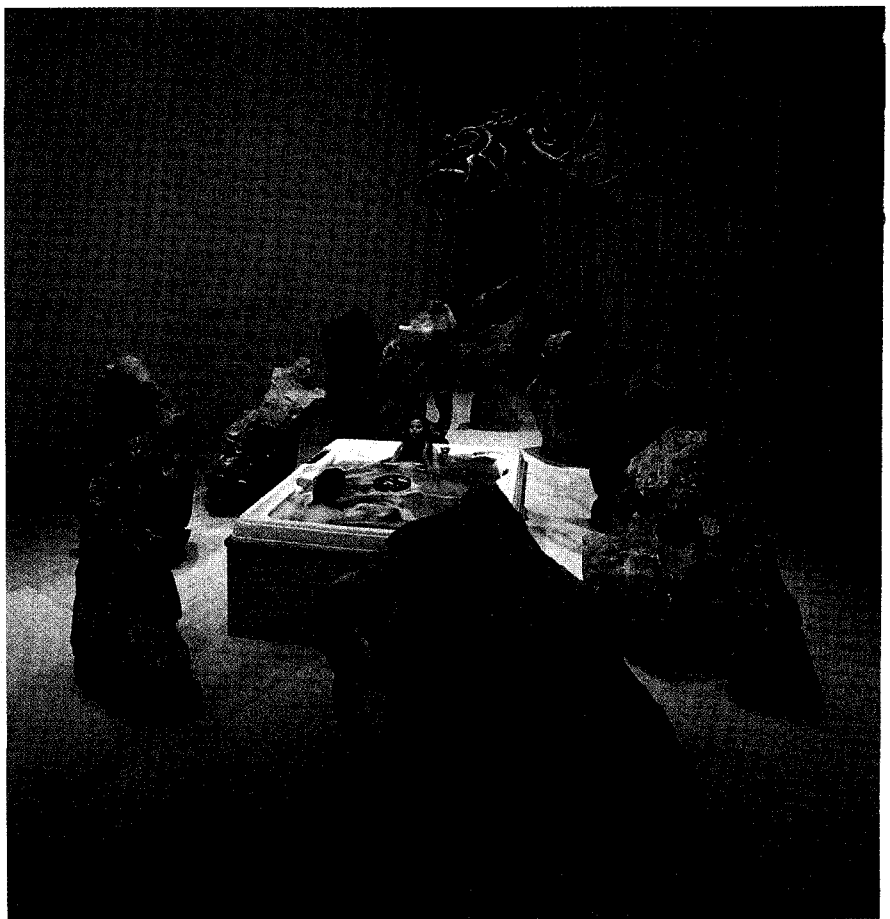
International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.-Sun. 11-6, Tues. 11-8 (6-8 admission by voluntary contribution); \$4, \$2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7.

George Platt Lynes—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935 and 1955; through 8/15. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Mann—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Recent photographs by Barth, Dijkstra, Moffatt, van Lam-sweerde; through 8/29.

Fred McDarrah—Vintage prints from the sixties, including images of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Jack Kerouac, Robert F. Kennedy, Andy Warhol, and



Talent In *Cultural Melting Bath: Projects for the 20th Century*, Chinese artist Cai Guo-Qiang uses live birds, a medicinal herb bath in a Western-style hot tub, Chinese fabric, banyan-tree roots, and massive fen shui-arranged stones to create a soothing—and, theoretically, socially healing—environment. At the Queens Museum of Art, New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens; through October 26.

Photograph courtesy of the Queens Museum of Art

others; through 8/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; through 8/20.

Lisette Model—Works from the Permanent Collection of the International Center of Photography spanning the entire career of the Austrian-born, New York-based photographer (1901-1983); through 9/19. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8-6; free.

Newseum/NY—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596), Mon.-Fri. 10-5:30, Sat. 10-5. "Replay! Great Photo Moments from *Sports Illustrated*," with more than 100 pictures from the fifties to the present; through 10/25.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by gallery artists, including Barber, Cody, Epstein, Gentl, McLaughlin, Phelps, Prozzo, others; through 9/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; through 9/6.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs on the theme of summer pleasures, by Cartier-Bresson, La Chapelle, Miller, Ritts, von Unwerth, others; through 9/6.

Jock Sturges—Recent portraits of girls; through 8/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). "L'Homme at Home: Photographs of Male Nudes From the Nineteenth Century to the Present"; through 9/6.

Winston Wächter—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). Photographs by Linda Girvin, Jean Kallina, and Joel Meyerowitz; through 8/15.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!," with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/15.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. "Extinct!" Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855-1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6-8.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part III"; through 9/14. "XVII Artists in the Marketplace Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists who live in the New York metropolitan area; through 9/14. "Chinese Women Against the Tide." Works by five women artists from China living in the People's Republic of China or in New York City; through 9/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3 suggested donation; \$2 students; \$1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. "The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840-1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-9, Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929-72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/24. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909); Tues. 10-9, Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that re-creates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. "Project: Print." Works by high-school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642); Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/1. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$10, \$7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800-1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. "Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 8/17. "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 8/31. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. "Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897-1983); through 9/7. "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for

social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900-1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910-1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman." The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. "Paris/The 1890s." Prints, illustrated books, posters, and ephemera by Pierre Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, and others; through 9/2. "Projects: John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Luc Tuymans"; through 9/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$9.50, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898-1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907-1990) made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10-5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley"; through 9/13. "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 10/5. "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now

the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—A comprehensive collection of sculpture, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets, and lamps by the American-Japanese sculptor (1904-1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32-37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-721-1932), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 seniors and students (on Sat. and Sun. the museum operates a \$5 roundtrip shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from Park Ave. and 70th St. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: Cultural Melting Bath." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 10/26. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Skyscraper Museum—"Downtown New York: The Architecture of Business/The Business of Buildings." Lower Manhattan's architectural, economic, and social history of the past century detailed through maps, models, photographs, postcards, and brochures; through 8/30. 44 Wall St. (968-1961), Tues.-Sat. 12-6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996-1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958-90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922-1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . . "The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882-1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. . . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 8/20 at 10: "End of Summer Sale." On view from 8/15.

Rubenstein *continued from page 56*

and a trio of spiced oils, and it's even better when that sevice is done as a special with slices of sea scallop. You've had tuna tartare how many times? Now remember why; here it's brash and oh-so-smooth. The only complaint against the giant prawns hot-bathed in a luxuriance of oranges and sesame sauce alongside a cool shower of somen noodles was that there were only two. Ten might not have been enough. Pretty as it is, the Osetra caviar isn't worth the \$17.50. The tomato salad falls victim to the usual complaint: Tomatoes today, whatever their color, rarely have flavor.

There is also a sushi bar. Raw fish may not seem the most courtworthy of cuisines, until you realize one inherent advantage—what could be easier to share? Bring on the dragon rolls bursting with eel and avocado, the meaty tuna and bracing seaweed salad. The jellied seafood cocktail is best left to lock-jawed hostesses with a weakness for aspic. The dim sum is original and enterprisingly prepared—especially the lamb samosas with chutney, the crab-and-corn gyoza, and the duck spring rolls with plum sauce—but it winds up as a bunch of effortful teasers, Jessye Norman essaying the Carly Simon songbook.

Why be teased when you can swoon over what Robins does with the big courses? Steak is rarely bewitched into something special, but red-chili chutney dazzles a tenderloin. It's hard to judge what is more enticing, the grilled morels and parsnip-hazelnut purée or the grilled rack of lamb they accompany. The lemongrass chicken only makes the lunch menu, which is a shame—the night's less fun without it. Get a lobster-mango salad with fennel, arugula, and black truffles for the table. You won't be able to hoard it. Robins stumbles, however, with fish. The red snapper is a wreckage of curry abuse. With other fish, mistakes are more easily rectifiable. Seared too well on the outside, the mahimahi never takes to its Thai-basil oil the way the shrimp rolls on the side relish their chili-garlic sauce. The overroasted cod also almost gets the brush-off from a fragrant five-spice chili oil. Here's another easy-to-fix error. Now that Robins no longer works under Gotham Bar & Grill's Alfred Portale, there is no reason to copy his foolish, cumbersome, and ultimately all-fall-down, house-of-shards school of edible architecture. Use the plate.

As anyone who's ever gone a-courtin' knows, you should save your most velvety moves for the last dance, the touches that will make your intended feel safe and surrounded by sweet reminiscence. Which is

why I'm going to pretend I never had dessert at Match. Except for a poorly paced kitchen that often leaves you with anxious conversation lulls, so much is so right here, in such savvy Tony Bennett-singing-with-just-his-trio syncopation, that each unexpectedly off-kilter dessert had the slap of a cold shower. So stop with coffee, or maybe a snifter of brandy. The night is too nice; it's all close and cozy. And as the progeny of Maxwell's Plum's habitués are finding out, there's an old burlesque joke that still rings true: *It's easy to make a friend. What's hard is to make a stranger.*

Match Uptown, 33 East 60th Street (906-9177). Tuesday through Saturday, noon-2 a.m.; Sunday (dinner only), 5-11 p.m.; Monday, noon-midnight. Appetizers are \$8.50-\$17.50; entrées, \$23.50-\$29.50. A.E., M.C., V.

IF ONLY YOUNG SWAINS COULD CONDUCT courtship insouciantly, almost offhandedly, as they do in Europe, at sidewalk cafés. We like to pretend it's possible in New York, but save for the unique geometry of Sixth Avenue near Houston, which affords Bar Pitti/Da Silvano's alfresco space a sidewalk wide enough to let you watch the passing parade without its dipping into your pasta, outdoor cafés in New York are as comfortable as a cyst. The **Mistral Terrace** may not evoke its airy namesake—it's hard to be breezy with the Trumpisphere looming overhead—but its hedge-bordered elevated setting above the tumult of Columbus Circle, and Jean-Georges's easy, Sunday-in-the-park menu, at least make dining literally out seem a lot less star-crossed. No matter what you've been told, however, this is no substitute for what you're missing by not being able to get reservations inside. The cooking is much less complex. Combinations are smart but deliberately basic. Watermelon and goat cheese is just that. And while the plate may be as welcome as your toes wiggling in a running brook, it is Vongerichten doing picnic food, an artist coloring with the small box of Crayolas. Nothing more. Sweet lamb shoulder, comforting rotisserie chicken, sea bass in a bright ginger oil, classic pêche melba and poire belle Hélène, and fraises Romanoff, a dessert as light as children's laughter. These are all choices you could happily spread out on a checkered cloth waiting for sundown and the Philharmonic. Now, maybe you're like Bette Davis, happy not to ask for the moon when you have the stars. But love looks so much better in the moonlight.

The Mistral Terrace, 1 Central Park West (299-3900). Daily, 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m. Appetizers are \$8-\$12; entrées \$15-\$20. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

restaurants

Dough Raising...Gourmet Grill...Primavera

Manhattan

Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Divya—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. 340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Jelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zep-pole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that

strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church

St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Opening Packing the Deck

Having already cultivated an elegant, urbane following, Patroon loosens up with a brand-new roof deck, prettified with greenery and candlelight, which will remain open late into the fall. Chef Franck Deletrain turns his refined attention to such patio fare as baby-back ribs, long dogs, shrimp kebabs, and all manner of grilled things. (160 East 46th Street.)



Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Mirzi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. 248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Dix et Sept—Brick-walled, softly-lit Parisian-style bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr*. 181 W. 10th St. (645-8023). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungey feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and

chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiophiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. 70 W. 3rd St. (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Bella Donna Bar and Grill—The third in a line of inexpensive Italian pasta parlors, this downtown branch satisfies all manner of macaroni cravings, with dishes like rigatoni Carmine, penne vodka, and capellini pescatore. Cap it off with tirami su, the house dessert. 18 E. 23rd St. (505-3678). (I-M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable \$18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V

Gramercy Tavern—As a second

act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The *au courant* Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. 239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Pitchoune—A cute, tremendously popular neighborhood hangout that attracts fans from all over town for its affordable Provençal-inspired food. Entrées, such as crisp cod with black-olive mashed potatoes, crusted skate with artichokes and barigoule vinaigrette, and filet mignon with ratatouille and polenta in juniper sauce run \$14-\$17. 226 Third Ave., at 19th St. (614-8641). (M) MC, V

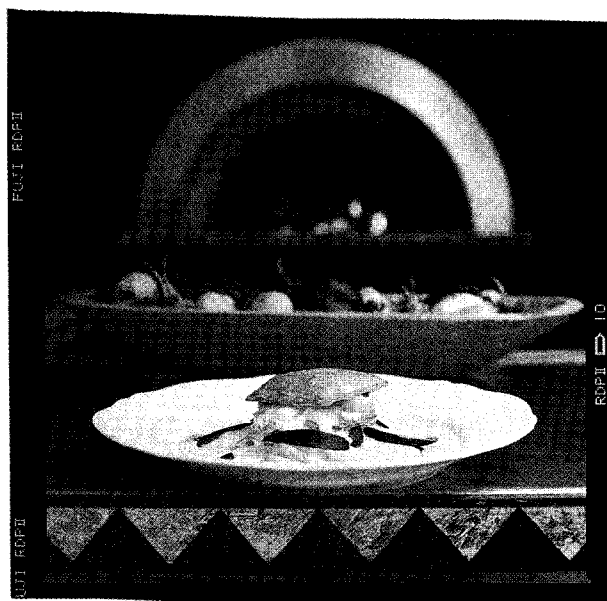
Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. 587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

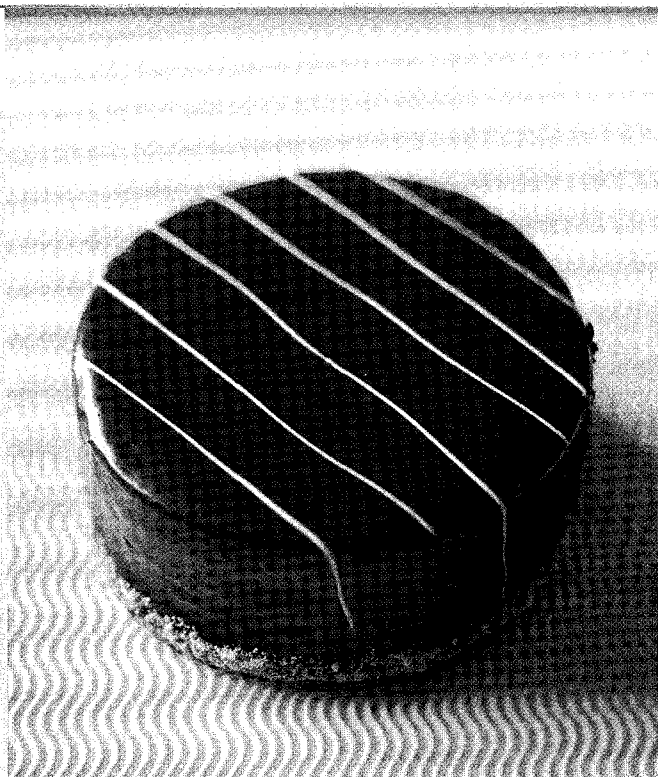
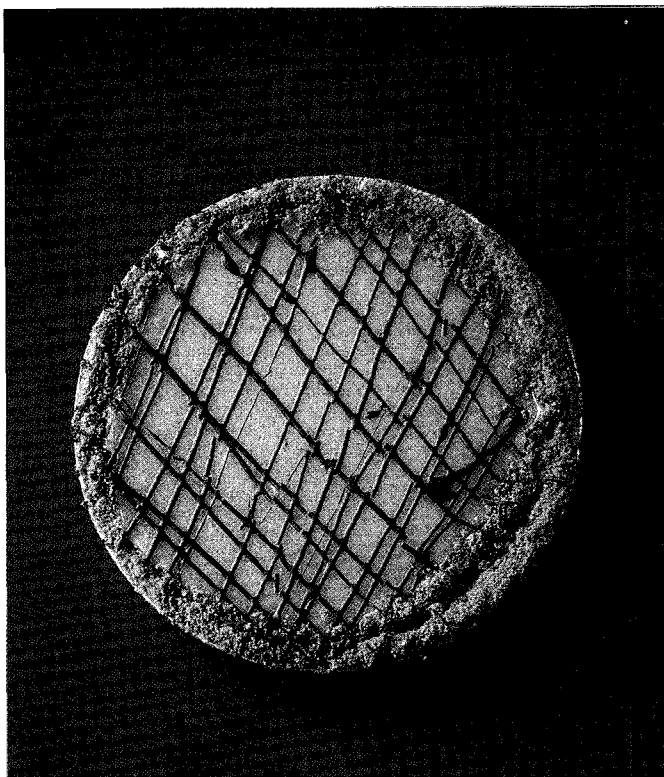
Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodie from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W



Object of Desire Fructose Fantasia

At Hamptons offshoot Nick & Toni's Café, chef Darren McDonald incorporates exotic hybrids like doughnut peaches, mango nectarines, and dinosaur plums into his artfully layered fruit napoleon. A white-wine sabayon anchors succulent slices of the day's selection to a flaky phyllo crust. (100 West 67th Street.

Photograph by Robert Wright



Data Fast-Rising Dough

Bigger is always better. That is, unless you're Snapple—subsumed, not very successfully, by Quaker Oats—or William Greenberg Jr., who resigned from his 50-year-old bakery in the heated aftermath of a buyout. Flying in the face of these cautionary tales, boutique bakery Ecce Panis has launched a huge, carefully plotted expansion. When it opened nine years ago, Ecce Panis presaged the trend of restaurant-affiliated bakeries. The Santo clan, which owns the Sign of the Dove, had been fielding countless requests from diners for the bread they'd eaten with dinner. "I would wrap a loaf in tin foil and let them take it home," says Henny Santo. But the chef worried about dwindling dinner supplies and disapproved of the practice. That conflict dissolved when the Santos opened a bakery down the street, but with limited production space, Ecce Panis could never satisfy demand, let alone make a broad push into the wholesale market. To grow, Ecce Panis needed a major cash infusion and a new outlook. Enter consultant Phil Columbo, who last summer found Wall Street investors and subsequently became president and CEO of the company's new incarnation, Ecce Panis, Inc. With those three little letters, the bakery acquired new leadership; a \$1.5 million, 54,000-

square-foot production facility near Giants Stadium; and even a new lexicon studded with such corporate terminology as "aggressive business plan," "product presence," "venture capitalists," and, especially, "fast growth." For eight years, only Upper East Siders had easy access to the bakery's two retail shops; Columbo plans to open eight new stores within a year—next stop, if all goes well, World Trade Center—and the year after that, expand to Philadelphia and Washington. Meanwhile, the wholesale business has exploded, with corporate accounts at the Waldorf, the Metropolitan Museum, the New York Athletic Club, and even Starbucks, which has begun selling Ecce Panis sandwiches in 65 local stores. The company's product line has burgeoned, too, with a new dessert category of fudgy bar cookies, pound cakes, fruit pies, and tortes (pictured). Still, despite the frenzied expansion, retail customers are unlikely to notice a change—other than the happy surprise of finding the once only-on-weekends chocolate bread all week long. Santo, whose husband and brother-in-law sit on the board of directors, has faith that the bakery will retain its soul. "It's like raising a child," she says. "Sometimes they grow up and they're better than you."

ROBIN RAISFELD

20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Sull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly busi-

ness crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. 301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

The Comfort Diner—Stylized diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. 214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local

office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to

relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder and pommes Anna. 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, *Shinbashi-an*, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. 230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and

chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.96 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmark Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a \$21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such

hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. 1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this theme diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. 1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. 152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot



Dad thinks nuova cucina Italiana is unforgivable.

Lead him through the time warp at Primavera, where uptown dinosaurs celebrate being rich and alive in a burnished walnut-paneled cocoon that has scarcely changed in two decades. Habitues ignore the menu, trusting padrone Nicola Civetta to tempt them with wild mushrooms in season and luscious roasted capretto—young goat marinated in lemon, garlic, olive oil, and rosemary. Forgo roccoco saucy sludge for an unadorned veal chop and penne all'arrabbiata, spicy but not too, al dente but not too—better than any of dozens we tasted recently in Rome. Finish with feather-light cheesecake, smartly tart sorbets, or the classic furbelow of fresh fruit. (1578 First Avenue, at 82nd Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chier.

in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. 650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I-M) AE, TM, V

Sterea al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Sterea del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V

Tatsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Tig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V

Rainbow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—now prepared by new chef Waldy Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar, or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

edey Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M-E) AE, DS, MC, V

en Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

uth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and

wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. 761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. 19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

57th–60th Streets

August Moon—This new candlelit, serene Chinese restaurant specializes in Hunan and Cantonese cuisine. Try the homemade dumplings, steamed whole fish, or Peking duck carved tableside. 145 W. 58th St. (581-2288). (M) AE, MC, V

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. 160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

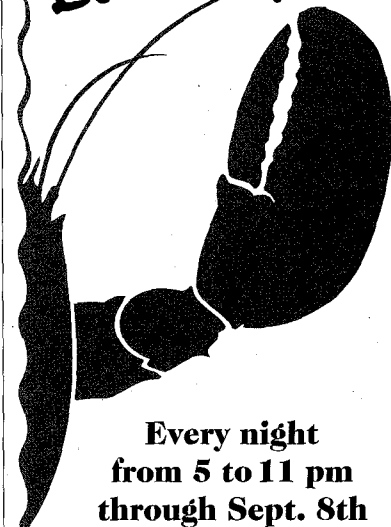
The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the

5th Annual Down East Clambake and Lobsterfest!



Every night
from 5 to 11 pm
through Sept. 8th

1 1/4 lb. Lobster
Steamed Clams and Mussels
With Boiled Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Corn Bread and Coleslaw
and for dessert
New York Cheesecake
All for \$25⁹⁵



American Festival Cafe
proudly accepts the
American Express® Card

Cards



**American
Festival Cafe**
at Rockefeller Plaza

20 West 50th Street, Concourse Level
For reservations:
(212) 332-7620

food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. 313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. 19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Oriente—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. 205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decid-

edly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the *Louell Hotel* (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Trattoria Libertà—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. 1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. 206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk cafe and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. 519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—and a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a DJ tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. 373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en crouste and salmon with lobster potatoes. 48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. 70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. 2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Boys continued from page 27

high-five. "I can do better," Jeremy says.

"You can do better," says Mylar.

Jeremy nods. "Totally better."

A TROPHY WIFE CAN WALK AWAY FROM HER ill-fated liaison with a nice chunk of change. But for the kept boy, there's little protection once the fireworks end. A savvy guy with an eye on his future can come out with a job, a reference, a new identity. "There's this Pygmalion aspect to all of this," says Danny Fields. "You have boys who come to this city eating soup with a fork, and they come out polished, with a trade, a language, a skill."

But more often, tarnished trophy boys find themselves facing their late twenties or early thirties with few prospects. Like Andrew Cunanan. After he began his rampage, some speculated that Cunanan had flown into a panic because he was over the hill—he was almost 28 and was twenty pounds overweight. "Looks are a perishable commodity on this circuit," says one gay party promoter who's been on the scene for a long time. "You get handed your gold watch at around 27."

"Don't be surprised if one day you see a disgruntled, down-sized kept boy holding up a sign on Santa Monica Boulevard reading UNION!" says author Doug Greenan.

Not surprisingly, Jamie Saint-Just is obsessed with youth, to the point that he's recently gotten involved on the side with a 19-year-old. Now Jamie's the one paying for shoes, flying the boy over from London. "This kid is the *greatest* kid," he says. "You know how when you're 15 and every experience you have is just the most intense and pure moment? I get a kick out of watching him go through that. In a way, I feel like his big brother or something."

One of Jamie's current keepers is only a year and a half older than he is, "but he may not realize it," says Jamie, whose youthful looks are a miracle of nature, no science. "No plastic surgery," he claims. "But hopefully, someday."

Jamie remembers a friend of his who was mentioned in the *Esquire* article. The guy is a famous author now. Wrote a best seller; has a view of the park, Belgian loafers, the whole package. "It's good for him, I guess, because he was so ambitious," Jamie says. "In college, he was kind of a wannabe. And I was the most popular. I always thought it would be enough that people desired my company."

People ask where the money came from. It's always an awkward moment. Jamie remembers another piece of advice his uncle gave him, soon after he graduated from college. "Go to law school," he said. Sometimes, Jamie wishes he had. ■

nightlife

K r a l l . . . D y l a n . . . R u t h B r o w n

Concerts

"Blues Cruise"—Every Wednesday, it's blue music on the harbor's somewhat blue water. 8/13: Terrance Simien. Cruises at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *Seaport Liberty Cruise Lines, Pier 16, South Street Seaport (1-888-DA-BLUES). \$20-\$25.*

Celebrate Brooklyn Performing Arts Festival—Three months of free jazz, soul, world music, and readings. Shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. 8/15: Ferron; Dave Hall; Laura Wetzler. 8/16: Calypso Rose; Ella Andall—two leading Calypso lights, in a rare double-header. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). Free (\$3 suggested contribution).*

David Byrne—In the text portion of Byrne's 1995 photography book, *Strange Ritual*, the former Talking Head described his frustration with singing: The more emotion he tried to convey, he discovered, the more often listeners got the sense that the singer was feeling nothing so much as a desperate need to convey something—*anything*. Two years later, he's delved into electronic music for the first time in years and come up with *Feelings*, a warm, multifaceted album mercifully devoid of both antiseptic electric bleeping and the desperate bleating Byrne fretted over in his book. Instead, the singer blends samples and drum-machine patterns with a wide array of musical styles and textures as rich as anything he's done since splitting with the Heads. 8/14 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$18.50.*

Alice Cooper—America's No. 1 golf-playing, make-up-wearing, Satan-worshipping (okay, just kidding about the last one) metal god has inspired more bizarre rumors than any other reportedly normal fella. After all, who could truly be shocked by a man reported to have grown his hair long at the behest of a Phoenix, Arizona, librarian—who told Cooper the lengthy locks would make him look like a medieval knight? Take that, Kiss! With the less enduring Dokken, Slaughter, and Warrant. 8/13 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$35.*

Sheryl Crow—Of all the singer-guitarists in what may someday be named the Lilith Fair Generation, Crow is the hands-down best, by any yardstick. She's got a better sense of humor than Sarah McLachlan, a better voice than Jewel, and far better songs than any of them. Wilco, a midwestern quartet whose earthy twang is charming and nontreating (if less fun than Crow's own, Eagles-inspired country blend), opens. 8/15 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$35.*

Bob Dylan—A welcome-back, get-well-soon, and album-release party all rolled into one. Sort of. With candor uncommon in such situations, Dylan's record label, Columbia, announced earlier this summer that the singer was in a British hospital with a potentially fatal heart condition. Mercifully, the diagnosis turned out to be a bit alarmist, and Dylan was released in time to complete *Time Out of Mind* and to play most of his scheduled tour dates. Not bad for a guy with a bum ticker. With Ani DiFran-



Talent Queen R&B

The title of Ruth Brown's new CD, *Ruth Brown = R&B*, pretty much says it all. Brown, a.k.a. "Miss Rhythm," heats up *Rainbow & Stars* with her attitude-filled blues—by turns innuendo-drenched, soulful, and heart-rending—August 12 through 30.

co (the post-punk generation's very own, sprightlier Dylan) and the whimsical, authentic country outfit BR5-49. 8/17 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$33.50.*

H.O.R.D.E. Festival '97—This year's Hacky-Sack-apalooza is, as ever, a mammoth, roving sideshow whose eclecticism promises, at worst, to mire the whole undertaking in an identity crisis—and, at best, to appeal to wearers of dreadlocks, nose rings, raver-wear, and, yes, flannel. The always-fiery Neil Young & Crazy Horse are the improbable and great headliners; Beck, Soul Coughing, and Ben Folds Five form an alt-rock vanguard; and Primus, Toad the Wet Sprocket, and others too numerous to mention provide the requisite filler material—and plenty of it. 8/12 at 6 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$30.*

Roy Hargrove—Jazz at Lincoln Center and the Central Park Conservancy present the great young trumpeter, leading his Cuban band, Crisol. Featured musicians include Cuban piano giant Chucho Valdes. 8/16 at 3 P.M. *The Great Hill, Central Park West and 106th St. (360-8236). Free.*

Al Jarreau—With Boney James. 8/12 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$35-\$50.*

Jethro Tull—Hmmm. "Aqualung" by the seashore. Has a catchy ring to it. 8/16 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$33.50.*

Kenny Loggins—8/18 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$35-\$50.*

Megadeth—8/14 at 7:30 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom (307-7171). \$22.50.*

"Moonlight Dancing in the Park"—Alex Donner's fourteen-piece orchestra transforms Wollman Rink into a glamorous little swing- and Latin-dance boîte to rival Lincoln Center's outdoor venue. Thurs.-Sun. 6 P.M.-11 P.M. *Wollman Rink, Central Park near 60th St. (396-1010, ext. 5). \$12, or \$20 per couple.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 8/15: Life in a Blender. 8/16: Dimitri and the Supreme 5000. 95 *Stanton St. (358-1633). \$.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/12: Joan Baez, with guest appearances by Richard Shindell, Betty Elders, and Sinead Lohan. 8/13: Graham Parker; Elliott Murphy; Joe Grushecky. 8/15: Ed Palermo & His Big Band play the music of Frank Zappa. 8/19: The Commitments. 15 *W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 8/13: Lincoln plays deft, sensitive, funny pop. 8/14: Varnaline. 8/17: Tsunami; Ida. 8/18: At the vanguard of Japan's burgeoning psychedelic-folk scene, Tokyo six-piece Ghost concocts a swirling blend of delicately tripped-out pop and Led Zepelin-style headiness. 8/20: Lincoln. 169 *Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 8/13: Geezer, starring ex-Black Sabbath bassist Geezer Butler. 315 *Bouery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 8/14: New York's famous-for-five-minutes Psychotica—last year's Next Big Thing, this year's *Where Are They Now?*—filers. The quick demise must have something to do with the act's unusually high style-to-substance ratio, which in turn seems to have resulted from a formula that matched silver jump suits with aimlessly noisy crypto-metal. 8/19: Dandy Warhols; Polara. 15 *St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.



Talent Red-Hot and Cool

Having successfully set the cabaret and jazz worlds ablaze during the past two years, Diana Krall was a little surprised to find herself totally unrecognized at a recent television taping. "People kept coming up to me and asking, 'Are you really a singer?'" she laughs. "I felt kind of good about that: I blended in." The show was *Melrose Place*; the part, steamy chanteuse in Amanda and Kyle's new nightclub. Further TV appearances will be welcomed, needless to say, but not actively pursued. Fortunately for New Yorkers, Krall and her trio return to the Algonquin's Oak Room—an encore to last year's wildly successful gig—with a three-week stint beginning August 12. This year's engagement is sure to showcase the same fiery, youthful—dare we say rocking?—presence that's made Krall such an anomalous cabaret star. But her forthcoming album, *Love Scenes*, finds her in a mellower mood, singing hushed, intimate renditions of standards like "How Deep Is the Ocean" and "All or Nothing at All." Even on the wickedly tongue-in-cheek "Peel Me a Grape," Krall delivers the song's most biting moments with a quiet grace. Notable among her eclectic influences, she says, is the spare Western twang of Willie Nelson, circa *Spirit*, and Patsy Cline. "Sometimes," she says of the pared-down sound, "simplicity is the hardest thing to achieve. But when all the pieces fit, it's magic." **ETHAN SMITH**

groove to some of the best DJ's in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). \$.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authori-

ty rarely seen in jazz today. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 8/12: Amy Rigby; Richard X. Heyman. 8/15: 5 Chinese Brothers. 8/17: European jazz vocalist Ian Shaw. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/13: Gov't Mule. 8/14: Pop darling Edwin McCain. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/12: Sean Lennon. 8/13: Candy Butchers; Wookie. 8/14-8/16: The charming and funny Jill Sobule, who's done an admirable job of escaping the novelty-act fate last year's "I Kissed a Girl" seemed to presage. 8/17: Ran Blake; Ebran Elisha's Kinetic Music; Hasidic New Wave; Hotel X with Bern Nix. 8/18: Mac Gollehon and Mac's Smokin' Section, with Lester Bowie; Ed Ware's Spaces; Rob Reddy Octet. 8/19: Phillip Johnston's Transparent Quartet; Other Dimensions in Music; Andrew Lamb Quartet; Vira Loco. 8/20: Matt Darjaui's Paradox Trio; Andrea Parkins Group; Joe Maneri Trio; Eugene Chadbourne's Insect and Western Party. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Every Saturday, the aptly named Harlem All-Stars show *Swingers*-era swingers how it's done. 8/14: Rev. Vince Anderson & the Love Choir. 8/20: Smoking rockabilly legend Ronnie Dawson, still unstoppable after 40 years in the business. 622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker Sts. (460-9633).

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 8/13: Coco Montoya. 8/14: The Bill Perry Band. 8/15: Little Buster & the Soul Brothers. 1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headline parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 8/14: Marry Me Jane. 8/15: Despite the group's ridiculous, puerile name, Fuck plays surprisingly deft, even touching pop songs that would make any shempy, soft-hearted East Villager proud; Two Dollar Guitar. 8/18: The Dandy Warhols. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabilly tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 8/14: Rosie Flores. 8/16: "The King Is Dead," a death-day Elvis tribute from the Hangdogs, the Wicked Messengers, and other special guests. 375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 8/14: "La Bomba Internacional," with D.J. Babaloo, Pucho & Mo-Guajiro. 8/19: Sugar Minott. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear. 8/20: OMC. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 8/13: Meredith Brooks, of "Bitch" fame. 8/14: Taj Mahal & the Phantom Blues Band. 8/16: Junior Reid; Big Youth; Bounty Killer. 8/19: Masters of Reality. 8/20: Mandrill; BT Express. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," and jungle-techno-hip-hop—"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 8/21: Laura Love. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band-era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 8/12-8/14: Pianist Cedar Walton leads his fear-somely tight hard-bop trio. 8/15-8/16: Chico O'Farrill and His Afro-Cuban Jazz Classics. 8/19-8/24: Tito Puente's Latin Jazz Ensemble. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 8/12-8/17: The magnificent Ray Brown Trio gets some extra hard-bop muscle from guest saxophonist Stanley Turrentine. 8/18: Lionel Hampton, the last and greatest star of the swing era, personally kicks off two weeks' worth of big-band salutes to . . . Lionel Hampton. After six decades in the business, a little auto-feting on Hamp's part is well deserved—and more electrifying than the tribute shows that have the unenviable task of following his act. 8/19-8/24: Joe Williams, with the Count Basie Orchestra. 31 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Brooklyn Museum of Art—The "Turning Points" jazz series examines key moments in the history of small-band jazz, early to modern. Shows at 3 P.M. 8/17: Louis Hayes and Kenny Garrett's straightforwardly titled "Be Bop Variations." *Freida Schiff Warburg Memorial Sculpture Garden*, 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000). \$6-\$8.

Harlem Meer Festival—Every Sunday afternoon at 2, Central Park's northerly body of water hosts a variety of jazz performances—some of them by truly legendary performers. 8/17: Ruth Brisbane Ensemble. *Harlem Meer, Central Park*, near 110th St. (860-1370). Free.

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 8/12-8/17: Roy Haynes Quartet. 8/19-8/24: Frank Morgan, with the Rodney Kendrick Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 8/13-8/16: Judy Carmichael and Mike Hashim. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. 2321 Eighth Ave. bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). \$.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit base-

ment whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 8/14: Andrew Williams/Billy Mitchell Quintet. 8/15–8/16: Tad Shull Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with İlhan Ersahin. Sunday Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 8/12–8/17: Steve Turre Sextet, with strings. 8/19–8/24: Hank Jones Quintet, with Nicholas Payton and Jesse Davis. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 8/14: Keith Kilgo Fusion Jazz Band. 8/15–8/16: Ken Popolowski Quintette. \$10 cover; two-drink minimum. 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/12–8/17: Geri Allen, one of the great pianists working today, has made her mark both as a leader and as an accompanist to the likes of Ornette Coleman. With her mixture of deft melodicism with visionary experimentalism, Allen is not to be missed. 8/19–8/24: Cyrus Chestnut Trio, with Steve Kirby and Alvester Garnett. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 8/11–8/16: John Bunch, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Jay Leonhart. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/14–8/17: SNL's Goat Boy, Jim Breuer. 8/18–8/19: Varla Jean Merman. 8/20: John Mulrooney. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50–\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subter-

anean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.—Thurs. at 9 P.M. 8/11–8/17: Collin Quinn; Dave Attell; Al Lubel; Kevin Brennan. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 8/11–8/17: The Most Brothers; Joe Mulligan; Quentin Heggs. 8/18–8/24: Rick Scotti; Ben Creed; Jerry Diner. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.—Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 8/15–8/16: Al Lubel; Todd Barry; Vanessa Hollingshead; Jim Mendrinos. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "Eating It," where hip, alternative-minded vets of MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 8/15–8/16: J. R. Havlin; Greg Fitzsimmons; Keith Robinson; Jim David. Sun.—Thurs. at 7 P.M.; Fri.—Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7–\$12.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—From 8/12–8/30, Diana Krall (see page 78). Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$35; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is \$40; no music charge. 220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder and bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Bellemans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M., well into October. \$10 music charge; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$45; no

minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

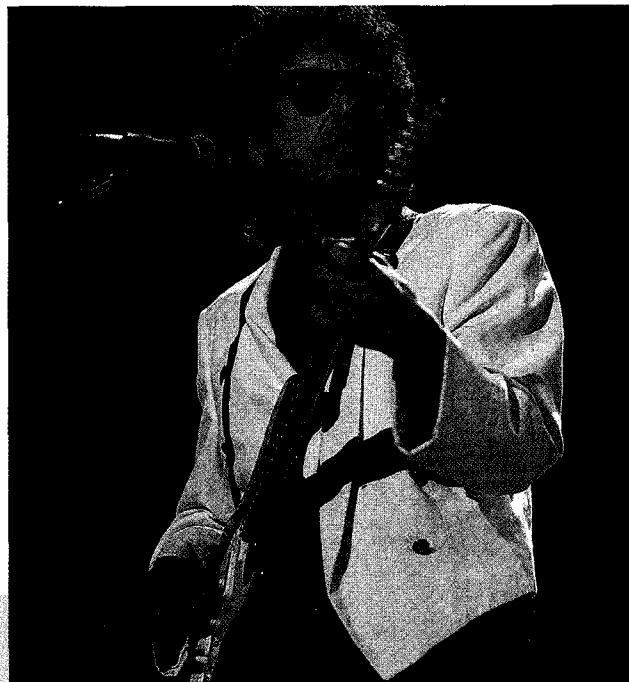
Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 8/12–8/30: Formidable R&B powerhouse Ruth Brown. \$40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; \$12 minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. 8/13: Rick Hardeman Quartet. 8/14: Nick Palumbo's Flipped Fedoras. 8/16: Lenora Zenzalai Helm. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. 1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).

Bars

C3 Lounge—Tucked behind the Washington Square Hotel's CIII Restaurant, the neighbor-



Performance How Does It Feel?

Reports of Bob Dylan's impending demise were, apparently, greatly exaggerated. Since his hospitalization for a heart-lining infection in May, Dylan has completed his first album of original material in seven years. He makes a welcome return to the stage at Jones Beach on August 17.

hood's finest (perhaps only) hotel bar is so discreetly located that it doesn't actually have street access. The resulting insular vibe is definitely not the rollicking cell-phone-jockey scene you've come to expect from midtown competitors like the Paramount's Whiskey Bar. 103 Waverly Pl. (254-1200).

Drinkland—The East Village's newest lounge eschews thrift-store scruffiness in favor of a clean-lined retro-futurism reminiscent of Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress's great 1965 sci-fi flick *The Tenth Victim*. Look for more young professionals than the place's stone's-throw-from-Avenue B location would lead you to expect. 339 E. 10th St. (673-5350). \$.

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freak-fest. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).

the mix

Liberty or Death...Glory in the Golden Apple

John Leonard's Television Notes

Inside NFL Films: The Idol Makers (8/17; 7 to 8 P.M.; TBS) sends a *National Geographic* "shadow team" to follow around the guys who shoot more than 500 miles of film every pro football season in order to make pigkick look Leni Riefenstahlian. So we have cameras rolling on the people who roll cameras, a kind of squaring or cubing of P.R. flackery. This must be postmodern.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—June LeBell hosts. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—8/16 at 1 P.M.: Britten's *Gloriana*. Josephine Barstow, Philip Langridge, Della Jones, Jonathan Summers, Yvonne Kenny, Alan Opie, Richard van Allen,

Bryn Terfel, Willard White, the Orchestra and Chorus of the Welsh National Opera; Sir Charles Mackerras, conductor. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Cadillac Sunday Night Opera House With Nimet—8/17 at 8 P.M.: Puccini's *Edgar*. Renata Scott, Carlo Bergonzi, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Vincentes Sardinero, Mark Munkittrick, Schola Cantorum of New York, New York City Opera Children's Chorus, Opera Orchestra of New York; Even Queler, conductor. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—8/12: Robert Bingham on *Pure Slaughter Value*; chef Walid Malouf, Michael Lomonaco, and Patrick Clark. 8/13: Etymologist Richard Lederer on English; Neil de Grasse Tyson on *Merlin's Tour of the Universe*, a skywatcher's guide; physicist Lee Smolin on *The Life of the Universe*; singer Margaret Whiting. 8/14: Humorist Roy Blount Jr. evaluates the political landscape; Rafi Zabar on *The Bear Comes Home*; Barry Blackman on *Clearing Digital Illusions*; the American Blimp Corporation's Jim Thiele on blimp rides. 8/15: Nicolaus Mills on *The Triumph of Meanness*. 8/18: Barbara Kirwin on *The Mad, the Bad, and the Innocent: The Criminal Mind on Trial*; pianist Russell Sherman on *Piano Pieces*. 8/19:

Comfort Diner owner Ira Freehof on its anniversary celebration. Weekdays from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

WNYC Live!—8/14 at 2 P.M.: The Magellan String Quartet performs live in-studio. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Casper Citron—8/16 at 10 P.M.: FBI district director James Kallstrom on TWA Flight 800; *Time* magazine's Daniel Kadlec on the possibility of a stock-market crash; Lieutenant Governor Betsy McCaughey Ross on the New York State budget; *Newsweek's* Sharon Begley discusses Mars. WOR, 710 AM.

City Folk—8/21 at 8 P.M.: Sarah McLachlan's new release, *Surfacing*. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Live! at the Concertgebouw—8/18 at 9:05 P.M.: Debussy's *La Mer*; Riccardo Chailly, conductor. Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night*, Op. 4; Pierre Boulez, conductor.

Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* Suite, Op. 59; Mariss Jansons, conductor. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Jessica Care Moore—8/12 at 7: Reading from her new poetry collection, *The Words Don't Fit in My Mouth*. At Revolution Books, 9 W. 19th St. (691-3345); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Home Design From the Inside Out: Feng Shui, Color Therapy, and Self-awareness"—8/20 at 7: A talk with holistic interior designer Robin Lennon on creating unique and innovative living spaces. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Tours

Central Park at Twilight—8/16 at 5 P.M.: An opportunity to experience the city's collective backyard in the evening. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West (439-1090); \$9.

The Vital Heart of Harlem: Its Spirit and Substance—8/17 at 1 P.M. (three hours): What was once farmland and country estates became the capital of African-American culture. This tour of Harlem meets at City College, 138th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (242-5762); \$12.

New York's Great Writers—8/16, 17 at 12:30 P.M.: Journey past the sites and homes associated with such literary legends as Eugene O'Neill, Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Ernest Hemingway. Reservations required. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; \$10.

Millionaire's Mile: The Upper East Side—8/15 at 12:30 P.M.: Explore one of New York's most handsome landmark districts. Meet at the General Sherman statue, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (935-3960); \$10.

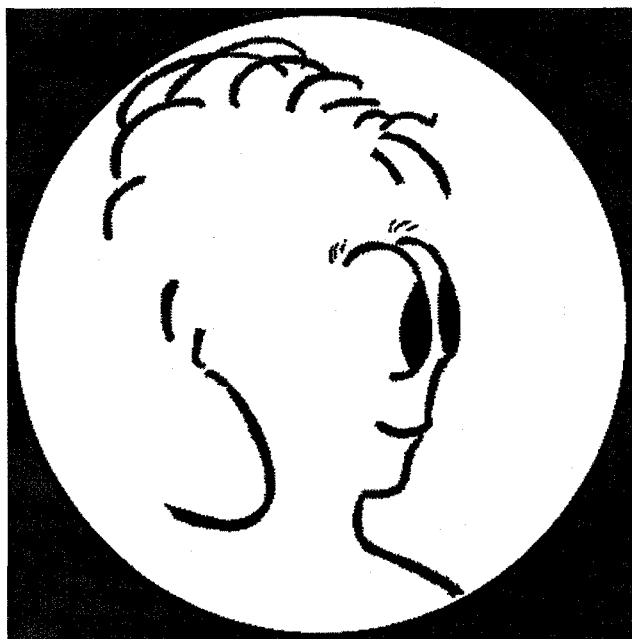
Central Park West: 59th to 72nd Sts.—8/13 at 12:30 P.M.: Where the urbanity of the Upper West Side meets verdant Central Park can be found one of the city's great urban ensembles. Meet at the Maine Monument at the northeast corner of 59th St. and Central Park West (935-3960); \$10.

East Village—8/16 at 11 A.M.: Discover the varied history of this culturally vibrant area. Meet at the cube sculpture at Astor Pl. (935-3960); \$10.

Exhibitions

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American and Irish community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., a Central Park West (873-3400).

Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect of the Colonial period on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements. At the Fraunce Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).



On the Web

Xander Mellish's Tales of the City

Former journalist and wannabe fiction-writer Xander Mellish used to post her stories-in-progress in pizza parlors and on telephone poles. Now they appear (along with her E.T.-like illustrations) on her Website (www.xmel.com). Her latest weekly serial, "Glory in the Golden Apple," draws on elements as disparate as Greek mythology, the incestuous media-bothouse atmosphere of Manhattan, and Mellish's experiences as a single woman in New York.

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

"Contemplating Femininity"—Through 8/23: The thesis works of Laura D'Alessandro, Madeline Djerejian, Andrea Raynor, and Ilana Rein, four recent graduates of the M.F.A. program in photography and related media at the School of Visual Arts. At 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2011); free.

"21st Century Streetscape": The Doris and Alan Freedman Gallery—Through 9/12: This exhibition will feature the city's proposal to consolidate street furniture in New York City with an emphasis on urban design implications. Timed to coincide with the Request for Proposals issued by the mayor's office for the new street-furniture franchise, the exhibition is intended to provide New Yorkers with the necessary framework for understanding the changes taking place on the streets of the city. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Columbus Circle: Five Proposals for the Coliseum—Through 9/9: The public is invited to view the five proposals for Columbus Circle's most coveted site, submitted to the Metropolitan Transit Authority by some of the city's top developers. MAS,

457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

Baseball—8/12-8/13: Yankees vs. Kansas City Royals at 7:35 P.M., 1:05 P.M., and 7:35 P.M.; 8/4-8/5: Mets vs. Seattle Mariners at 7:40 P.M.; 8/6-8/7: Mets vs. Colorado Rockies at 7:40 P.M. and 12:10 P.M.; 8/8-8/11: Mets vs. Houston Astros at 7:40 P.M., 7:10 P.M., 1:40 P.M., and 7:40 P.M.

Online

Kick the Credit Habit—A Web-based Temperance Union of sorts, focused on the evils of easy money rather than the demon rum, resides at this site. Services offered by this nonprofit group include mediation with creditors, help in arranging consolidation of all your debts into one payment, and a checklist of warning signs that may sometimes indicate that a credit repair consultant or credit counselor is up to no good. www.dca.org

Putting the Market in Perspective—The maxim that those who failed to learn from history are condemned to repeat it rings even truer for the financial markets than for politics. This site contains data, graphs, and essays by noted financial writers that help define the precise meaning of bull and bear markets, and—perhaps—will help you handicap the timing of the next downturn. www.lowrisk.com/bullbear.htm

Automated Bargain Hunting—This site (which is part-

nered with CNN's travel page) has several snazzy features. Most noteworthy among them is a search engine that seeks out the most competitive air fares to your destination, and the best hotel rates, and car rental fees for after you've arrived. www.itm.net

Serious Stuff—If it's rockin' good times your looking for (or even a user-friendly design), don't browse here. On the other hand, this site has emerged as the authoritative resource on the web for material relating to feminism. Bear in mind, this reputation owes more to the judicious use of links to other great feminist sites than to original content, but it's still worth a look if the material interests you. www.feminist.com

For Sale By Owner—Another page that leaves a lot to be desired in the design department but makes up for it with innovative content is *For Sale By Owner*. This site taps into the Web's potential for transforming the economy by eliminating the middleman, in this case real-estate brokers. It contains national listings of residential properties being offered directly by the owners, without any commission cost to the buyer. www.fsbo.com

Easy On the Eyes—For the sake of balance, here's a site that is beautifully designed but doesn't have much going on. (Yet.) Sony's entertainment center (www.station.sony.com) focuses mostly on cyber-gaming (there's better stuff elsewhere) and interactive versions of television shows such as *Wheel of Fortune* and *Jeopardy*. The site does offer an unusually fluid chat interface, however. Only problem is, most of the conversation is about *Wheel of Fortune* and *Jeopardy*.

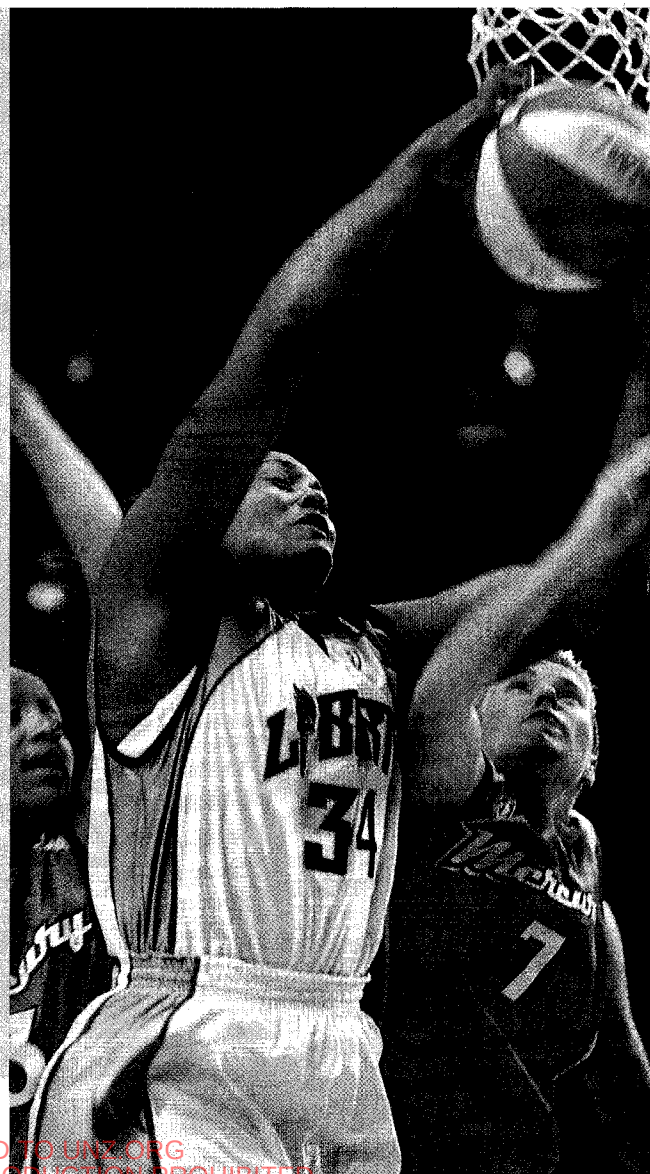
Talent Hoopla

From the outset, the Women's National Basketball Association had a critical exemption. The league would become an institution if it thrived and "historic" if it didn't. The players would dazzle or they would disappoint, ending up, respectively, as icons or pioneers.

As it turned out, the WNBA in general and the New York Liberty in particular quite conspicuously did not fail. Reporters were not wrong to make as much of the Liberty's audience as they did of its participants, and the audience was not wrong to be electrified. The home team has earned the best record in the league. But the Liberty season (there are seven games remaining before the playoffs) has been a good deal more interesting than the scores would suggest. Although they are an indisputably talented team, they are unlikely dominators; no close observer of the lineup would have guessed they'd sweep their first seven games. They lack the height of the Los Angeles Sparks, who go 6'8", 6'5", 6'5", and 6'3" across the front. They lack the sharpshooting of, say, Houston's Cynthia Cooper, who in two recent games hit 81 percent of her three-point shots and 100 percent of her free throws. The Liberty are only sixth in the league in field-goal percentage, sixth in scoring, and last in free-throw percentage. They do have the most beloved player in the league—Rebecca Lobo—but she looks, waving her long arms, less like a menace in the paint than a missing party at the airport. And yet they have continued to win. The stealing-and-assisting Spoons (guards Teresa Weatherspoon and Sophia Witherspoon) deserve the credit, as does a team-wide defensive effort that has kept opponents at a league-low average of 62 points a game.

The Liberty's very success could, as has been predicted, lead to an unattractive future. The 9-year-old girl groupies will enter adulthood more assured that their place in sports is contingent on nothing but talent, which means they're apt to behave as much like Dennis Rodman as like Rebecca Lobo. Never mind. For most women, if not all spectators, the situation is similar to the Liberty's early invincible days: win-win.

LINDA HALL



Lippert continued from page 20
advertising; that the commercials all look alike; and that you need messages that pass through what TBWA Chiat/Day calls the "entertainment filter"—if it's not entertaining, consumers won't let it in. The result is a canary-yellow-colored (*hello*) print-and-TV campaign that rarely shows any actual Nissan car but instead uses Zen-simple phrases ("Drive happy") along with a fictional mystery character—an Asian man called Mr. K—who stands for the spirit of the automaker. (For Reebok, a Chiat/Day client past, the agency proffered the tag line "Life is short. Play hard"—apparently the sneaker version of ABC's "Life is short. Watch TV.")

The thinking is that with the proliferation of brands and products, consumers need a visually consistent, entertaining, emotional link to the product rather than any old-fashioned, direct kind of advertising that lists facts or benefits. The gold standard for megabrand ads with irony is Nike, which has somehow managed to conquer the tiny internal contradiction of being hip and yet making billions. To some degree, every advertiser has Nike envy.

And while they know they've pretty much bought into consumer culture, smart people still *do* like to think that they've somehow eluded it.

But can this paradoxical strategy—of trying to appear too hip for the mainstream—work for the mother of all mainstream institutions, network TV? ABC, house of *Home Improvement* and *Boy Meets World*, would like to think so. In the age of mega-options and multiplex everything, network audiences have been shrinking, yes. But they are still the only mass vehicles available to TV advertisers. ABC wants its viewers to think that it is ushering in a season of alternative comedy, but from what I could see of the new season's shows—like *Genie* (the gender-reversed version of *I Dream of Jeannie*) and *Hiller and Diller* (which ABC says is about "friendship, family, and fatherhood")—the network is serving up the same old pre-chewed comedy Jell-O.

Even though the campaign is derivative and smart-ass, the individual ads and spots are great. But this campaign, like Letterman's phone call, is weirdly ahead of its time, at least compared with the new fall offerings. There's a dissonance here: The ads are made for sophisticated ironists, but the shows are medium-to-lowest-common-denominator fluff dressed up in nineties packaging. Curiously, the ads so far aren't claiming the shows are actually good. But the campaign *does* imply that the network is capable of cutting-edge comedy. All it really proves is that TBWA Chiat/Day is.

in concert

Trinity Dance...Sylvan Winds

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 12

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Haydn's *Creation* with Jane Thorngren, soprano; Stanford Olsen, tenor; Charles Austin, bass; and the New York Chamber Symphony Orchestra. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$38.

Prazak String Quartet—Performs Mozart, Ryba, Richter, and Mozart, with Cynthia Phelps. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$38.

Sylvan Winds—Performs Stamicek, Myslivecek, Krommer, and Mozart. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 6:30; free.

New York Choral Society Summer Sing—Performs Fauré and Duruflé's *Requiem*; Patrick Gardner, conductor. Audience participation optional. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878)*, at 7:30; \$8 admission includes a score.

Wednesday, August 13

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Bianchi and Duruflé's *Requiem*; Patrick Gardner, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$35.

Thursday, August 14

Cologne Chamber Orchestra—Performs Haydn and Mozart, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Matt Haimovitz, cello; Helmut Muller-Bruhl, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$30.

Bargemusic—Works by Piston, Brahms, and Schubert, performed by quintet. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061)*, at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

New York Choral Society Summer Sing—Performs Haydn's *Paukenmesse*, Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*, and Brahms's *Schicksalslied*; Frederick Ford, conductor. Audience participation optional. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878)*, at 7:30; \$8 admission includes a score.

Friday, August 15

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Schubert

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the pre-meditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

and Mozart, with Till Fellner, piano, and Vadim Repin, violin; Carlos Kalmar, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$35.

Summergarden—Adam Kent, piano, performs Nin-Culmell, Balada, Wen-chung, and Baley. *Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9400)*, at 8:30; free.

The Big Bang—Percussion performances by Babatunde Olatunji, Taiko drummers, and the Ju Percussion Group of Taiwan. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 7:30; free.

Saturday, August 16

Bargemusic—See 8/14, at 4.

Summergarden—See 8/15.

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/15.

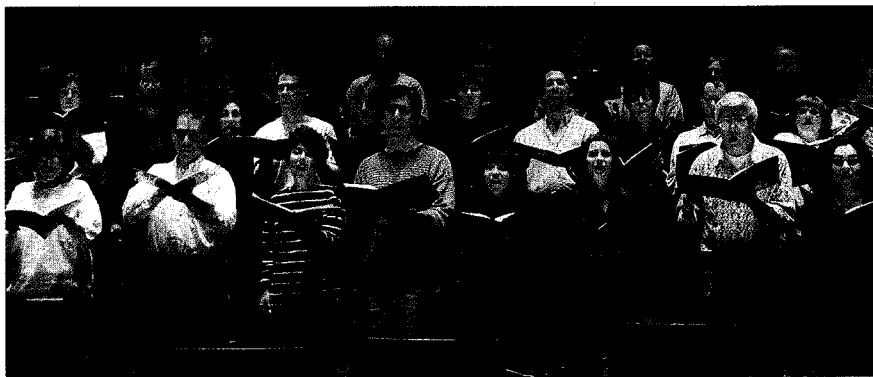
Dance

New York International Fringe Festival—Two quintets by Yanira Castro, entitled *First Orange Then Blue*, 8/13 at 9:45 pm, 8/15 at 7:45, 8/16 at 9:45, and 8/17 at 1:30. *University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St. (865-7915)*; free.

Dancing On the Plaza—Picture This, 8/12 at 5:30; *Water Shed*, created by Elisa Long and Spoke the Hub, 8/15 at 6. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*; free.

Douglas Dunn—Performs *Spell for Opening the Mouth of N*, with Joshua Fried; 8/13 at 8:15. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*; free.

Trinity Irish Dance—This twenty-woman Irish step troupe performs *The Mist*, *Blackhorn*, and *Step About*. 8/11-8/16 at 8, 8/16 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800)*; \$30.



Preview Motley Chorus

The year-old New York Chamber Symphony Chorus—a volunteer assortment of local paralegals, clergy, bond traders, and artists far more inspired than the group's name—sing Haydn's *Creation* at the Mostly Mozart Festival this week. August 12, Avery Fisher Hall.

Photograph by George M. Aronson

Kids

Fringe Fest... Peter Pan

Ground Rules:

- = free
- = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

all free—an embarrassment of riches for families with the wisdom to stay in town. This week's highlight is "Playday," on 8/16 from 2 to 10 P.M., with Native American dancing from 3 to 5, a percussion workshop at 2, and a gargantuan puppet production called *The Tempest on Mars*, uniting monsters, giant puppets from different performing groups, and Shakespearean fantasies run amok, at 6. "Soon Come," a just-for-kids special by Malika Lee Whitney and the Pickney Players, captures the warmth of the Caribbean through sentimental storytelling, 8/14 at 10:30 A.M. On 8/31, the final day, the Canadian consulate general unleashes singing lumberjacks, "Potato People," and children's recording artist Fred Penner on the plazas. For a complete festival schedule, call 546-2656. ●

Time Travel—Go back in time at the "20th Annual New York Renaissance Faire." Well, sort of. Modernity is mixed in liberally with the armored-jousting and birds-of-prey demonstrations. Look out for *Myst and King's Quest* on CD-ROMs, Mattel's medieval Barbie, and Playmobil and Lego gone historic. The fair draws medievalism freaks who go to enormous lengths to wear chain mail and tights of two colors. Ogling them, along with consuming Renaissance-inspired junk food and shouting sixteenth-century encouragement at the Mud Pit Show, is part of the fun. Through 9/14, **STERLING FOREST**, Tuxedo, N.Y. (914-351-5171). Tickets are \$15, \$13 seniors, \$6 children 3-12.

Rabbit Sense—**TADA!**'s original jazzy song-and-dance musical, recommended for ages 3 to adult, mixes "Brer Rabbit" characters with sibling-rivalry issues. The show, with a book by Davidson Lloyd, music by John Kroner, and lyrics by Gary Gardner, is performed by 25 kids from all sorts of backgrounds and corners of New York City. Showing through 8/17 on Tues., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2, Sat. at 1 and 3, plus 8/17 at 1 and 3. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); tickets \$12, \$6 kids under 17. ●

Olé—Spanish-Gypsy meets Latin American song and dance in *Flamenco Latina*, at the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 8/15 at 6:30. (Subsequent Fridays in Aug. feature other free performances, with Mariachi Los Amigos 8/22 and Moods Pan Groove Steel Orchestra 8/29.) Regular Museum summer hours are Mon., Wed., Thurs., and weekends noon-5, and Fri. till 6:30. 145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. (718-735-4402). Suggested admission \$3. ●

Curtains—Inspired by the Edinburgh Festival, the First Annual New York International Fringe Festival, a performing-arts event that draws together the avant garde and the traditional, touches down on the Lower East Side for twelve days (8/13-8/24). Some performances specifically for kids: *What's So Hard About Growing Up, Girl?*, is a series of five new plays written and performed by teenagers; Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St., 8/14-8/24 (call for times); \$11. In *What's Dis?* Stephen Ringold uses clowning, juggling, and vaudeville to "lecture" about the art world, at the Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St., 8/14-8/24 (call for times); \$11. *Fringe Junior*, a big outdoor show with wandering clowns and face painters, includes snippets from many kids' shows—among them *Alice in Wonderland*, *Old Men Kokopeli*, and *Vasilisa the Beautiful*. Henry Street Settlement amphitheater, 466 Grand St., 8/16, noon-6; free. For information about these and other performances, call 420-8877.

C U E	
Barbara Ensor	Kids
Patricia Falvo	Sports Movies
Matthew Fenton	Online
Vanessa Grigoriadis	In Concert
Linda Hall	Books Events Radio
John Leonard	Television
Edith Newhall	Art
Robin Raisfeld	Restaurants
Jennifer Senior	Theater
Ethan Smith	Nightlife

Children's Events

Jazz Incapacitation—Jazzy rhythms heat up a Central Park afternoon with a series of workshops and a concert geared to family audiences. Learn the trade secrets of improvising and circular breathing in a free "Jazz Basics" family workshop, or listen as pianist Chucho Valdes and Criscol percussionists demonstrate "Latin Rhythms." The day culminates in a three-hour concert melding technique with creativity as the artists explore seductive Afro-Cuban rhythms in "Great Jazz on the Great Hill." **CENTRAL PARK**, 8/16. Workshops noon-1:15 P.M., concert 3-6 P.M. "Jazz Basics": Belvedere Castle, mid-park at 79th St. (772-0210); "Latin Rhythms": The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, in Central Park at Fifth Ave. and 110th St. (860-1370). Concert: Great Hill; enter at Central Park West and 106th St. ●

Peter Pan—Intricate dance routines substitute for flying in this rendition, where, once again, Peter, thank goodness, eludes the fiendish Captain Hook. Outdoor performances, 8/17 at 3 P.M. at **PIER 62** (23rd St.), and 8/24 at 3 P.M. at **PIER 25** (N. Moore St.); free. Indoors, 8/18 and 8/19 at 7 P.M. at 85 Ludlow St.; \$12. For reservations, call 253-1813.

Island Fever—Travel to the Caribbean without a ticket: **THE BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN** hosts live reggae music, mondo stilt walkers, hair-braiding, straw-weaving, sugar-sculpting, and ice-cream-making, 8/13-8/15 from 11 to 1, 8/16 from 10 to 3, and 8/17 from 10 to 5. 900 Washington Ave. (718-622-4433). Free with admission of \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students, 50 cents kids 6 to 16. ●

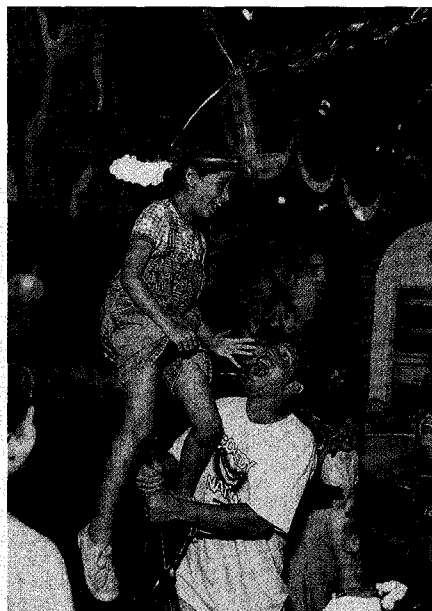
Lessons in Stealth—Kids make books with pockets to hide all of their goodies at a Hide and Seek

Books workshop. **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 8/16, 8/17, 8/23, 8/24, at 1, 2, and 3 P.M. Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); \$6 includes admission.

Whale Watching—Kids will return home from the **NEW YORK AQUARIUM**'s annual beluga-whale celebration with fluke and flipper hats on their heads, beluga coloring books in hand, and their heads stuffed with fascinating beluga lore and data. 8/16, 8/17, 8/23, 8/24, 11 A.M.-4 P.M.; \$7.75, \$3.50 children 2-12 and seniors. Surf Ave. at W. 8th St., Coney Island (718-265-FISH).

Down Beat—Try drumming to the rhythm of the sun setting on the water, or just find Zen. All ages are invited to rock out at the "Sunset Jam on the Hudson," a drum circle led by percussionist Peter Hawes. Instruments are provided, or bring drums and assorted objects to bang on. **BATTERY PARK CITY**, 8/15, 8/22, 8/29 from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M., Robert F. Wagner Park, Battery Pl. at West St. (267-9700). ●

Cultural Picnic—During the 22-day **LINCOLN CENTER** Out of Doors festival—a family-friendly tradition in its twenty-seventh year—the square dancing, performance art, chamber music, "Organic Jazz," "Green Fools," and Native American dancing are



Restaurant Service With a Smile

Everyone, please take note of the pigs we have sitting over here!" cries a waitress, as she sets down a banana split for four. Two girls at the table, ages 7 and 8, break into hysterics. It's another Saturday night at Comedy Nation Restaurant in Times Square, where waiters yell and whistle at each other across the room ("You forgot that lady's chopped salad!") and MTV favorites like Coolio, the B-52's, and Buster Poindexter drub nonstop, which makes it a perfect place to take the preteen set. To pump up the juvenile hysteria even further, Comedy Nation recently introduced tableside entertainment during lunch and dinner. Mr. Balloon Man—guess what he does—roams from table to table accompanied by a wisecracking magician. Meanwhile, outside the restaurant, a unicyclist presses his nose against the window to stare at the food, encouraging passersby to join him. A comedy troupe named Split Milk performs skits, including one for which they ask all diners to write down a sentence, any sentence, on a slip of paper, which they collect and read, Mad Libs-style. It's helpful if you have a fifth-grader handy to write your sentence. Thus: "Doctor, I'm sorry to tell you this, but your grandmother has 2,000 tongue piercings!" (1626 Broadway, at 49th Street [265-5555]; from \$7.95 for a burger to \$19.95 for steak.) **MICHAEL STEELE**

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT Manhattan

Seen in "The Wall St. Journal." Furn
Apts. Licensed. All Credit Cards, 24 hours.
212-348-8100 Fax: 348-8362
OXBRIDGE@aol.com

AS YOU LIKE IT
Select Furn Apts. Style/Location/Value.
212-695-3404 800-277-0413

HOME2—Great Furn Apts. D/W/M.
Call Pat/Chiqui: 212-448-9223/800-203-7028

800-835-8880 ABODE—2 immaculate,
beaut furn studio apts w/24-hr doorman.
Loc in Murray Hill/Pk Av area. 4 nite min.
Other locations also avail. 212-472-2000

To advertise in this section, please call
Chris Lutkin at: 212.545.3673 or fax: 212.779.2449

COUNTRY PROPERTY For Sale

Hudson Riverfront - Saugerties, Exit 20
Magnificent vus, 7 rms, 3 bths, decks, all
amens. 2 hrs NYC. \$289K. 914-247-9383

So NH Lakefront—Architect-designed
5000 sf, 2 1/2 acre parklike peninsula,
35 mi to Boston, 20 mins to Manchester
Int'l Airport, walk to golf. \$995,000.
Hunneman Victor/Coldwell Banker -
Elaine Carson: 800-244-4486

VACATION PROPERTIES For Sale

Bloomingtondale, NJ—Priv lakefrnt. Magnif
vus, 4+ BRs, sail/tennis/kids' camp.
45 mins NYC. RE-Charlot: 201-838-5380

Finger Lakes Home On 1 Acre In Wine
Country—240' level lake frontage. Fully
furn, 5 BRs/3 bths, sep guest quarters.
Perm dock w/boat hoist. \$550,000.
Principles only. 315-536-2549 eves best

REAL ESTATE SERVICES

GOVT FORECLOSED—Homes
for pennies on \$1. Delinquent Tax, Repos,
REOs. Your area. Toll-free: 1-800-218-9000
Ext. H-4235 - for current listings.

Inns and Lodges

CONNECTICUT

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our elegant Colonial Inn
on 27 scenic acs. Luxurious rms, some w/fp/c/jacuzzi.
Bkfst incl. Antiquing/swim/hike/fish. 860-542-5100

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL Of The SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion. Ocean Views,
Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes.
Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369

NEW YORK

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT.....On Golden Pond
Priv, tranquil & romantic. Intimate suites w/jacuzzis for
2, fp/c's & pvt decks. Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World.
Lakehouse. Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. 914-266-8093

SOUTHAMPTON VILLAGE LATCH INN

A Famous Country House Hotel. Antiques to modern
duplexes, suites, balconies, decks...in Great Gatsby
Mansions, on a 5-acre estate yet right in town, near
beach. From Frommer's to Fodor's, the #1 choice in
50 inn books. Also, rent your own villas for weddings,
shoots, corporate, private groups. 1-800-54-LATCH

Amagansett, Hamptons . . . GANSETT GREEN MANOR

Exclusive hideaway cottages & suites set on 2 acres
of beautifully landscaped gardens enhanced by ponds,
patios, picturesque vus; all w/kits, priv bths, entrances.
Wlk ocean/trans/shops. Pet friendly. 516-267-3133
<http://www.peconic.net/gansettgreenmanor/>

GREAT MOUNTAIN GETAWAY!

Try the mountains! Deluxe mountain lodge, gourmet
rest., mountain bike, hike, in/out pool, tennis. In cool,
clean 75,000-acre state forest preserve. 2 1/2 hrs NYC.
Scribner Hollow Lodge, Hunter, NY. 800-395-4683

ESCAPES 2000 - HUNTER/WINDHAM NORTHERN CATSKILLS (1-800-590-2737)

Priv mountain villas & 1-5 BR townhouses.
Panoramic vus. Fireplace. Private deck. Hot tubs.
Full kitch, CCTV, VCR & CD. Lots to do!
Hike, bike, golf, tennis, horses...or just relax!
Great restaurants & pubs. NYC just 2 1/2 hrs.

FRIENDS LAKE INN - A Romantic Country Inn

Imaginative Cuisine & Dining. Exceptional Wine
Collection. Jacuzzis, Bike/Hike/Beach in Adirondacks!
4 hrs NYC. Near Lake George/Saratoga. 518-494-4751

TO ADVERTISE IN...
inns & lodges

CALL CHRIS LUTKIN AT
212.545.3673 or FAX: 212.779.2449

Travel

SUMMER RENTALS

BRIDGEHAMPTON SUMMER
8 BRs, 6 bths, heated pool/tennis/b-ball/
gym/hot tub. 3 1/2 acres. All amens. Avail
daily/wkly rental. Bike to beach & towns.
Mins train/Jitney. Michael: 212-861-4046

Catskills/3-Level Log Cabin—Sauna,
pool table, CTV, 4 BRs + loft. Horseback
riding, hiking, biking, fantastic views on
10 acs. Ethan: 212-799-0073 / 518-263-4069

Chesapeake Bay/St. Michaels, MD Exec
lux retreat by wk on 40 ac waterfront estate.
2 BRs, fp, priv, pool, docking, gym, tennis.
Aset RE. Joyce: 410-820-8161/410-820-5280fx

FI - Ocean Beach - Oceanfront—
New 5-BR home, avail Mon-Fri only.
\$1,095-\$1,695. 2 beachfront decks, BBQ,
hot tub, etc. All amens. David: 212-929-7531

To advertise in the TRAVEL section,
call Chris Lutkin at: 212.545.3673

Sagaponack/Aug.—Priv suite, own entr.
Panoramic views of Sag Pond, huge pool,
use of home. Available Aug-Labor Day,
\$3000. Also week. Can extend thru Sept.
Alix: 212-630-4909 or 516-537-1512

BED & BREAKFAST Florida

KEY WEST - Curry Mansion Inn
Fabulous Victorian showplace - voted
1 of 10 best B&B's in the USA. Evergreen
rms. Elegant poolside guest wing. Every
amenity. Comp Euro bkfst. Daily cocktail
party. Beach club. DOWNTOWN walk to
history/beauty/romance. Spec honeymoon
rates! For broch/video, call: 800-253-3466 or

E-mail: frontdesk@currymansion.com
Website: <http://www.currymansion.com>

BED & BREAKFAST New York

As You Like It B&B—Affordable &
Attractive Apts & Guestrms. 212-695-3404

Comfy/Cozy B&B—Furn studios, 1-BRs,
2-BRs, lofts. Short/long term. 212-965-1102

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private
Brownstone Apts. Affordable. 212-206-9237

New York City—19th century townhouse,
3 blks Union Sq. Short/long. 212-533-4175

Do You Have An Extra Bedroom?
Earn extra money! Become a bed & bkfst
host to international students. Manhattan
only. Call Lorraine: 212-629-7300
CENTER FOR ENGLISH STUDIES

Manhattan B&B—\$60-\$90. Also private
apartments. 800-747-0868; 212-977-3512

HEALTH SPAS

5-Day Purification Boot Camp—Detox,
Fat Loss, Fitness. 732-775-7575

TRAVEL SERVICES

CATSKILL SHUTTLE - 800-607-2753
NYC to the Mts! Weekdays & Weekends!
Cooperstown Special! Day Trips Too!

TO ADVERTISE IN...
travel

CALL CHRIS LUTKIN AT
212.545.3673 or FAX: 212.779.2449

TOURS AND TRIPS

BERMUDA
**JAZZ
ESCAPE**
1997
PRESENTED BY
TRAVEL
LEISURE

October 8-12, 1997

Nancy Wilson
Chaka Khan
Arturo Sandoval
The David Sanborn Group
New York Voices
and more...

For more information call
1-888-4ESCAPE

Sports Guide

GOLF LESSONS

Is Your Son Or Daughter The Next Tiger Woods? Teaching Pro For Kids 6-16 (Adults Also). Call Jack: 212-580-5355

PERSONAL TRAINER

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise & Diet Instruction At Home. 212-604-9850

For Women Who Want Results
Certified Trainer - As Seen In Allure.
Call The Bodysmith Co. 212-249-1824

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All
Ages. Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe
Weight Loss. Home/Gym. 212-717-2677

Together We Can Do It!—Cert Personal
Trainer. Home/Gym. V-Mail: 917-758-1741

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Talk Live To Female Body Builders—
& Wrestlers. Raw. 900-454-HARD \$2.99/min

ROLLERBLADES

•NY SkateOut• Classes & Tours—Skills
On Hills. Beginner-Advanced. 212-486-1919

TO ADVERTISE IN...
sports guide
CALL MARK BRISTOW AT:
212 545 3661 or
FAX: 212 779 2449

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

BEAUTY EVENTS with Cosmetic Surgeons
8/14: WRINKLE REMEDIES
WENDY LEWIS & CO. / 212-861-6148
Private consultations by appointment.

A NEW BODY THRU LIPOSCULPTURE
Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, using
latest large-volume Tumescence Technique.
Felix Shiffman, MD. Free Consult. 246-2960

DENTAL

Teeth Bleaching At Your Convenience
Dr. John Albano & Dr. Susan Chuback
will come to your home or office
to whiten your teeth. Fast. Safe.
Money-back guarantee. 212-988-3514

NY BREATH CARE

Provides The Most Effective Anti-
Halitosis Treatment Avail. Featured On
20/20 & Today. App't/Info: 212-683-6505

Have White Teeth In 1 Visit—Bleaching.
Fast Results. Safe. W. 57th. 212-355-6064

ELECTROLYSIS

•LASER ELECTROLYSIS•

Painless/No Needles. Up West 724-5000
Chelsea 645-9212 / Great Neck 516-773-MAXX

HEALTH & BEAUTY

LASER HAIR REMOVAL
NOW AT ALLANA DAY SPA
160 East 56th. 212-980-0216

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Relaxing Bath, Revitalizing Massage—
Soothing Enemas. Private. 212-246-4276

Colon Therapy—Stress Relief. Massage.
W.94th St.: 222-4868 E.51st St.: 751-2319

SOHO HEALTH & WELLNESS CENTER
Colon Therapy, Nutritional Counseling,
Chiropractic Care, Massage, Body Wraps,
Holistic Health Care In A Professional,
Warm, Caring Environment. 212-473-1068

RN, 20+ Yrs Exp—CHT. Colonics And
Therapeutic Massage. Beeper 917-241-3272

Stress Reduction—Meditation Therapy
And Bodywork. 212-979-7024

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

PAMPERING SESSIONS

In Private Home. Bath, Massage,
Inner Cleansing. 212-868-7760

NOEVIR

—Steam, Dry Sauna, Shiatsu,
Swedish Massage. 212-594-1602

Deep Tissue, Sports, Thai—Reflexology.
Upper West Side. 212-579-2452

EMERALD SPA

Russian Sauna with Platza Treatment,
Steamroom/Dry Sauna/Pool/Whirlpool,
Massage/Scrub/Manicure/Pedicure...
For Men/Women. L.I.C. 718-433-1224

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—
Douglaston, Queens. 718-225-1123

Harvard Yoga Teacher & Masseuse—
Positively Spiritual. W. 56th St. 974-9633

Green Japanese Spa

Swedish, Shiatsu. Res. 212-947-5959

Cleansing Massage Specialist—Noon-
10pm. Emma. By appt. 212-726-0138

Massages, Cleansings, Baths—With
Nurses. Call After 4:30pm. 212-749-6442

Relax, Stress, Pain Relief—Swedish.
Aromatherapy. Reflex. Wax. 212-213-4114

MADISON CLUB

Step back into an era of elegant gentility.
A private club offering: Massage, Steam,
Cigars, Pedicure & Manicure...where our
staff of pampering masseuses are eager
to please you in our unique surroundings.

20 E 38th St NY-NY 10016 • Tel 212 973-0072

18 Yrs Exp. Lic./No Sex Calls—Stress/
Strains. E 60s. 7 days. Jeanie: 212-750-8947

201-507-9977 Rutherford Colonic—
Shiatsu. Stay Young, Feel Better.

Angel Touch Spa—Colonic Therapy.
Sauna, Jacuzzi, Massage. 718-997-7772

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—

Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room.
M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail.
11 E. 36th. 212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS

HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

PENIS ENLARGEMENT Custom
Vacuum Pumps - Surgical. Gain 1" to 3".
Permanent/Safe. Enhance Erection. FREE
Brochures. Dr. Joel Kaplan: 312-409-1950

We Help You—Afford life-saving physicals!
Top female MD. Board-cert. 586-8008

WEIGHT CONTROL

15-20 Stubborn Pounds?

Safe, Reliable Medication Combined
With Natural Nutrients. MD-Supervised.
212-570-5058

The Medication Everyone Is Talking
About! Losing Weight Has Never Been
Easier. Physician-Supervised. 212-737-4644

Lose Weight Naturally—Suppress
Appetite. Retrain Metabolism. 100%
Money-Back Guarantee. 800-928-3760

NYC's Lowest \$\$ Phen/Fen

Seen on ABC/CBS. Top Bd-Cert Female MD
No-Fee Consult. 116 CPS. 888-PERMALOSS

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medica-
tions, As Per NY Times. 212-288-5468

Endermologie™—The Nonsurgical
Alternative To Liposuction. 212-473-1402

PHEN/FEN GOT YOU DOWN?

There Are Alternative Medications.
1st Visit \$100, Incl EKG P.F.s. & Meds.
Every 2 Wks \$60, Exam Plus Medications.
Internal Medicine/Weight-Loss Specialist,
R. Andria, MD. 718-332-8181

Physician-Supervised Weight-Loss

Program - Using Medication.
West Village Office. 212-367-7350

1-800-870-SLIM

Private MD
Affordable Fees - Manh/Queens Location.

pamper yourself

IN THE FALL PREVIEW ISSUE

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S 1.5 million readers lead busy, active lives,
but they need to focus on themselves from time to time...by getting
away to a spa, enjoying a relaxing massage or receiving any of a
number of health and beauty treatments. In *Pamper Yourself*, our
classified display section, they'll find the products and services
they need to take care of themselves and relax.

issue: 9/8

on sale: 9/1

deadline: 8/15

For advertising rates & information,
please call Mark Bristow at:

212-545-3661

or Debbie Horowitz at: 212-545-3683

New York Kids

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

MARSHA D.D.

The Hot Spot
For The Coolest Pre-Teen Clothes!
1324 Lexington Ave. NYC: 212-534-8700
123 Main St. Westhampton Bch: 516-288-7035

To advertise in the NEW YORK KIDS section, please call Debbie Horowitz at: 212.545.3683

CHILDREN'S FURNITURE

Customized With Your Child's Name—
Have one piece designed or a whole room!
Colorful, whimsical paintings too! 308-5860

ENTERTAINMENT

Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!—
And TV Clown! Ages 1-103! 212-475-7785

Starmite Puppets—Lion K, Aladdin, Quasi, Dalmations, Sesame, Dinosaurs, Pooh, Face Paint, Balloons. 473-3409

NANNIES

Domestic/Household Placements
Nannies, Housekeepers, Companions.
Live-In/Out. Leisure Services, Ltd.
17 yrs exp. 212-628-6130 / 914-921-2049

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club—Best party space for kids! 10-200. 212-831-7665

202 East 77th Street—Beautiful, large space. Includes small/large tables/chairs. Special weekday prices. 212-861-4330

To advertise in the NEW YORK KIDS section, please call Debbie Horowitz at: 212.545.3683

Boats and Yachts

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 Days: 914-968-3220 or 212-717-0300

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. 212-534-6380

LUXURIOUS DINNER CRUISES
charters/holiday parties
The Skyline, The Statue Of Liberty, A Great Meal & Dancing - Who Could Want More?
NOW SAILING FROM THE NORTH COVE YACHT HARBOR AT THE WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER

VIP YACHT CRUISES, Inc. 718-934-1014

M/Y Lady Windridge—NY's most elegant charter yacht. Corp. and private events, up to 500 guests. 5-star cuisine. Full A/C. Meticulously maintained. 212-247-3333

Best Deal Boat Parties—Gala Yachts in NY Harbor. Great cuisine. Flexible terms. Established 1972. 212-307-0985

CORP & PVT PARTIES & WEDDINGS
135' Classic DIPLOMAT
100' Contemporary CELEBRITY
See us at Pier 84 at W. 43rd St.
Leisure Yacht Charters (212) 594-9555

FOR NY'S BEST LUXURY YACHTS
for business or social events afloat,
in New York, New Jersey & Connecticut
any time, any size - 2 to 500 guests, we
guarantee the very best service, superb
catering as you wish (to fit your budget)
& immediate all-inclusive cost quotations
CHELSEA PIERS YACHTS 212-645-6626

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over a Decade of Value & Service.
Consider Us Above the Rest.
212-995-5470 - ask for Mary.

WORLD YACHT
NEW YORK
Elegant Dining Afloat
Start with world-class dining.
Stir in a generous serving of music.
Add a splash of romance.
Sprinkle liberally with city lights.
Our charters serve 50 to 400.
• Custom catering • Kosher catering
• Storybook weddings
• A fleet of five • From a pier near you
• Ample parking right on our pier
Pier 81, W. 41st St. at the Hudson River
212 630 8800

Private Sail with Someone Special—51' yacht, 2 crew, champagne, shrimp, roses. \$422 & up. 212-873-7558 Grps: \$372 & up.

SAIL ON A TALL SHIP! The Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, 2-49 guests, from NY or NJ. 201-966-1684 Our 14th Year.

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two -
to your largest corporate events.
NYC 212-594-1561 NJ 201-482-1991

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties
MYC, Inc., Wall St., NYC. 212-856-9446

Catamaran Silk Private harbor sails.
Luxury, stability, fun! \$400-up. 6 people.
Lunch/dinner extra. Reserve: 201-420-6870

New Orleans Theme Party \$42-\$65pp.
NY's Only Real Paddlewheeler, Belle Anne Marie! 60-144 guests. 201-514-1829

Priv. Charters—The Queen of Hearts - 520p Showboat; Paddlewheel Queen - 375p, or AJV - 180p 120' yacht. 427-2818

To advertise in the BOATS & YACHTS section, please call Alex Singerman at: 212.545.3682

Summer Entertaining

CARICATURES

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. 212-873-1695

Top Artist—Colorful, Witty. Fun On Paper, T-Shirts. 516-767-4201

Herman—"Party Artist Par Excellence" & unique portraits via mail. 914-357-3318

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. 718-782-2250

Prominent Caricaturist—Energize Your Event. Best Rates! Jay Alders: 201-281-0014

ENTERTAINMENT

Master Magician—"Top Rate"—NY Times Amazing Fun for All Events! 718-885-3038

MURDER MYSTERY, INC.
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
1-800-673-3354

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. 1-800-936-SING

• HARDBODIES, INC. •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
BACHELOR-DUOS, BACHELORETTES!
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441

SEND BALLOONS - \$25!
Bouquets, arches, centerpieces. 212-935-9577

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic, Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos, Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages.
Naomi's World Of Ent.: 800-504-4911

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! 212-929-8609

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best.
Corporate & Private Events. 212-288-9133

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. 212-741-3195

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic, Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, Clinton, Marilyn, Elvis, Roasts, Casino 212-744-9000

Balloons, Costumes, Belly, Strip, DJs, Party Entertainers—Anywhere, any time!
LIFE O' THE PARTY 800-966-7456

• SOMETHING SPECIAL •
Unique Entertainment • Famous Name Acts
DJs/Music • Performers • Dancers • Favors
Themes/Decor • Acts • 600+ Lookalikes...
the Whole Event! Est. 1982 800-GET-GALA

• STRIPTEEZ • A • GRAM •
The ONLY Gift That UNWRAPS Itself!!
212-391-2480 • 516-485-6600 • 718-352-9423

\$24 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. 718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-669-8254
You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated
Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—
By registered psychic. 212-410-1299

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos
212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F.

BALLOON BOUQUETS®
Decorating. Special Events: 212-265-5252
Nationwide Delivery. Info: 800-424-232

Great Parties & Great Food
will appear in the FALL PREVIEW special issue

Mail order & retail food companies please call
Michelle Krell Kydd at: 212-545-3672
or fax: 212-779-2449

Caterers & Party Venues please call
Alex Singerman at: 212-545-3682
or fax: 212-779-2449



issue date: sept. 8 on sale: sept. 1 deadline: aug. 15

**ENTERTAINMENT/
INTERACTIVE**

Joust, Video Games, Rockwall—Slides, Lazer Tag, Bouncers, Casinos, Catering & More! NY Party Works 1-800 4NY-FUNN

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

Pianist/Singer Jonathan Segal—Jazzy Gershwin, B'way, More... 212-222-3169

Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. 212 865-4787

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES Est. 1978. Fine Classical, Jazz, Contemporary, Swing. Helpful & Creative. 212-489-1641

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—Great Music & Entertainment 914-478-0073

MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.
Celebrating Our 12th Year!
800-MSM-MUSIC

Mix 'N Match Music Trios—Gershwin to Mozart for Your Event. 718-278-5331

Affordable Party Music—DJs from \$350. 15 Years Experience. 212-662-4921

Karaoke & DJ Parties—From NY City to the Hamptons. Call David: 718-631-1024

GOURMET CATERING

Lundy's Lobsterbake
Complete catering in any location.
Call Michael at: 718-743-0022

A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-227-1089—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. 212-751-1459

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion, Inc. 212-682-6281

Waiters/Bartenders—For All Party Needs. Corp/Priv. NYC/Hamptons. 212-499-0886

PARTY PLANNING

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & private parties, weddings... Top Client List. RED LETTER EVENTS 212-772-1177

THE PARTY PRO—Total service. The best for less! Call Mr. J: 212-255-7735

PARTY RENTAL

Pinballs • Juke Boxes • Video Games
Pool Tables • Casino Equip • Popcorn
Cotton Candy. Sales & Rentals. 935-9577

PARTY SERVICE

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless cocktails in our funky duplex. \$35 pp. The Hudson Grill: 645-2729 - Andy or Kirsten

Brunch Anytime—The "No Work" Way To Cater Your Party. 516-432-1354

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave. nr 52nd St. 212-888-2122

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club
Unique party space. 10-250. 212-851-7665

SUCCESSFUL AFFAIRS

Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. 212-684-6402

**LE FIGARO CAFE
A VILLAGE LANDMARK**

Garden Room, Fireplace, Music, Full Bar. Affordable \$\$ 15-100. 212-388-0002

S.O.B.'s—Where the world parties! We are party experts, for 20-400. 212-243-4940

WWW.PRINCESTREETCLUB.COM
#1 location in Soho for 20-120 guests. Visit our Website or call: 212-553-0707

THE SUPPER CLUB Corporate/Social Weddings. Midtown Loc. From 20-1,000. Swing In Art Deco Elegance. 212-921-1940

THE MADISON 679-2932

3-Story Mansion Specializing in Corp. Events, Fund-Raisers, Weddings. 25-500p.

DEMI RESTAURANT Charming Mad Av Brownstone w/Fireplaces. Cont'l Cuisine. Perfect for Rehearsal Dinners, Showers & All Private Parties 10-50p. 212-534-3475

Rodeo Grill—Live music, 2 party rooms. 375 Third Ave. (27th St.) 212-683-6500

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, S. Sixteen in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. 202east Doug: 212-861-4330

Park Avenue Country Club - 685-3636—Dynamic 10,000 sq ft party space. 25-650.

DEZERLAND
NEW YORK'S BEST PARTY PLACE
The Perfect Location for
Corporate Holiday Parties
for 50 to 1,500 guests
We can create an event to fit every budget!
Starlight Casino Ballroom
Fun City Gameroom/Arcade
Drive In Movie Theatre
270 Eleventh Ave., NYC (212) 564-4590

Antique, Unique!—W.Vlg. 20 Fr drs, open-air lngc, mahog bar, tin ceilings, 20-200. 479-7306

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p. www.200fifth.com

Eclectic Chelsea Photo Studio/Gallery Empire State View. Huge State-of-the-Art Kitchen. 25-250p. Pvt/Corp. 212-741-0688

BOWLMOR LANES—Largest bowling center in Manhattan. 2 full bars & 42 lanes. Private floor & party room avail. 255-8188

LANDMARK ON THE PARK
"One of the Most Elegant yet Affordable Locations in New York." 212-595-8410

WEDDINGS

Castles, Mansions, Estates—Spectacular locations in NYC & LI. 212-675-2080

Interiors and Exteriors

ANTIQUES

AUCTION!
MUST VACATE WAREHOUSE!
CONTENTS OF ESTATES, VARIOUS CONSIGNMENTS, FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS.
WED, AUGUST 13, 7PM
SAT, AUGUST 16, 2PM
SUN, AUGUST 17, 2PM
368 Broadway, 3 Blocks S. of Canal (inspected 1 hr. prior).
Terms: Cash, CC, App. Cks. 10%, Buyers Premium
Auctioneer: Arthur Horowitz • BCA# 797105 • (212) 327-2100

BATHROOMS

Manhattan Kitchen & Bath Experts
 Gotham Interiors.....212-851-9177

Wizard Custom Bathrooms & Kitchens
Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM
Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets.
ic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. 212-677-5555

CLOSETS

PACEMASTER CLOSET—Closet & storage Solutions, Plus Custom Doors. Free Estimates. Insured. Refs. 212-382-1533

ITY CLOSET CO.—Free estimates... All types of shelving. Space professionals. Affordable pricing. 212-945-4010

DECORATIVE PAINTING

idyl Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals, gilding, Stone Glazing. 212-269-2687

FLOORS

Hardwood Floors—Install, Refinishing, Sealing & Pickling. 212-360-2208

**HOME/BUSINESS
IMPROVEMENT**

Handyman—Wall Dividers, Painting, Woodwork, Floors & More! Personal Attention. All Size Jobs. Refs. 212-749-7171

MDP painting
Painting is our specialty and we do it right at a great price!
Indoor/out, sheetrock, plastering.
FREE ESTIMATES!
Let us apply 15 years of experience to your painting needs!
NY/NJ references available.
201.865.4037

**INTERIOR DESIGNERS &
ARCHITECTS**

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
Expert redecoration w/o new investment. Featured in NY Times, NY Mag, ABC, CBS. Lowest Rate. Tri-state. Only \$250/Room. Free Brochure. 212-288-8888
Visit Our Website at www.redecorate.com

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will beautifully transform your space. Creative. To Budget. Sasha Designs: 212-243-1738

C.S. INTERIORS—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Home/office. Complete renovations. Refs avail. 212-754-2689/516-288-4156

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. \$75 hourly. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: 212-826-1069

Let's Decorate Together

A Decorator Who Designs And Shops With You. Buy At A Discount. Elegant Residential Design Is My Specialty.
\$50/Hour 212-875-3853

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. No job too small. Refs. Special access to all wholesale showrooms.
Tri-State Area & Florida
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

IDEAS COUNT MORE THAN MONEY
Exp. designer works magic, to budget. Let me amaze you. Call 212-288-1863.

Complete Interior Design—A room or a mansion. Larry Parker, ASID. 212-628-9435

Don't Make A Move Without Us!

We know the needs of busy people. We'll furnish you with an interior design and cost that is easy to live with. Showroom discounts. Bruker Design 212-452-1867

KITCHENS

WOOD-O-RAMA, INC.—From kitchen cabinetry to remodeling/restoring (500 types of moldings to choose from), we have it all! 238 W. 108th St. 212-749-6438

Triple T Construction—Your Kitchen & Bath Specialist. Granitework. 212-360-2208

LIGHTING

Track By Jack 212-340-9111
Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

Gold Coast Lighting 1-888-651-7900
Quality name-brand lighting at the guaranteed lowest prices. Call toll-free with manufacturer & style number, or visit our website at: www.goldcoastlight.com

**PAINTING &
WALLPAPERING**

Custom Painting—Sponging, Wallpaper, Marbleizing & Gold Leaf. Ins. 212-360-2208

Fine Painting & Papering—Marbling, Sponging, Glazing. Ins. Rob: 212-889-6874

RCC Painting—Custom painting, plastering, wallpapering. Residential/commercial. Free estimates. Ins. 212-980-4469

REUPHOLSTERY

REUPHOLSTERY & SLIPCOVERS
Master Craftsman Offering Designer Quality at VERY REASONABLE Prices.
DESIGN CORNER 1-800-852-2420

WINDOW TREATMENT

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and Draperies. Lowest Prices: 212-807-8674

Levorol/Duettes/Silhouettes/Wood
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600.....718-748-8600

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies & all soft treatments. KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722

To advertise in New York Magazine's INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS section, call Michelle Krell Kydd at: 212.545.3672

The New York Office

ANSWERING SERVICES

\$8 Live/Voice Mail/Pagers/Mail—
800/900 #s. All US Cities. 212-868-1121

To advertise in **THE NEW YORK OFFICE**
section, call Debbie Horowitz at: 212.545.3683

EQUIPMENT REPAIR

GOLDEN CARTRIDGE

Laser toner cartridges for copiers/printers
on sale. Low prices. Clark: 1-800-987-8845

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

GET ON TRACK! THE PERSONAL TOUCH!
Home/Office Organizing & Setup, Inventory,
Collectibles, Cataloguing, Computer
Printout. All Five Boroughs. 800-643-7225

TO ADVERTISE IN... The NY Office

CALL DEBBIE HOROWITZ AT:
212.545.3683 or FAX: 212.779.2449

Services and Sales

APPLIANCES

AIR CONDITIONERS / APPLIANCES

Viking, Sub-Zero, Asko, Bosch...
Call Dial-A-Brand w/Make & Model.
Est. 1967. 800-237-3220 / 888-SAVE-MOR

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513

Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At
Low, Low Prices. Home Sales Enterprises

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES

Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer.
Call 718-774-0198/773-8483. Expert advice.

All Major Appliances/Air Cond.
Commercial/Residential - US/Euro.
Rated #1 NY Magazine - Discount Prices.
Est. 1918. 212-475-2012 - GRINGER

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr,
AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer,
dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #.
Lowest prices: 800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620

ASTROLOGY

European Psychic: 90% Accurate—TV/
Radio. CC's. 215-954-5908 \$3.50/min. 18+.

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty—
Credit Cards Accepted. Call: 215-482-6517

Creative Solutions By Powerful Psychics—
Vi/MC. 18+. \$3.48/min. 800-545-7334

AUTO CARE

Seized Cars From \$175.—Porsches,
Cadillacs, Chevys, BMWs, Corvettes, Jeeps,
4WDs. Your Area. 800-218-9000 ext A-4235

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let Leisure Cleaning
Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp
Accts. Insured. Call: 212-628-6130 & Relax.

NY's Little Elves - 212-673-5507—
Bonded/Insured. Credit Cards.

EDUCATION

Attention: Children's Etiquette
Consultant Can Be In Your Home Just
For Your Child. For Info: 212-947-1313

HELP WANTED

\$1000's POSSIBLE READING BOOKS
Part-time. At-home. Toll-free: 800-218-9000
Ext. R-4235 for listings

INVESTIGATORS

CHECK-A-MATE™
Investigation/Surveillance/Bodyguards/
Decoys/Debugging. 800-734-2660

JEWELRY

Master Jeweler - 25 Years Experience
Member Jewelers' Board Of Trade. Expert
Repair/Design. Major Pieces/Small Assign-
ments. By App't. 212-675-6863/Fax 675-5409

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

Stretch—\$50/hr. Special: \$149/4 hrs. Avail
24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. 800-253-4546

1996 Limos—6-16 Passengers. From
\$35/Hr. CC's. All Occasions. 800-546-3254

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home.
Bonded. West: 947-6190; East: 838-2996

PHOTOGRAPHY

Top London Portrait Photographer
In New York: 800-270-5432
Children, Corporate, Singles, Families.

MASSAGE

Out Of Bodyworks 212-545-0615
Leave Your Body...Here! E. 30s.

Paradise On The Table
Breathless Massage. 7 Days. 212-682-8166

HIDDEN TREASURE

Upper East Side. Mid 70s. 212-327-0244

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Pri-
vate. Convenient to Wall St. 212-243-1118

"TRYST"

Upscale. Full Recorded Info: 212-642-9119

Yanna—Eloquent Massage. Upper East
Side & 5th. 212-308-4658

Exceptional Massage—By French lady.
Clean/pvt studio. 10am-10pm. 212-888-3497

Wonderful—Private. East 48th Street.
Midtown. 7 Days. 212-593-0046

TANTALIZING TREATS

Midtown East. Pvt. 7 Days. 212-213-4480

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable!
East 20s... 212-685-5614

Cloud Nine—A Heavenly Experience.
Excellence & Beauty. W. 70s. 212-787-7411

Julie—Selective, Upscale. Reasonable
Rates. Lex & 40s. 7 Days. 212-972-0842

Body Double—Double your relaxation
thru sensual, exotic bodyrub. 212-750-2912

PURE BLISS

Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

Wall Street—World Trade Center. Soho
& Tribeca. By Appointment. 212-267-4053

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLONIC
Therapy Dispos. W.94th: 212-222-4868
E.51st: 751-2519 Friendly - Natasha/Joe

Pears—Eclectic Excellence, Featuring
Synchronized Massage. 212-505-5151

Take A Break From Work—For A
Mind-Numbing Massage. 212-599-2096

Floridian Treats—Tegan and Sasha.
Discreet. AM/PM Hours. 212-753-9894

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse.
Clean, Private. 7 Days. 212-858-8588

Kathy—Put Yourself In My Hands.
It's Time To Relax. Midtown. 212-557-3721

ALEX FOR MEN 779-7870

Fit, Athletic, Cool Environment.

EXCELLENT RELAXATION

New, Exciting, Elegant.
50s/5th. By Appointment: 212-977-7275

SensEssentials—Profl Massage. Elegant,
Sincere, Selective... Tatiana: 212-922-2149

Velvet Hands Ultimate Pampering
Exquisite & Beautiful. Full Info.
Pamela. 212-340-8066

A Very Special Touch....Sensational!!—
W. Village/Wall St. access. 212-645-4995

Shiatsu And Candlelight Therapy—
Gramercy Area. 212-253-0448

LINCOLN CENTER AREA

New, Elegant, Rejuvenating. 212-787-0146

A Very Private Candlelight Massage—
5th Ave & 46th. By App't. 212-997-1660

Courtney & Friends—212-779-9226. E 30s.
Quality, Private, Elegant. Open 7 Days.

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxa-
tion. Open 7 Days. 212-858-1948

Lisa—Heavenly Bodyrub In Private.
Relaxing Atmosphere. 212-759-5522

Michelle—Upscale, French, Ebony.
Residential Also. Call 212-972-0843.

Wall Street—Science w/Art. Pvt. Clean
Safe. Also Lite Role-Play. 212-732-0113

Exotic Asia—Experience Incredible
Chinese Techniques. Pvt. Res. 212-575-9027

Brooklyn's Best Bodyrub—Just 5 Min
From NYC. CC's. 718-783-8176 / 645-7239

GRAND OPENING

By Appointment. 718-237-1855

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professiona
Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-858-8380

NANA 212-702-8880
Japanese Shiatsu. Studio/Resid.

Timeless Relaxation—By Appointmen
Only. Call Judy. Midtown. 212-499-0866

ORIENTAL DELIGHT

Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

NEW EBONY

Elegant, Vivacious & Spontaneous.
212-947-7111 ext 177; Bpr 201-319-7836

GINZA 212-684-2121

Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Veronica—Southern Charm. Upper Wes
Side. Gentle Relaxation. 212-662-4548

201-568-4006

10% off w/ad. Englewood. Oriental Star

Full-Body Massage—For men and women
by female. 212-986-9577

Continued on next page.

fall preview '97
the indispensable guide
to autumn in new york

To place an ad in this
special issue, call 212.779.7500
or fax: 212.779.2449

issue date: september 8 • on sale: september 1
classified deadline: august 26

Continued from previous page.

MASSAGE

COSTA DEL SOL

Beauty & Relaxation 212-593-1605

New Chinese - Exotic

212-448-9016 By Ladies / 448-9015 By Man

SHIATSU STUDIO

Best Swedish. Resid./Studio. 212-583-0140

Grand Opening—Pamper Yourself Privately. E 80s. Lauren. CCs. 212-717-0161

JAPANESE 212-799-7087

Japanese Shiatsu. Uptown Residential.

STATUESQUE MODEL

Sensual Relaxation. 212-679-8616

Massage & Spa—Shiatsu, Swedish And Steam Bath. 201-313-9215 Best In NJ.

FUJI 212-207-8959

Shiatsu/Swedish. Res/studio. 212-396-4470

TOKYO MOON

Japanese Shiatsu. 212-421-0222

Mature, Sensual, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, 7 Days. 212-262-4537

ORIENTAL THERAPY

Body Shampoo, Edgewater, NJ. 201-969-1323

Grand New Opening

Gabrielle & Tess. Versatile/Unforgettable Massage. All CCs. 212-249-2436

SUN COSMOS

Magnificent Massage. 212-252-0819

Hot And Experience—The Best In Exquisite Massage. Private. 212-327-2173

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish. Rt. 17 North, Ramsey. 201-327-0286

Kimberly—A Touch Of Class. Pamper Yourself & Relax With Me. 212-465-3425

★ **CHOPSTICK SALON** ★
★ 1-Hour massage. ★
★ Japanese/Swedish Bodyrub. ★
★ Best Service In New York. ★
★ Very Nice & Clean. ★
★ **212-279-6266** ★
★ **212-244-4415** ★

LE—20% Off - Now Open! Shiatsu And Diamond Style. 212-588-0780

Superb Swedish Massage—Reflexology. V. 50s. Private. 212-489-5322

01-840-1743—Best Asian Tension Relief. Near GWB.

Susan & Lynn—Sensitive massage - by mature lady. 11:30-7:30pm. 718-426-4979

FUJI 201-368-0058

NJ's Best Asian Massage.

Yuku Japanese . . . East 50—Shiatsu. Studio/Residential. 212-223-2650

4 SEASONS SPA

Steam/Sauna 203-977-7754 Stamford

914-368-3000

Swedish/Shiatsu. CC's okay. Suffern, NY.

Recline & Unwind—Sensual Touch. ara. Midtown Location. 212-499-0874

Charles—Gentle, Warm Hands. Men/Women/Couples. Jacuzzi. 212-852-7872

Genevieve—Mature, Caring. 212-350-8146 Mon-Sat. Beginning 9/6 Sat & Sun Only.

GOLDEN HAPPINESS

Relax in Astoria (23rd Ave.)
718-278-6969 or 718-278-6767

Kelly & Friends—By Mature, Sensual Touch. Call 212-973-0102.

Body Pampering By Amanda—Private. All CCs. Grand Opening. 212-861-5969

Go No Further—Absolutely Astonishing! Ultimate Rates. 212-987-0617

Monique - European Massage—Bodyrub... Light Touch. 212-832-2610

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH

Fresh New Faces. 212-754-1470

Touch By Tomas For Men—Soothing, Serene, Safe, Pvt. CC's okay. 212-689-9030

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—Sophisticated. Private. 212-421-5963

Relieve Fatigue—Tension, Stress. Guaranteed. Highly Qualified. 212-MU9-5207

Tricia—Very Private. By Appointment. Jenny's Here... 7 Days. 212-996-8499

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial, Reflexology. M/F. 212-661-0777

49TH & MADISON

Affordable & Relaxing. 212-223-5166

MAKI 212-751-5550

Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

Shannon & Rebecca—Private Apt. Selective Gentlemen. 212-448-9249

Aloha 201-816-9562—Japanese Shiatsu, Swedish Therapy. Rtes 4/9W, Englewood.

Grasp The Grok—Multidimensional Bodywork For 21st Century. 212-213-1084

VIP 59 SPA

Relaxation in Greenwich, CT. 203-629-0898

Classy Massage—By Elegant Asian Lady. East 31st. 212-726-0082

203-324-7552

Stamford, Rt. 95, exit 8, Atlantic Ave.

Cynthia—Very Private And Discreet. Midtown Location. 212-753-6986

Miramar—Highly Skilled Internat'l Staff. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. 212-826-8814

Adorable, Mysterious

212-406-2630 / 718-476-8997

For Discriminating Men—East Side. Intense/Gentle Relaxation. 212-988-3226

MATTHEW FOR MEN

A Class Act. Call Matt: 212-586-6172 24 Hrs

Uptown Exotic—Great Touch. Incredible Chinese Techniques. 212-327-1585

MEET ME IN MIDTOWN

For A Memorable Moment.
E. 20s. 212-448-1378

Silvio's Euro-Touch For Men—Sensual Relaxation. 212-683-1220 / Bp 917-313-9908

ELIZABETH - Excellent Massage

By Elegant, Sensual Lady. Grand Central Area. Studio/Resid. 212-697-4698

Central Park South, Austrian Lady—Private, Sensual And Caring. 212-246-4759

KASA 212-754-6130

Professional Masseuses From Japan.

LICENSED THERAPY

DR.'s SEX THERAPY

A Reputation For THE BEST
MD-Supv. SURROGATE PROGRAM
PhD & Board-Cert. Clinical Sexologists
Private • Results • All Dysfunctions
212-721-7650

SEXUAL SUCCESS

SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC
NYC'S ONLY CERTIFIED* Sex Therapist-
Supervised SURROGATE Program.
Resolve Impotence/PE/Orgasm Problems/
Shyness. **PROVEN SUCCESS.**
MD Sup'v'd. End fear/failure. 212-971-6060
*Amer. Ass'n of Sex Educators, Counselors & Therapists.

Bright, Competent, Gentle Surrogate—
Confidential & Effective. 212-316-4768

ROLE PLAY

Kim—Live/Real/Intense/Exotic/Caring.
Unforgettable/Let's Talk. 212-245-4641 24hr

Nurse Therapy—Dress-Up. Behavior
Training. Luxurious, Upscale & Private.
Credit Cards Accepted. 212-684-6775

EBONY IS BEAUTIFUL

Exotic Role-Play. CCs okay. 212-268-9484

Black Canadian—Exotic, Sensual,
Private. Call Anne: 212-532-6084

Southern Elegance—Pamper Yourself.
By Appointment. Taylor: 212-355-4428

PASSIONATE PRIVATE NURSE
Personalized & Intimate. 212-481-9293

Candyland—W. 50s. Private & Discreet.
Yes, Residential. 479-7939 / 946-5175

Angelique—For Upscale Gentlemen.
212-772-7470

SULTRY LATIN BEAUTY

Fetish Role-Play. CC's. 212-244-0190

LuvSaver—Explore Fantasies Safely!!
Sexual Advice. No Taboos. 212-246-0331

Behavior Modification—Nurse Therapy
& Role-Play By Experts, For The Novice
& Connoisseur. AX/Vi/MC. 212-889-3350

"CALIFORNIA DREAMIN"

For Men Who Know The Difference...

Toll Free: 888-579-8481

Upscale Clientele Preferred

www.caldreamin.com

Apache Princess—Exciting: For Special
Execs Only. By App't. 212-459-1930

Discreet Encounters—For Sophisticated
Gentlemen. East Side Locale. 212-207-1909

Upper East Side—Venus: Sensual
Bodyrub, Nurse, Crossdress. 212-427-3801

Candy - Sutton Place For Upscale
Gentlemen. Elegant, Beautiful & Private.
212-980-8118

HONEY - SUTTON PLACE

For Discreet Men. Classy, Pvt. 212-838-2653

Elegant Encounters By Jeannie—Mid-
town East. For Upscale Men. 212-758-8817

Lisa—For High-Class Gentlemen And
Ladies. Private. 212-838-6293

ANGELIQUE

Yours Truly. 212-758-7081

JILLIAN BRADLEY & ASSOCIATES

A Wall Street Edition.
The Experience Continues.
212-425-0540

Ultimate Encounters—Luxurious,
Upscale, For Successful Men. 212-246-1314

Westchester/Rockland/Putnam—Touch,
Dance, Voyeurism. 800-957-3048

Suite 202—Midtown studio. All forms of
role-play, 12pm-2am 212 354-6224/354-1925

ORIENTAL CLUB

Elegance For Your Personal Pleasure.
Resid Only. 212-447-7711 / 718-482-8934

Models Inc.—Connoisseurs' Choice.
Call Alexis: 212-354-6960

Looking For American Dream?—
Call Us: 212-653-8707 Hotel/Residence

Spice

Your day and nights. Expensive
relaxation and worth it.

7 Days. 24 Hrs. Credit Cards Accepted.

212-253-8222

Southern Belle—Chanel, Mature. By
Appointment. 10am-9pm. 212-879-2463

Double Mistress Training

Sensual, Erudite, Couples Welcome, Pvt.
516-373-0305 / 516-258-7679

Exciting German Femme Fatale—
Residential Only. 212-260-6070

Continued on next page.

THE
DESIGN DIRECTORY
WILL APPEAR IN...
NEW YORK
MAGAZINE
HOME DESIGN
SPECIAL ISSUE

To advertise in
New York Magazine's
DESIGN DIRECTORY,
please call
Michelle Krell Kydd at:
212.545.3672
or fax: 212.779.2449

Issue Date: 10/13 • On Sale: 10/6 • DESIGN DIRECTORY Deadline: 9/19

Services and Sales

Continued from previous page.

ROLE PLAY

YURAKU 516-777-7566

200 Rt 110S #4, Farmingdale

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

Wendy's

Warm and Wonderful.
212 873-8158
<http://www.redlightnet.com/ruby>

SUPERMODELS

5th Avenue Penthouse Loft.
Upscale, Discreet. 212-683-1392

Helena—Just You And Me. European, Upscale Relaxation. 212-922-9117

Angelina—East 20s Manhattan Loc. Private, 1-On-1 Rendezvous. 718-295-6297

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS

Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You. Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. 212-355-8321

Midtown Role-Play—Pvt/Relaxing. Come See Kim, By App't. 212-753-9894

AVALON - 1st Class Role-Play
Private, Safe, Discreet. Upscale Clientele.
Resid/Hotel. 212-714-1537

club monaco
(212) 965 - 9622
Captivating
First Class Elegance

Mr. Victor & Male Trainee—Role-Play Only. Queensboro Bridge. 718-784-0638

Live Conversation—1-On-1 Stimulating Role-Play. Call Now! 800-814-2569

Absolute Discretion—Absolute Perfection. www.epiphany-nyc.com

SENSUOUS GOVERNESS

Care & Training For Men. 212-532-7135

Former Mr. America—Full Role-Play For Men And Women. Rex: 212-888-1790

Mature, Exquisite Relaxation—Very Private. For Gentlemen. 212-759-2024

IVY LEAGUE

Ashley & Barbie, By Appointment. Sumptuous Surroundings. 212-358-8394

Vicki & Mia—Real/Passionate/Elegant/Clean. Totally Pvt. W 50th. 212-265-4703

Adam & Eric For Men—Exclusive, Private & Safe. 212-988-2991

Stiletto—For The Discriminating Gentleman. Fetish Experts. 212-539-7576

Seen On Howard Stern—Real, Chic & Pvt. Upscale/Discreet. Susan: 212-826-2707

Divine Divas—Discreet Decadence. Call Hanna: 354-6954

Erica—Sensual, Exotic Relaxation. Upper East Side. 212-879-4788

MADemoiselle
Scandinavian & European Models
Upscale relaxation for gentlemen
who expect the very best.
1-800-464-6667

Roxanne—When Sensual Role-Play Just Isn't Enough! 212-875-9755

When All Is Well...—You've Just Seen Isabelle: 212-875-1976

Diana—Mature And Elegant Role-Play. By App't. 9am-11pm. 212-486-6377

Asian VIP—Horace Harding Exp, Fresh Meadows. 718-539-5554/800-586-1409

RUSSIAN MYSTIQUE

Elegant, captivating, upscale. 718-266-5284

Lady Tish—Ebony Beauty - 212-330-8368
Role-Play - Priv/Resid Or Live Via Phone.

Personal/Caring - Nurse Therapy
& Sensual Role-Play. 908-247-4993
Pvt/Discreet. For Men/Women/Couples.

UNIQUE MODELS
Luxurious, Pvt, Discreet.
212-643-0295

Psychotherapist—Explore All Subjects. Role Playing - 24 Hrs. 516-422-2404

LIZA 212-888-1666
Now With Ventures Unlimited.

Sable—Elegant Shemale/Goddess. By Appointment. CC's Accepted. 718-921-2413

Elegant, Mature Relaxation—Private. Call For Appointment: 212-697-5952

Mistress—To Make Yourself Available... Call 212-530-8037.

Nia—German Role-Play. Very Private And Discreet. Call: 212-334-0060

Upper East Side—Sensual Role-Play By April, Leslie And Racquel. 212-427-4395

ELITE CLUB

Worldwide sophistication. 212-673-6999

Precious Relaxation—Sensual Touch By Lisa. By Appointment Only. 917-906-2502

DREAM GIRLS
For A Few Upscale Gentlemen.
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY!
212-402-2077
Hotel & Residential Also Available.
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.

Sensual Role-Play—Fetish, X-Dressing. Upscale. Midtown. Ava: 212-586-3882

Exclusive Role-Play - Open The Door
To A New Experience...At The Hidden Chamber. A/C. 212-696-4965

Grace—Elegant Shemale. Beginners Welcome. Call 212-679-5390.

Exotic Models—From The Caribbean. Hotel/Residential. 212-633-8772

TOP NOTCH

Exotic Role Play - Extreme Pleasure
212-517-1792

American Playmates—Hotel/Residence. 212-717-6848

Adalis—Uninhibited Role-Play. By Appointment Only. 212-472-0868

Cruise With Tom—Strength And Beauty. For The Affluent. ATM cards. 212-946-5175

Gina & Karen—Role-Play By Cousins. For Ladies & Gentlemen. Pvt. 212-371-0623

Scandinavian Elegance—Sensual, Beautiful & Private. E. Side. 212-642-9198

For Women Only—Residential Service Available. Call 917-806-1456

FEMININE TOUCH

Luxurious Service For Upscale Gentlemen. Total Satisfaction. Private. Midtown Location. Studio/Residential/Hotel.
212-352-1515

Australian Beauty—For Fun And Relaxation When In LA. Karmel: 213-850-8280

SISTERS 212-838-6722
Liz & Lea. East 50s.

#1 Transsexual Megastar!—Lovely "Sherry Fox", For Beginners. 212-582-5009

The Angel Touch—Relaxation. Mature Lady. Private. Studio/Res. 212-681-2709

Butterfly—Sensual & Therapeutic. By Man Or Woman. Studio/Res. 212-239-6864

Ivanna's Sanctuary—Role-Play & Fetish Exploration. Private. 212-330-8217

First Class - Beautiful—Ebony. Your Residence. By Appointment. 212-726-2187

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

There are approximately 36 characters per line (count each letter, space or punctuation mark as one character). Minimum ad size is two lines. Special placement is \$50. Deadline is Tuesday at 5PM for issue on sale the following Monday. Advertiser must include street address and daytime phone numbers. Call us at 212-779-7500 or fax to 212-779-2449.



TOWN & COUNTRY ads are \$43.50 per line (flat rate).
TRAVEL ads are \$43.50 per line for IX.
SERVICES & SALES ads are \$61.25 per line for IX.
ENTERTAINING ads are \$60.50 per line for IX.
ASSORTMENTS ads are \$58.00 per line (flat rate).

STRICTLY PERSONALS ads are \$37.00 per line (flat rate).
HEALTH & FITNESS ads are \$61.25 per line for IX.
INTERIORS & EXTERIORS ads are \$60.75 per line for IX.
NEW YORK KIDS ads are \$43.50 per line for IX.
INNS & LODGES ads are \$49.25 per line for IX.

Frequency and Display Rates Available

INSERTION ORDER

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Day Phone (for our records only) _____
Payment: Check _____ M.O. _____ MasterCard _____ Visa _____ AmEx _____
Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. Cost is \$37.00 per line, two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add \$35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of \$50.00. Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone. All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions. Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Looking For The Splice Of Life—

Successful record producer, 50, seeking woman of passion and humor to share brighter dawns, and hopefully a whole lot more. 7845 ☐ ☐

Modest Man, Modest Means—

Recently retired, Jewish financial professional, never married, Brooklyn resident, tall, slim, elegant, deeply passionate, sensitive person - lonely, 66 years young. Seek tall, very pretty, slim, buxom Jewish lady, 45-58, Manhattan only. Must have time at least two days weekly and weekends to share. Must love the sun, traveling, fine dining; be very sensitive, loving, honest and down-to-earth. Nonsmoker. Nonphysical type. No previous baggage. Note/recent photo a must. 7852 ☐

Risky Business—

Single Jewish male, 35, seeks a beautiful, intelligent and loyal woman to share life with. I am very handsome and athletic, but have dedicated all my time to my career. This has turned out to be a great success professionally, but life requires balance. I seek a woman who has the whole package. Incredible looks, endless charm, spontaneous wit and deep sensitivity are all requirements. I expect our standards to be equally high and I bring to that partnership an adventurous spirit, a warm heart, an understanding ear and passionate thoughts. The friend I seek is extremely difficult to find, but I know you are there, so I am looking for you here. Be brave, because we both love that quality too. Photo/phone. 7855 ☐

Widower—Senior, well-traveled, native New Yorker, still young at heart, looking for attractive company, slender, nonsmoker. Current photo, please. 7856 ☐

Handsome MD—Runner, divorced, 43, 5'8", seeks Italian woman to be my soul mate. You are under 35 and are trim, clever, playful, with a sense of adventure in the personal realm. Nonsmoker/note/photo/phone. 7842 ☐ ☐

Seeking A Very Special Woman—You are good-looking, with a captivating smile, slim, nurturing, fun-loving and successful in life. I am 5'10", 172, 59, good-looking and know what love and caring means. I'm classy, with wit and charm, living in NYC. Seek right person to share with. Photo and handwritten note a must. 7865 ☐

Younger Woman Wanted, 30-45—

By an extremely wealthy Manhattanite man, 52, with a good sense of humor. Objective: the pleasure of life leading to marriage. Interests include fine dining, movies, travel, casinos. Manhattanite preferred. Photo/phone a must. 7860 ☐

Like Rhoda—

I'm giving NYC one more chance! I left for a great job and, I thought, new relationship opportunities. But I miss NYC, am coming back, and promised myself (and my friends!) I'd really try to find a good relationship this time around. I'm nearly 40 (attractive female, Jewish, don't smoke), a workaholic with a couple of graduate degrees, love adventure travel, skiing, cooking and more. If you're a smart, successful, normal guy, 40-45, maybe reading this on the beach for fun, think about it! No pressure - I'm only in NYC once a week for the next two-three months. 7824 ☐

Successful Manhattan Businessman—

Bright, charming, athletic, handsome, fit, 47, green-eyed blond with senses of integrity, humor, fairness, seeks sophisticated, sensitive, upbeat, beautiful, intelligent, slender, sensual lady, fit, 32-42, to share adventure, intimacy, romance and life's surprises. Photo, please. 7897 ☐

How Wonderful—

Love can be. Beautiful, intelligent, sensitive, compassionate Jewish woman, truly passionate lover of the arts (especially classical music), nature and hopefully you - a very successful man, 50s-very young early 60s, possessing warmth, humor, enthusiasm (as I do), to share a wonderful life everafter. 7818 ☐

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.



The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston
By appointment only 212-935-9350

Financially Secure—Young, semi-retired professional, easygoing, kind, Jewish, seeks Jersey lady, 40ish, athletic form, solid/very strong. Tall a plus. 7891 ☐ ☐

Nice Guy, Great Sense Of Humor—

A dynamic, prominent Ivy MD/PhD, a caring, cultured man, lots of fun, muscular, 45, warm, seeks bright woman under 37, sincere, tall, for best friend, lover for life. Phone/photo a must. 7898 ☐ ☐

Be Loved—

By a soulful, kind man, 45, 6'1", athletic body, successful professional, into nature, gym, long talks, passionate nights. I seek an honest woman for life-enhancing relationship. Note/photo. 7857 ☐

Tall, Handsome, Charming—

Gentleman, 45, intuitive, witty, perceptive, pin-striped, fit and Jewish, who loves ballet and jazz - seeks relationship with beautiful, bright, upscale, personable, fit, leggy woman, 35-45. Photo. 7876 ☐ ☐

Gay Woman—Very attractive, just turned 50 (but you wouldn't know it), professional, well-educated but wise enough to know that book-learning isn't what makes you a good person or a good lover, knows herself well and still learning, passionate, creative, warm, fun, genuine... sophisticated yet down-to-earth, stable, artistic and athletic, finds intimacy and commitment exciting, not constraining... loves movies, music, dancing, books and blading. Seeks gay woman who reverberates to all of this, for dates, romance and relationship. Note/photo. 7819 ☐

Previously Married—

5'5", slender, 32-year-old professional with long red hair, interested in meeting 35-43-year-old professional who also likes rollerblading, the beach and other outdoor activities, but who, most importantly, has a kind heart and strong morals. Sense of humor, with lots of interests but low key would be great. I'm not interested in overly aggressive types. Note/photo. 7886 ☐ ☐

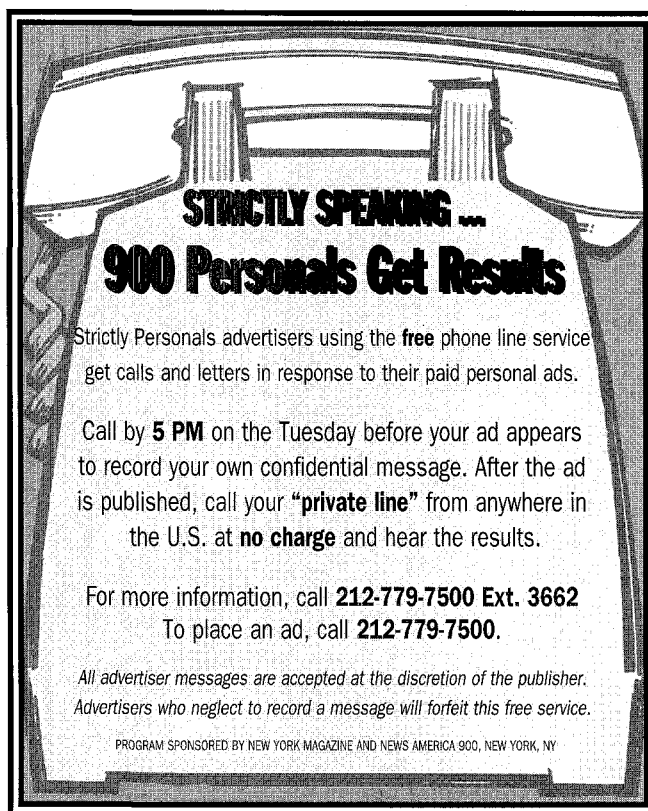
New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-443-1500

\$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700



STRICTLY SPEAKING ...
900 Personals Get Results

Strictly Personals advertisers using the **free** phone line service get calls and letters in response to their paid personal ads.

Call by **5 PM** on the Tuesday before your ad appears to record your own confidential message. After the ad is published, call your **"private line"** from anywhere in the U.S. at **no charge** and hear the results.

For more information, call **212-779-7500 Ext. 3662**
To place an ad, call **212-779-7500**.

*All advertiser messages are accepted at the discretion of the publisher.
Advertisers who neglect to record a message will forfeit this free service.*

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, NEW YORK, NY

Looking To Have A Life? Me Too!—50 years young, fit, alluring LI widow, Jewish (nonreligious), financially secure, with no baggage. Seeking successful, upbeat, passionate, sensitive, fun-loving adventurer, for a monogamous (not monotonous) journey to happily ever after. Must be healthy and under 59. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 7892 ☎

Yet Another Personal—Proffered by down-to-earth, sincere Jewish guy who loves travel and the outdoors. Physically active teacher, 30, looking for an unpretentious, "nice Jewish girl", 26-32, physically active, to discover and share life's many attractions. Nonsmoker only. 7837 ☎

No Purchase Necessary—Single dad, 39 and fit. Offering fun, good times and romance with a sincere, honest attorney. You: Jewish, bright, sharp wit, late 20s-30s. Must have heart of gold in a "lean and mean" wrapper. Order now! Photo for response. Void where prohibited. 7872 ☎

Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 32-42, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 7880 ☎

Guy Needs Gal—Financially secure college grad, 5'10", slim, 61. Seeks pretty professional woman, 40-55, to share theater, fine dining, artistic events. Note/recent photo/phone. 7851 ☎

Wanted—Best friend forever. Single, fit, good-looking, secure, nice guy seeks a slender, pretty woman, 34-40, for ski and movie buddy, leading to marriage and a "family vacations at beach" lifestyle. NYC and NJ, please. 7825 ☎

Effervescent And Spirited—Professional Jewish female, early 50s, 5'3", financially secure, caring, sharing and passionate. I enjoy dining out, theater, museums and travel. Are you a divorced or widowed Jewish male, 50-60, looking to savor life with a widowed partner? Note/photo. 7881 ☎

Beach Dweller—38, 5'9", TV professional, nonreligious, with nice eyes and a 10-year-old daughter, well-read, jock, doesn't take self too seriously. Seeks reasonably fit and attractive, sensuous, 28-35-year-old, white or Latin lady with warmth, sweetness and intellectual depth, for long-term Mars/Venus supportive relationship. Note/photo. 7904 ☎

Nice-Looking Man—Professional, warm, youthful, trim, 5'10", 57. Seeks a stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. I love the arts, music, films, politics, or just a good conversation. Nationality unimportant. Photo. 7850 ☎

Pearl Of The Orient Seas—Lost on the Gold Coast (Westport), seeks a gem of a man, 50-65, successful, sensual, cerebral - for fun, future with this stylish, shapely, 5'5", 125, 40 plus, sophisticated lady. Photo a must. 7901 ☎

Elegant, Long, Lithe Lady MD—Shrink, 53, aerobics certification imminent - with body to match, moving soon to northwest CT spot near roar of private river with skinny-dipping potential. You are a smart, energetic, athletic, tall, Manhattan(ish) Prince Charming over 40, willing to travel to challenging skiing, Europe, or third world adventures. Wonderful food important, culture and...(expurgated). Exchange photos, letters and phone numbers. 7877 ☎

Hot Mama Seeks Cool Daddy—Searching for an attractive, successful, fun-loving man with a great heart and sense of humor! I am a bright, attractive, successful brunette (young 40s) with brilliant, sweet, funny five-year-old son. Some of my passions are travel, snorkeling and scuba, National Geographic, music, dance, theater and more. Looking for my soul mate/partner in life and parenthood (children welcome). 7831 ☎

Retired Ex-Banker—Financially secure, attractive, 55, slim, fit, 5'8", Christian background. Varied interests include museums, arts, travel, quiet dinners, etc. Looking for a woman, late 30s-early 40s, slim, fit, classy, who is ready for a long-term commitment, possible family and financial security. Photo/note/phone. 7885 ☎

Brown-Eyed Latina Beauty—5'5", 115. You: tall, muscular, great sense of humor, successful, handsome. Photo a must. POB 7152, FDR Station, NY, NY 10150

Successful, Sexy Dentist—With knockout body and great face, 37, Jewish, seeks extraordinary, successful man, 32-45, Jewish. Note/photo a must. 7815 ☎

Gay—Powerful, strong, masculine, fit man needed by successful, attractive, sensual, masculine 43-year-old. 7900 ☎

The Divine Ms. "M"—Of Park Avenue wants to meet the man who can appreciate the finer things in life, like hot dog stands, sleeping late, cuddling to videos, music, holding hands, a lot of laughter. I am a tall (5'9"), leggy, very successful blond, looking for a man to wrap my arms around. I am zany and fun and cannot cook! So, if you are 39-early 50s, tall, handsome and fun...write me a note (include a photo), and let's have some takeout! 7840 ☎

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

39-Year-Old Latina—Seeks man who is open-minded, honest, sensitive, independent and loves long walks and nature. Cat lover preferred, 39-55, at least 5'8" tall, for long-term relationship. Nonsmoker. Minimal alcohol drinker. 7832 ☎

President And CEO—Of motion picture studios, seeks leading lady to share my life with. Scandinavian or Asian lady, exotic type with long hair and nonsmoker preferred. I'm extremely attractive, single, 46. Note/photo/phone. 7864 ☎

Educated, Attractive European Lady—5'2", 100, 40s, seeks intelligent, family-minded gentleman, 45-60. Sense of humor, nonsmoker. 7854 ☎

Single Jewish Male—42, business owner, seeks kind, Gemini, single Jewish female, 26-39, college graduate. 7894 ☎

Heart Of Gold—Inside a successful Jewish media sales exec, 39, 6'2", JFK Jr. type (lighter features), bright, kind, caring, affectionate, witty, loyal. Seeks soul mate for a lifetime of hugs and kisses. Note/photo, please. 7870 ☎

Fun-Loving And Pretty—LI blond, 5'8", 44, Jewish, professional and mom of one. Seeks warm, humorous, professional, single dad. Photo a plus. 7823 ☎

Longing—To make him incredibly happy. Very attractive, slender, ultra-feminine and passionate, late 30s, heart of gold, in tune with others' feelings and desires. Successful yet very traditional. Nothing beats love. Yearning for very successful, traditional gentleman, 50s, who's generous of heart and mind, romantic and attentive - longing to be number one. NY/CT. Photo/note. 7889 ☎

Mind By Webster - Body By Mattel—31, 5'8", great figure, green eyes, holiday Jewish, successful, bright, funny/sarcastic, animal lover. Believe that being an adult isn't what it's cracked up to be and would rather be a Toys-R-Us kid. Live in Texas but travel/work in NYC. Seeking successful, decisive, good-looking, Jewish, quick-witted guy who enjoys skiing, blading Seinfeld and who prefers jeans to tuxes. Note/photo mandatory. 7899 ☎

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-443-1500

\$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700

Slim, Athletic Female Physician—Seeking accomplished, unpretentious, compassionate man to share adventure and laughter, 48-58. Photo. 7838 ☐

West Side Woman—45, spiritual and sensual, with successful career. Many interests - books, music, writing, hiking, Eastern thought. Seeks cerebral, kind and funny man, 45-60. Photo. 7896 ☐

Exquisite—Smart, playful, funny, talented, sexy. Seek superb man, 50s. 7885 ☐

Seeking 45-55 Woman—For travel second class - train, plane, dhow...round the world? Photo a must. 7822 ☐

Discerning, Outgoing Catholic Male—White, 37, professional, active, trim, seeks intelligent, witty, attractive, trim lady with character, 25-32. Photo please. 7816 ☐

Lean, Athletic Banker—Seeks very attractive, clean-cut female, under 32. European background welcome. I'm a fit, fun, 50, financially secure, nonreligious Christian and enjoy sports, travel and good conversation. Note/photo. 7844 ☐

A Mirror Has Two Faces—26, 5'3", pretty Chinese female, educated (MBA), down-to-earth, warm, affectionate and intelligent, seeks 26-35, educated, fun-loving, sincere and earthy professional who can understand and appreciate a committed relationship, to share the best in life with love and laughter. Friendship first. Personality important. Honest note/ recent photo. 7882 ☐

Very Attractive—Ivy educated female seeks male counterpart, 58-68, for love, laughter and intelligent conversation. 7875 ☐

Very Pretty Brunette—Great figure, 36, warmhearted, fun-loving, seeks handsome male, well-built, 5'9" plus, athletic, family-oriented, intelligent, with sense of humor. Phone and photo a must. 7847 ☐

Good-Looking, Stable Male—35, 5'8", good shape and sense of humor, teacher of emotionally challenged students, with AS in education...seeks attractive, open-minded, slim professional female, mid 30s-early 30s, with no dependents, for fun and lively relationship. Note, phone and recent photo a must for reply. 7814 ☐

Ivy-League Jewess—Art professional of fine physical, intellectual proportion, funny, serious - looking for well-proportioned man of depth and excellence (40s), not arty, who loves work/play as he does. Note/photo, please. 7866 ☐

Successful Businessman—Jewish, 45, not a time-waster and not afraid of commitment, seeks same in woman. Enjoys travel, movies, dancing, suburbs, museums, cozy nights. Wants marriage/ children. Photo/phone. 7843 ☐

Lakish Rogue—Trial lawyer, rogue warrior, dreamer, romantic - tall, dark and handsome, devilish green eyes, 41, finds own beans, creative, cocky and confident - hungers for sophisticated, pretty lass with personality, humor, sensuality and joie de vivre (25-35). Make my cup runneth over. Photo. 7828 ☐

One Lifetime Isn't Enough—5'4", 125, 8, attractive brunette, dedicated in career and NP education. Enjoys sports, culture. Seeking intelligent gentleman. 7874 ☐

Lunch And A Stroll?—Are you a dark-haired lady who enjoys movies, music, NY Times? CT male, banker, 43, looking forward to meeting you. A note, please. 7836 ☐

Retired Jewish Millionaire—5'4", 146 lbs, well-groomed, good sense of humor, easygoing, no smoke, no drugs. I enjoy theater, dining out, travel - weekends and longer... Let's talk. Telephone and photo (will return if requested). 7862 ☐

Youthful Corporate Executive—Mid 40s, Catholic, attractive, 5'11", trim, blond, nonsmoker, never-married, great sense of humor, lots of fun. Looks conservative, but very playful, imaginative and energetic. Loves the beach (sun worshiper) and the finer things in life. Looking for Ms. Right: successful, down-to-earth, affectionate, slender, very curvaceous, sensual, fun-loving, corporate by day, miniskirts by night. Let's exchange photos, meet and dance the night away. Photo. 7859 ☐

Black Male, 50s—Professional with book royalties to spend, seeks female who desires a friend. Please, no major health or income problems. Race unimportant. Photo please. 7853 ☐

Desirable Package—Beautiful, slim, accomplished NYC attorney, athletic (runs, cycles, skis, plays golf, tennis), Jewish, 38, honest, sensitive, compassionate, stable, reliable, cultured, fun, unencumbered, healthy - seeks professional Jewish man, 38-48, with same qualities, for romance. Photo. 7863 ☐

Seeking Truth And Beauty—Creative, funny, good-looking, successful male, mid 40s, enjoys films, travel, gym, learning, great food; integrity seeks very special female counterpart. Note and photo please. 7839 ☐

Something Of A Dreamer—Something of a fool... This tall, athletic icon seeks a slim, adventuresome femme for the long space trip ahead. 7821 ☐

Directors:



Andrea McGinty



Debra DeJean



Pamela Mohr

The Best Way To Meet People Is Through Friends.

At *It's Just Lunch!*, we want to get to know you the way your friends do. So you feel comfortable telling us what you're looking for. Then we find someone to fit your description, do all the "asking out" and make arrangements for you to meet. All you do is show up! Give us a call. We can't wait to meet you.

Dating For Busy Professionals

New York
212.644.0022

New Jersey
201.461.2399



life, love & dessert.®



Nancy Kirsch



Jacqueline Castelli



Jennifer Guterman

Pretty Enough—For all practical purposes. Female Jewish physician, 40s, 5'3", shapely, empathetic, quiet sense of humor - enjoys theater, the arts, museums, welcomes new experiences... Seeking intelligent, caring, educated Jewish male, 45-58, nonsmoker, for friendship and possible committed relationship. Over 5'8" preferred. Recent photo, please. 7869 ☐

Seeking A LI Male—Who lives joyously, loves passionately. I'm a European woman, 41, 5'4". Phone/photo. 7903 ☐

Hispanic, New Age Woman—Would like to meet a friend. No need to be handsome or successful but I expect loyalty - and treat me like a queen. 7834 ☐

Rugged-Handsome—35, counselor for teens, seeks sweet, offbeat female who likes to wear T-shirts. Photo. 7833 ☐

The Best Of Both Worlds—Growing up in Europe, mom was sent to cooking school before marriage. She passed on her love of eating and entertaining. In NY, a PhD helped to make me a successful professional. Lately, I have been taking dance lessons and yearning for a partner. Where is the worldly man (to 66 years old) who would like to dance through life with this slim, petite and pretty blond? Photo, please. 7846 ☐

Equally At Home—Trekking in the Andes or at the opera. Tall, friends say beautiful, intelligent but free-spirited MD, children launched. Looking for an intellectual, professionally secure, good-humored man, 45-60, who is open and available for life's adventures. 7849 ☐

Yearning For My Permanent Girl—You've an extraordinary, good-looking face with little use for makeup; your good nature and character show; witty, accomplished and socially adept; thin, 40-50. Like you, I'm very good-looking, etc., though doubtless superficial. Single after long marriage. Entrepreneur, athletic, pianist. Photo, letter. 7905 ☐

Male Communicator—Looking for 50s Wasp. CPW/north Westchester. 7888 ☐

Tall, Attractive Russian Lady—35, seeks intelligent man, 40-50, for serious relationship. Photo, please. 7820 ☐

Classy North Shore Lady—50ish, youthful blond, green eyes, financially and emotionally secure, energetic, exercises regularly. Seeks intelligent, honest gentleman, 50-60, who enjoys tennis, golf, dancing, and can share quiet times. 7887 ☐

Don't Go Any Further—39, petite, 5'2", blue eyes, long auburn hair, intriguing Jewish professional female, honest and sincere, with a good sense of humor. Loves travel, theater and fine dining. Is looking for that special man who still believes in romance, to share all that life has to offer. Note/photo. 7829 ☐

Charming Black Male—40, 6', very handsome, educated, successful and marriage-minded, seeks accomplished female counterpart. Photo, please. 7657 ☐

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

Hot Fun In The Summer time

CELEBRATION

Wednesday, August 13, 5:30pm-12am

AT THE FABULOUS

COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines), 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, and a great night out!

\$25 in advance, \$30 at the door. Cash Bar.

Mail check or money order by Aug. 7th to:

New York Magazine Party,
2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, INCLUDING DISCOUNT PARKING, CALL:
212-545-3662

Strictly Personals

Enough—When it comes to looks, I am not the most handsome man in the world but I have enough. When it comes to money, I am not the wealthiest man in the world but I have enough. When it comes to muscles, I am not Mr. Universe but I have enough. When it comes to spirituality, I am not the pope but I have enough. I have enough of everything in the world except you. I am searching for a truly beautiful woman with a good head, flat stomach, great body, 27-35. I am divorced white male, young-looking 40, marriage-minded, good looks, mind, body. Looking for my true love. Phone/photo. 7895 ☒

Gay White Male—Latin looks, 42, don't do drugs, HIV-negative, affectionate and discreet. Seek a kind, romantic white man of any age over 45. Chubby or homebody is welcomed. 7841 ☒

Gay Professional Male—40s, handsome, tall, but gentle and caring, seeks relationship-oriented, professional, Italian-type masculine man, 55-65. 7873 ☒

Golf With Me—I'm gorgeous, successful, and you'll never be bored. Looking for a man, 40-55, Jewish, loves golf and is looking for me. Note/photo/phone. 7835 ☒

Pretty, Lovely Lady—43, Jewish, 5'2", slim, auburn hair, big blue eyes - wishes to meet attractive, slim man with a sense of humor, for a happy relationship. 7858 ☒

Saratoga Springs, NY—In this land of fast race horses and fresh spring water, a Jewish professional, late 40s, financially/emotionally fit, 6', 175 lbs, who loves sports and the arts, has a passion for golf, seeks an attractive, slender woman, 30-50, for fun/romance. Photo/note. 7890 ☒

LI Jewish Entrepreneur—Ruggedly handsome, 5'8", seeks attractive Jewish woman, 40-50, to share forever. 7902 ☒

French-American Mom—Mid 30s, seeks full-time, family-oriented lover ready to commit. Note/photo. 7827 ☒

Pianist, Teacher—Chinese food addict, attractive, sincere male, 50, seeks female classical music lover, 40s, for incredible romance. NY/LI. Photo. 7848 ☒

Jewish Prince—"The catch looking for a match", 33/5'9"/160 (NJ). GQ, self-made financier, looking for an intellectual, sexy and petite princess (if she is out there?). She is stunning and sweet, with an understanding to crazy schedules. Be passionate and have an engaging persona. Fine dining, old movies and offbeat theater a plus. Photo/note/phone. 7861 ☒

Sophisticated Woman—25, very pretty, 5'8", from prominent Upper East Side Jewish family, post-graduate educated. Seeks an attractive male who is a successful medical doctor, lawyer or entrepreneur, 27-39, enjoys the beauty of the Sabbath, interested in theater, dining, traveling, and desires a relationship leading to marriage. Recent photo and phone. 7878 ☒

32-Year-Old Physician—Handsome, athletic, slight European accent, longing for love...for someone warm, sensitive, feminine and pretty - a woman between 24 and 32 years old. Note/photo. 7826 ☒

Back From One Year In Asia—Male PhD seeks slim, 45-55 female professional. I enjoy academia, home life, grown kids, city life. Photo. 7830 ☒

Assortments

Field's Dating 212-391-2233—Rm 1600, 317 Madison Av, NYC 10017 (ent 42 St.)

Best Service CEOs, MDs, JDs for Asian/Latin/Russian Ladies. LOA: 986-8590 Party 8/17, Sun, FIORI, 4 Park/33rd, 4-9.

PARTY UNDER THE STARS!!
TAVERN ON THE GREEN
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 6PM-12AM
Central Park West at 67th Street
Terrace & Rafter Rooms and Outdoor Patio
UPSCALE PROFESSIONALS, 28-49, \$20
800+ EXPECTED! DJ, SNACKS, DESSERT
Please Visit Us On The Internet
<http://www.nycsingles.com>
(212) 249-3636

Introductions Club - Successful, Prof'l, Secular Jewish Men, 25-60 & Women, 21-49. PhD interviewer. 8 yrs. 212-877-0723

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy 212-877-5167

UPSCALE JEWISH PROFESSIONALS. 20s & 30s
WED. AUGUST 13, 6pm
DENIM & DIAMONDS
(attend this event for free invite to next party)
511 Lexington (btw 47 & 48th st.)
\$20. w/ preferred invite; \$25. w/out
ODYSSEY (718) 776-6666 for pref. invite

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times... For Information: 212-972-3594

IT'S EASY TO MEET THE RIGHT GUY.
JUST TIP OVER YOUR CANOE AND YELL HELP.
Club Getaway
It's not the camp mom sent you to.
1-800-6-GETAWAY
www.6getaway.com

Prof'l Men/Attractive Asian Women
Party: Wed., 8/20, IMNY - 212-787-6579
T.G. Whitney's, 244 E. 53rd St., 6:30pm

PARTY ON THE INTREPID
Join UJA-Federation of New York's Young Leadership for a gala summer celebration
Wednesday, August 20th, 1997
7:00 PM
Pier 86
West 46th Street and 12th Ave
Dinner - Dancing - After Hours Party
Prizes and More!
\$60 per person. \$75 after Aug. 13
Call the Intrepid Hotline: (212) 836-1219
Dietary laws observed

DANCE DANCE DANCE
UJA Federation BPNY Singles, 35-55,
Tavern On The Green, CPW @ 67th St.
Tuesday, 8/26, 7-11pm. DJ. Snacks.
Cash Bar. \$36 at the door. 212-836-1189

17th ANNUAL JEWISH SINGLES Labor Day Weekend Bash
Fri, Aug 29 - Mon, Sept 1
\$240 - \$270 pp Inclusive.
Join Hundreds of Singles at
"Y" CAMPS, In Beautiful Pocono Mts.
("Evening Mystery Ride", Canoeing Down Delaware, Jet Skiing, Pool, All Sports, Mt. Biking, Professional Entertainment, Cookouts, etc.)
For More Info & Brochure, CALL 800-776-5657 or 201-575-3333

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. 800-233-CMLS

NYC's Only Floating After-Work Party
Board 6:30PM, Depart 7:00PM. Pier 62, at Chelsea Piers. \$55. Open Bar, Snacks, DJ, Dancing. Call: 212-691-6693

30-Something Professionals (Ages 28-49)
DECADE
1117 First Ave. (at E. 61 St.)
Wednesday, August 20, 6pm - 11pm.
Ladies 1 free drink • Light Hors d'oeuvres
DJ & Dancing • Over 600- Expected.
\$20. • Info: 212.726.2424

LABOR DAY SINGLES WEEKEND
8/29-9/1 Pines Resort Hotel, Catskill Mts.
New Fitness Ctr., Sports, Parties, Games,
Entertainment & Much More! 800-285-2863

CONNECT LIVE INSTANTLY
24 HRS/DAY TALK ONE-TO-ONE!
1000s of callers on line daily!
Men call 1-888-225-8084
Women call FREE
1-800-244-7689
(For entertainment purposes only. Must be 18+)

You're "Peter of Dayton"—33, trader, Soho. We met 7/19 - Taste of Summer. Pretty blond, wore your blazer, would like to continue our conversation. 7871 ☒

JEWISH SINGLES 21-35
"The Biggest After Work Party"
on Thursday, August 21 at
TATOU 6pm-11pm
151 E. 50th Street (btw. 3rd and Lex.)
Admission is \$20 with preferred invitation \$25 without
For preferred invitations call 914.725.4968
www.jewishsinglesscene.com

SEAPORT LECTURES
Journey into Jewish Mysticism under the open skies overlooking the water, every Wed, 7:45-9:15pm, 7/9-8/27, Pier 17, behind "Compagnie Internationale". Free refresh. & food for thought. 718-467-5519

For guys
Seeking mr. right or even just Mr. tonight.

We have hundreds of guys daily. And now, so can you. Talk live and confidentially one-on-one, browse or exchange messages.
GAY LIVE NEW YORK
(212) 553-6523
Free to Call. 60-Minute Free Trial.
Questions? Call 1-888-237-8190. Outside local area code, toll charges may apply. Callers not prescreened. We assume no liability. 18 or older, please.

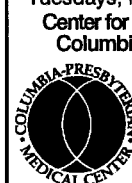
Date Someone New This Weekend
Call to hear 1000's of voice personal ads for free!
FREE CALL
212-987-7000
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE
Customer Service 212-987-7001

Single, Widowed, Divorced? Enjoy reading/cultural activities? Single Booklovers, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 800-773-3437 103474.1057@compuserve.com Nationwide.

SOLUTION FOR SINGLES
• **SELECT** from PHOTOS •
A personalized intro service for busy NY/NJ prof'l & execs. 8 yrs. 201-944-6171

Perfect Partners™
Voice personals for gays & lesbians seeking lasting relationships
— **FREE CALL** —
212-987-6400

LIFE EXISTS AFTER 40™
THURS, 8/14, 6:30pm, SAN MARTIN
143 E.49. Comp. drink, 2 hrs tapas.
Celeb musicians. \$30. RSVP LEAF 779-0642

WOMEN'S MID-LIFE SUPPORT GROUPS
Fall Series Commencing Tuesday, September 23, 1997
The series run for 8 consecutive Tuesdays, from 6:30-8:00pm
Center for Women's Health Columbia-Presbyterian

16 East 60th St. New York City
Call Maria at (212) 326-8540

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"I stared at the hangers swinging in the empty cupboard, and thought perhaps Saunders was right, perhaps Kiki had been a double agent—or perhaps . . . no matter; Home Office would not be overjoyed."

Above, a random extract from a spy/adventure novel. Competitors are invited to supply a single example of same. One line only, please, but delicious.

Results of Competition 885, in which you were asked for fractured versions of famous names.

Report: À la recherche du comps perdu: Gaucho Marx. Knute Gingrich. F. Stop Fitzgerald. Boris Goodenough. Uta Hagen Dazs. Alfred Lord Tannisanyone. George Cloney. Clark Grable. Clark Kant. Eydie Gourmet. Herbert van Carryon. Bela Lou Gosee. Madame Ovary. And players to be named. Not speaking of which: We are serious about the one-entry-only rule. Okay? We admire your enthusiasm. Thanks to all. And don't forget about Uma Thurman.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

NANCY CATSEBALM—chair of the Senate Committee on Finance and Taxidermy.
Valerie May, Washington, D.C.

BRUNO MOLLY BROWN—cobbler on the Titanic.
Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W.V.

BEBE NETWORTH—Broadway's most successful musical star.
Evelyn Firestone, Atlanta, Ga.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

ANDROCLEESE—Roman slave who removed a thorn from the claw of a dead parrot.
Alexander Chiquoine, Reedsburg, Wisc.

PG-13 WODEHOUSE—author, *Jeeves Lets Down His Spats*.
James Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

MICHAEL PHILATELY—Irish dancer and self-proclaimed "Lord of the Stamps."
Lucy Oblonsky, Middle Island, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

TONY CUSHIONER—billiards champ and playwright, *Angles in America*.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

ERSKINE CALDWELL BANKER—Georgia Realtor and author, *God's Little Acreage*.
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

SALVADOR SMALLEY—"I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and doggone it, my watch is melting."
D. Loney, Los Angeles, Calif.

KINGSLEY & MARTIN AIMLESS—discursive father-and-son authors.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

PATSY KLEIN—Israeli country singer.
Cheryl Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

GOTTI AMOS IGITUR—only don wearing a lampshade at Mafia meetings.
Jane Kretzmann, Vienna, Va.

PSYCHO COLEMAN—serial composer: *Bur-num, Two for the Buzzsaw, The Lifeless*.
M. E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

YVETTE MÊMEYOU—actress with typical priorities.
Mary McQuaid, N.Y.C.

FIDEL SASSOON—revolutionary hair stylist.
Patsy Couper, Clinton, N.Y.

ICES—Egyptian goddess of frozen desserts.
Terry Bussell, Henderson, Nev.

GENERAL PIERRE G. BEAURIGHTGUARD—Confederate advocate of battlefield hygiene.
Rachael Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

HALFALUNG CASSIDY—the original Marlboro Man.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

AMELIA EARHEAD—"How do you fly this thing?"
Hank Volker, Boca Raton, Fla.

TEABERRY BRAZELTON—author, inventor of flavored teething rings.
Marie Morris, Boston, Mass.
similarly: Colin Petrie, Portland, Ore.

RED HOT CHILE PAUPERS—Santiago street band.
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

GRETA HARPO—silent film star.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

TICKLE ME ELMO ZUMWALT—toy sailor.
Rachel Shea, Cromwell, Conn.

EDGAR A. GHOST—poet, "It takes a heap o' hauntin' to make a house a home."
Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

BIG SPIDER BECK—eight-legged cornet virtuoso.
Stuart Katz, via the Internet

P.T.A. BARNUM—founder and professor, Klown Klases for Kids.
Michelle McHugh, Burlington, Vt.
similarly: A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

PU YI FUISSÉ—the last emperor's wine steward.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

RAH—Egyptian god of cheerleading.
Elaine G. Amdur, Kingston, Pa.

GORGEOUS WASHINGTON—first president of the World Wide Wrestling Federation.
Stephen Wulfson, Monsey, N.Y.

HATRICK MOYNIHAN—versatile hockey veteran: left wing, right wing, center.
Jan Verrey, Alexandria, Va.

JON CICADA—singer-songwriter, cricket player.
Carly Mary Cady, North Hollywood, Calif.

K. SEURAT—fatalistic pointillist.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

MOTHRA STEWART—the thing that ate Westport.
Robert Gates, Fairbanks, Alaska
similarly: Jody Seide, Brooklyn

EDWARD EVEREST HORTON—Sherpa to Fred Astaire.
Steven Papert, Rome, N.Y.
similarly: Sophy Alter, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOE CARAMEL—former ad figure for the candy industry.
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

BLOCKER T. WASHINGTON—offensive tackle for the Tuskegee Tigers.
Craig Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

JACQUES MARRYTEN—French philosopher and polygamist.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

ACURA KUROSAWA—filmmaker/car dealer.
Anthony Bowman, Washington, D.C.

CUBIST GOODING JR.—Dadaist who shouted "Show me the Monet!"
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENGAY—author, "John Brown's Body Pain."
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mich.

GOODRUN—first Viking fullback.
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

RABBIT PEN WARREN—author, *All the King's Pets*.
Corin Graf, Austin, Tex.

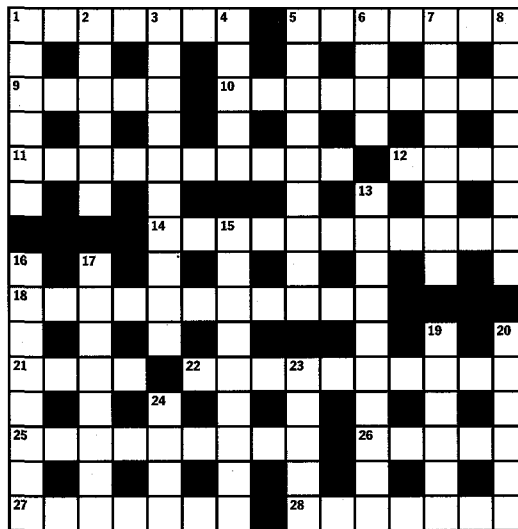
ENORMA DESMOND—"I'm not big. It's the dresses that got small."
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 888, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by August 22. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of New York. Results and winners' names will appear in the September 15 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Country girl's reading. (7)
- 5 Risk large where the choir sits? (7)
- 9 Lady-love thrown over by cowboy. (5)
- 10 Be bombastic about trade reform that has a slowing effect. (9)
- 11 One acts in cell division, or comes home endlessly reformed. (9)
- 12 Carrying cargo not left in port. (4)
- 14 Their grandsires are heard in the tower. (4-7)
- 18 Top-of-the-table men put under pressure going for the cup. (11)
- 21 Animal with combed wool on its back. (4)
- 22 Express lorry approaching bend, behind time. (10)
- 25 Ring that penetrates the ear, removing sleeper? (5-4)
- 26 Read between lines of popular iron-railway. (5)
- 27 Lyric, perhaps, of Mad Hatter at end of Alice? (7)
- 28 Artillerymen, with pistol, retreating as ordered. (7)



DOWN

- 1 Versailles has one instead, we hear. (6)
- 2 Alternative holiday-centre. (6)
- 3 Means of getting about after a heavy fall? (10)
- 4 Capers in long-boats, once. (5)
- 5 In which Hull is twinned with Spa, we hear. (9)
- 6 Blithe Spirit not to open? (4)
- 7 Thriller-writer whose characters are snuffed out? (8)
- 8 Broken utensil, tin-opener, of Orpheus? (8)
- 13 US gunman is unexpectedly retiring. (10)
- 15 Second-class envelope for small letters? (5-4)
- 16 Brick of law-breaker in onset. (8)
- 17 Hold a brief for a barrister? (8)
- 19 Just left? How deplorable! (6)
- 20 Staffordshire's second slip is an awesome sort. (6)
- 23 Loafer, got up in apparel, disguised. (5)
- 24 Indecent material of musicians in street. (4)

'E, My Name Is —': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Confined like a canary
- 6 Fall guy
- 13 Delphic seer
- 19 Tenth of a century
- 20 Haifa national
- 21 Insert more ammunition
- 22 E, MY NAME IS —
- 25 Telephone-pole worker
- 26 "Are we there —?"
- 27 Era
- 28 Words in a simile
- 29 Trails behind
- 30 Dernier — (latest fashion)
- 32 Bro or sis
- 34 Home-sch. partnership
- 35 Bausch's associate
- 37 Dickens heroine
- 39 Pinched off
- 45 AND —
- 52 Kind of bear
- 53 Oliver's comedy sidekick
- 54 British princess
- 55 Take an oath
- 56 Accumulate in a heap
- 58 Girl Friday
- 60 Pod in gumbo
- 62 Vehicle for Rommel
- 63 Altar statement
- 64 Orient
- 66 Controversial apple spray
- 68 Dresden's river
- 70 AND —
- 77 U.K. medals
- 78 Bone below the elbow
- 79 Dedicatory poems
- 80 Luftwaffe's foe: abbr.
- 81 Colleague of Miró
- 84 Abbrs. at depots
- 86 As sick as —
- 88 Fight back
- 90 Pass, as a law
- 92 AND —
- 94 State: Fr.
- 96 Artistic judgment
- 97 AND —
- 101 Rector
- 102 Unwritten exam
- 103 Inoculation fluids
- 104 NFL goals

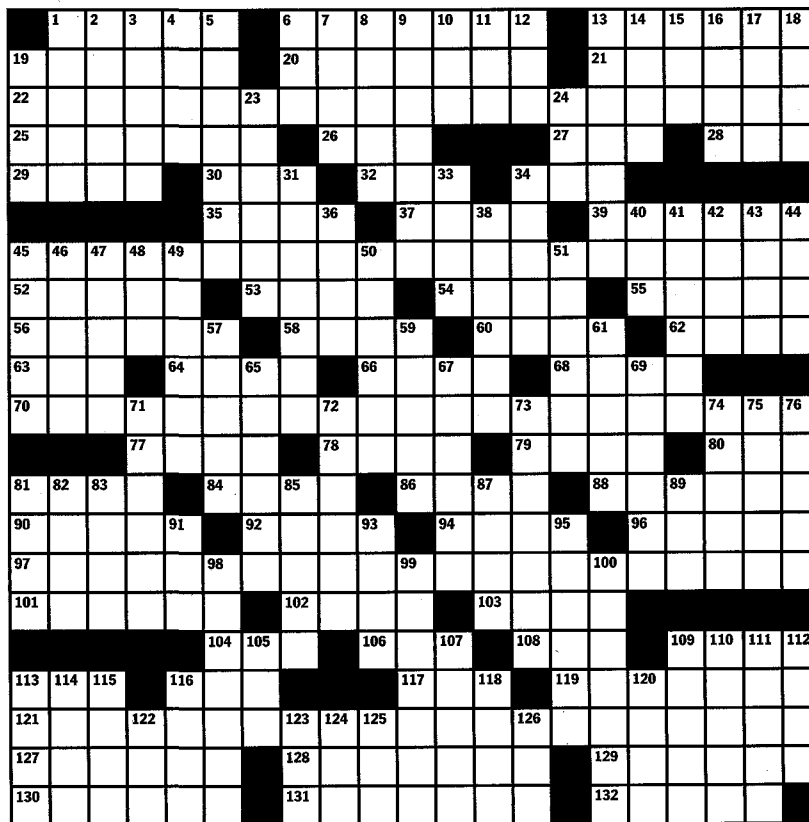
DOWN

- 106 Religion suffix
- 108 Mayday, at sea
- 109 Ethnic coif
- 113 Simone's summer
- 116 — Beta Kappa
- 117 See the cashier
- 119 More agile
- 121 AND —
- 127 Restricts within bounds
- 128 Talk rapidly
- 129 Arm covering
- 130 Few and far between
- 131 Famed aviatrix
- 132 Succinct

DOWN

- 1 "As You Like It" girl
- 2 Serving like Sampras
- 3 Stares steadily
- 4 Red-coated cheese
- 5 Ludicrous failure
- 6 Op. — (in the work quoted from)
- 7 Like an unswept fireplace
- 8 Grove growths
- 9 Canapé cracker
- 10 Shade of green
- 11 Actress MacGraw
- 12 Clinch the trophy
- 13 Relative of marjoram
- 14 Dream, in Dieppe
- 15 Rathskeller serving
- 16 Cuba libre ingredient
- 17 Puts down, as carpeting
- 18 AND —
- 19 Farmer's place, in a song
- 23 Signs up
- 24 Please the cook
- 31 Do an impersonation of
- 33 Lugubrious Lugosi
- 34 Candidate's program

- 36 — B'rith
- 38 Poe's "lost" maiden
- 40 Apr. 15 addressee
- 41 Tin alloy
- 42 Defendant's say
- 43 Pizzazz
- 44 Swarthy
- 45 AND —
- 46 Nullifies
- 47 Portion out
- 48 Scot's negative
- 49 Thin broths
- 50 Ultimate finale
- 51 Sea nymph
- 57 — Verdes, California
- 59 AND —
- 61 Kin of the birch
- 65 Six-line stanza
- 67 Crown of flowers
- 69 Harasses
- 71 Decrees
- 72 Sheen
- 73 Mexican border town
- 74 Fire-born
- 75 Hindu societal class
- 76 Fairy-tale ender
- 81 Not shallow
- 82 Forever — day
- 83 Leo's hideaway
- 85 One of the Musketeers
- 87 Elevator innovator
- 89 What Miss Muffet dic
- 91 Even if, for short
- 93 Jai—
- 95 Filmdom's Power
- 98 Whoop it up about
- 99 AND
- 100 Least difficult
- 105 Clamor
- 107 Neighbor of Sicily
- 109 Better qualified
- 110 Takes it on the lam
- 111 "Superman" star
- 112 Alençon's department
- 113 Snigglers' wiggles
- 114 Stumble
- 115 AND —
- 116 Resident animals
- 118 River of Flanders
- 120 Odometer unit
- 122 Tire need, sometimes
- 123 Glacial matter
- 124 Dance-name syllable
- 125 Musical aptitude
- 126 N.Y. subway line



HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY

成功

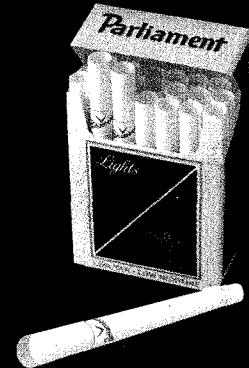
A symbol for success.



HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY
WE TEACH SUCCESS
Hempstead, N.Y. 11549
1-800-HOFSTRA
<http://www.hofstra.edu>

PARLIAMENT

Lights



THE
PERFECT RECESS



8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

LICENSED TO UNZ-ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED